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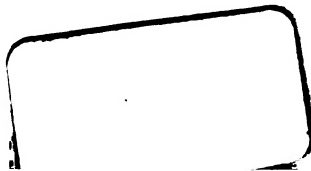
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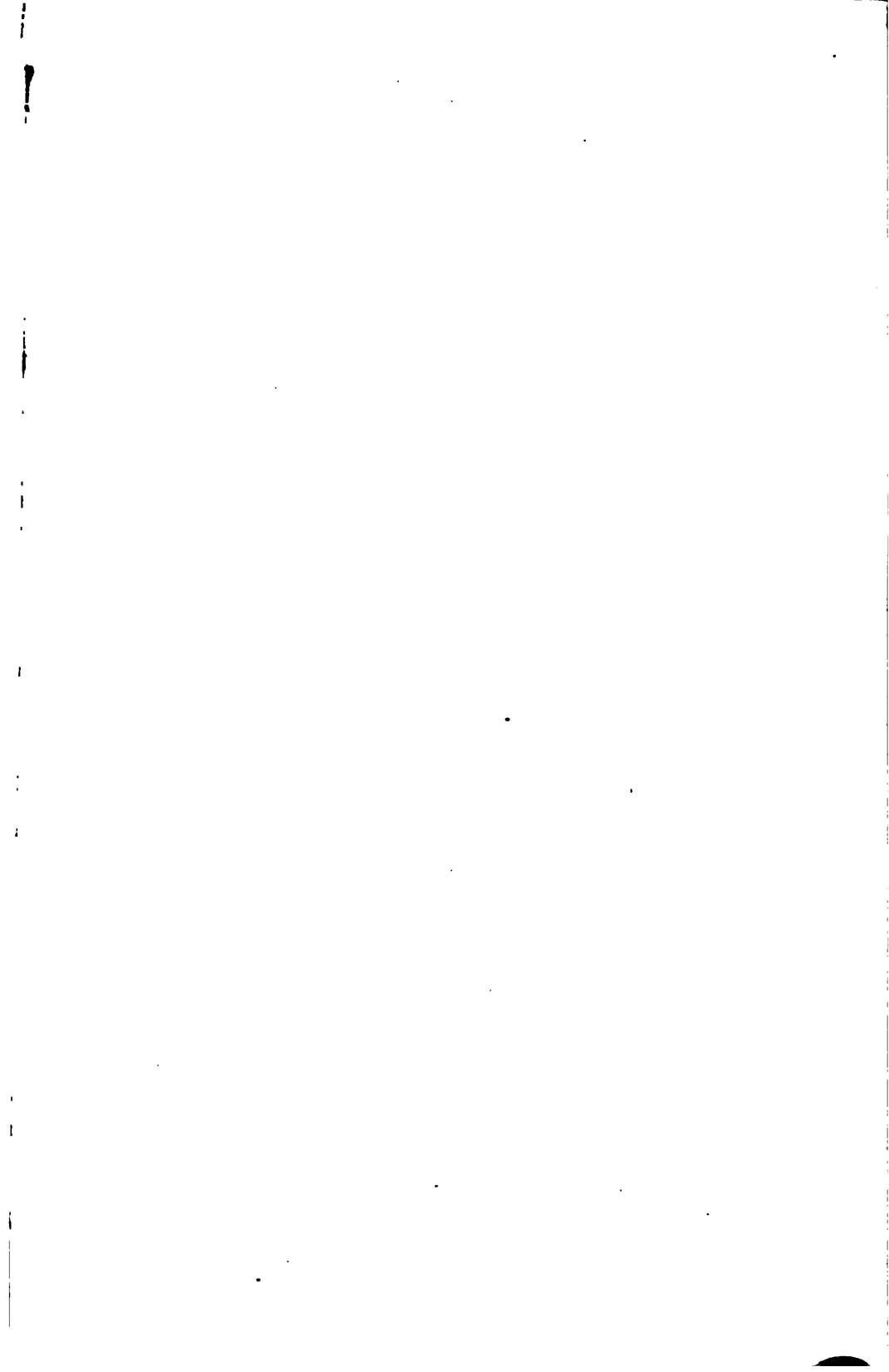
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TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

1889.

P282.4

1891, July 2 - Dec. 13.
J. H. ...

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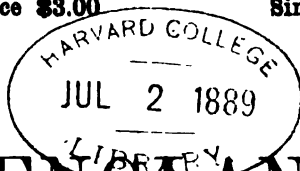
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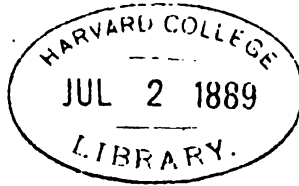
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No. CCXXXII.

JULY, 1889.

ARTICLE I.—SCIENCE AND MIRACLE.

IN every discussion it is desirable to start from admitted facts, upon which all agree. When this is done, then any conclusions which are found to be inevitable and necessary deductions from those facts are sure of acceptance.

In Geometry, for example, we start from certain fundamental postulates, which are so self-evident that one might almost be pardoned for calling them truisms, and even rather trivial truisms at that; and we might at first sight, perhaps, be inclined to doubt that any worthy results could follow from the combination of such universally acknowledged and superficial facts. Every one knows such facts, and they have always been known and acted upon by every reasoning being. It scarcely seems possible that any thing of value can come from merely formulating and combining them. But yet it is by just such combination of admitted facts in sound logical sequence, that every

science has been built up, and the conclusions thus formed are found to be really valuable, and by no means superficial or self-evident. We thus very soon learn the lesson that no fact is trivial or insignificant. Indeed, without this conviction the discovery of new facts would lose all significance, and the physical experimenter would labor without inducement. For what is any physical fact by itself, but a detached stone of the Temple of Science? It is because that stone has a place in the structure that it possesses value, and the structure itself is the result of related facts, which we call conclusions. These conclusions we are obliged to accept as expressing true relations, if we can detect no flaw in the logical sequence. Thus, if any one seeks to assault the conclusions of Geometry, he will be led inevitably to an attack on one or more of the fundamental postulates. So long as these stand firmly on the solid ground of universal consent, he will attack in vain. The self-evident truth of these is the enduring foundation of the structure.

Now, in what I have to say, I wish to follow this method. If I depart from it without warning, it shall at least be unconsciously, and I shall be obliged to any one who may find me wandering. I intend to lay down first my premises. If they are accepted, I shall endeavor to proceed from them in what seems to me sound logical sequence, and point out those conclusions which appear to me the inevitable outcome of the premises. These premises are very old. I do not bring forward any new facts. As Prof. Newcomb has remarked: "The widest generalizations of modern science, in so far as they have modified the older theories of the nature, origin, and destiny of man, are reached by looking upon well-known facts from a different point of view, rather than by discovering new facts." Nor are my conclusions new. Far from it. They are very old. But I would not tax your patience only to arrive at old conclusions from old facts, if I did not sincerely think that the method and argument employed have in them somewhat that is fresh in the logic and point of view. Nor do I seek to arrive at these conclusions. They are simply the conclusions to which I am forced by my premises. If they happen to be old I cannot help it. I would rather they were new. This is but another

illustration of the fact that truth is one, though the roads to it are many. But to arrive even at old conclusions by a new road must be of interest and may even be of value, as affording fresh points of view, even to those already satisfied of the truth of the conclusions themselves. To those not thus satisfied, the fact that these conclusions are thus independently verified from another standpoint, and by another mode of procedure, may seem worthy of reflection. These, especially, I would ask to scrutinize my premises and logic, for, if in any case of dissent, they find themselves irresistibly driven back upon the premises, my object is accomplished.

My premises are by no means self-evident, and about them I am willing that the war may wage, secure in the final result, as all of them have been practically decided and accepted by the common sense of intelligent men.

I postulate first — Newton's law of gravitation, that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance.

It will be well to pause and consider this postulate before proceeding. I wish to waive all discussions as to "law" and "matter" and "force" and "mass." In general terms this law states that the entire universe is in some way so related in all its parts that any change of state wherever located, is a change throughout the whole extent. However we may differ about the significance of terms, it will, I think, be admitted on all hands that this general statement expresses more or less perfectly a truth.

The entire Universe! What did Newton, what does any mortal not gifted with omniscience, know about the entire Universe? Evidently no man can make such a statement as an ascertained fact, but only as an inference—and it is an inference only. It has been found to be true, wherever examination has probed. Its logical consequences have been proved to be true when extended to every member of the solar system. It has thus enabled us to tell the past and foretell the future. Step by step the cumulation of evidence has gone on, till conviction, full and irresistible as the most rigid demonstration could ever

command, has been forced upon the minds of all intelligent men. There has come at last a point where we have risen to another inference,—an inference from an inference,—and we now say, “Nature must be uniform.” “Must be”! That is, we infer and demand such uniformity. We conclude that what is thus true wherever we can look, wherever we can test, wherever we have looked or tested, with not a single exception in any man’s experience, or in the history of the race; which holds true through all the past of the earth, and which is the key of the future; which is the basis of all that systematized and related knowledge which we call Science; the foundation of system in every department of human investigation; which has never put us to mental confusion in any of the myriad points at which science touches life and action—must be true every where and at all times. Is true now, always has been, always will be true.

This belief, this inference from an inference, we claim as a sure possession. Very properly and justly we refuse to even entertain any idea which controverts it. Upon no plea can we give it up. For, by so doing, more, we are convinced, would be lost than gained. In order to thus reconcile one outstanding difficulty, we should introduce an untold multitude of discords. We boldly say—“No! The plea you urge cannot be admitted, We hold the difficulty you thus seek to reconcile by admitting a thousand others, not to exist. It is apparent only, not real. Reconcile you it to our belief, so shall we have full harmony. But as for us, not one inch will we give way in the interests of such ‘harmony,’ else would chaos come again. Science cannot afford to commit suicide.”

We hold that if under certain conditions we observe a certain result, that if those conditions are again repeated, we shall infallibly observe again the same result. This is the certain basis of all Science. We believe that not once has it ever failed. Duplicate the conditions and you obtain the same action. This, we say, is true now, has been and always will be exactly true.

Now a miracle is commonly understood to mean that under circumstances precisely similar to previous conditions, a result entirely different to what we have a right to expect has occurred

—in other words, a breach of uniformity. To such a claim the man of science curtly says: "I cannot entertain the report of any such occurrence, I do not believe it ever occurred." As Prof. Huxley has put it, "the fundamental axiom of scientific thought is that there is not, never has been, and never will be, any disorder in nature. The admission of the occurrence of any event which was not the logical consequence of the immediately antecedent events, according to these definite ascertained, or unascertained, rules which we call the 'laws of nature,' would be an act of self-destruction on the part of science."

This position is thoroughly sound, and by no means to be attributed to intolerance, prejudice, or skepticism. A fair and impartial consideration of the evidence for and against, shows an overwhelming preponderance against any such disorder or breach of uniformity. No intelligent jury would hesitate one instant in their verdict.

From this standpoint Prof. Huxley deals very trenchantly with believers in miracles. Suffer me to make rather a long quotation. "In fact" he says, "the habitual use of the word 'law,' in the sense of an active thing, is almost a mark of pseudo-science; it characterizes the writings of those who have appropriated the forms of science without knowing anything of its substance." "We commonly hear of bodies falling to the ground by reason of the law of gravitation, whereas that law is simply the record of the fact that, according to all experience, they have so fallen (when free to move), and of the grounds of a reasonable expectation that they will so fall." "There are two classes of these people" (*i. e.* believers in miracles), "those who are ready to believe in any miracle so long as it is guaranteed by ecclesiastical authority, and those who are ready to believe in any miracle so long as it has some different guarantee. The believers in what are ordinarily called miracles—those who accept the miraculous narratives which they are taught to think are essential elements of religious doctrine—are in the one category; the spirit-rappers, table-turners, and all the other devotees of the occult sciences of our day are in the other; and, if they disagree in most things, they agree in this, namely, that they ascribe to science a dictum that is not scientific; and that

they endeavor to upset the dictum thus foisted on science by a realistic argument which is equally unscientific.

"It is asserted, for example, that, on a particular occasion, water was turned into wine; and, on the other hand, it is asserted that a man or a woman 'levitated' to the ceiling, floated about there, and finally sailed out by the window. And it is assumed that the pardonable skepticism, with which most scientific men receive these statements, is due to the fact that they feel themselves justified in denying the possibility of any such metamorphosis of water or of any such levitation, because such events are contrary to the laws of nature. So the question is triumphantly put: How do you know that there are not 'higher' laws of nature than your chemical and physical laws, and that these higher laws may not intervene and 'wreck' the latter?"

"The plain answer to this question is, why should anybody be called upon to say how he knows that which he does not know? You are assuming that laws are agents—efficient causes of that which happens—and that one law can interfere with another. To us that assumption is as nonsensical as if you were to talk of a proposition of Euclid being the cause of the diagram which illustrates it, or of the integral calculus interfering with the rule of three. Your question really implies that we pretend to complete knowledge not only of all past and present phenomena, but of all that are possible in the future, and we leave all that sort of thing to the adepts of esoteric Buddhism. Our pretensions are infinitely more modest. We have succeeded in finding out the rules of action of a little bit of the universe; we call these rules 'laws of nature,' not because anybody knows whether they bind nature or not, but because we find it is obligatory on us to take them into account, both as actors under nature, and as interpreters of nature. We have any quantity of genuine miracles of our own, and if you will furnish us with as good evidence of your miracles as we have of ours, we shall be quite happy to accept them and to amend our expression of the laws of nature in accordance with the new facts."

"As to the particular cases adduced, we are so perfectly fair-minded as to be willing to help your case as far as we can. You are quite mistaken in supposing that anybody who is acquainted with the possibilities of physical science will undertake categori-

cally to deny that water may be turned into wine. Many very competent judges are already inclined to think that the bodies, which we have hitherto called elementary, are really composite arrangements of the particles of a uniform primitive matter. Supposing that view to be correct, there would be no more theoretical difficulty about turning water into alcohol, ethereal and coloring matters, than there is at this present moment any practical difficulty in working other such miracles; as when we turn sugar into alcohol, carbonic acid, glycerine and succinic acid; or transmute gas refuse into perfumes rarer than musk, and dyes richer than Tyrian purple."

"Theoretically therefore, we can have no sort of objection to your miracles. And our reply to the levitators is just the same: Why should not your friend 'levitate'? Fish are said to rise and sink in the water by altering the volume of an internal air-receptacle, and there may be many ways Science as yet knows nothing of, by which we who live at the bottom of an ocean of air, may do the same thing. Dialectic gas and wind appear to be by no means wanting among you, and why should not long practice in pneumatic philosophy have resulted in the internal generation of something a thousand times rarer than hydrogen, by which, in accordance with the most ordinary natural laws, you would not only rise to the ceiling and float there in *quasi-angelic* posture, but perhaps, as one of your feminine adepts is said to have done, flit swifter than train or telegram to 'still-vexed Bermoothes,' and twit Ariel, if he happens to be there, for a sluggard? We have not the presumption to deny the possibility of anything you affirm—only, as our brethren are particular about evidence, do give us as much to go upon as may save us from being roared down by their inextinguishable laughter."

In accordance with Prof. Huxley's position, I also would not speak of "higher" laws, or "lower" laws, or "royal" or "plebeian" laws. I admit neither "higher" nor "lower" in what I recognize as clearly as himself to be merely a record of human experience. I am willing that miracle should rest upon the foundation of human experience and evidence, and as to the rest of his argument I wish to point out that the idea of miracle as something contrary to recorded experience, thereby introducing confusion and disorder in nature is, however par-

donable a misconception, still a misconception of the very point at issue. The entire issue lies here. It is an issue not the fault of Prof. Huxley. It has been made by others, not by him, and he certainly meets it and handles it vigorously. As miracle is ordinarily defined, this issue is undoubtedly raised.

Webster defines miracle as "an event or effect contrary to the established constitution and course of things, or as a deviation from the known laws of nature." Again, "effected by the direct agency of almighty power, and not by natural causes performed supernaturally." I might multiply definitions, but little would be gained. The issue is directly made. A breach of uniformity is claimed.

Now this issue I consider entirely false and as unnecessary as it is mischievous. But before taking it up, let us consider still further this first postulate of universal gravitation.

You will observe that the statement of the law involves no explanation of the mechanism. We are called upon to accept it because its application justifies such acceptance, not because we understand how it is, or why it must be. It is worth while to note this. We do not accept it because we can "explain" or understand it, but simply because it explains, because it harmonizes all our knowledge. But all our knowledge casts no light upon it. It is mysterious. We accept it as ultimate. Our ignorance we find to be no obstacle to full belief and conviction however. It is not necessary therefore, we see, to understand or to explain a fact before we accept it. Our conviction rests on other grounds. To "explain" a thing simply means to show it to be in accord with the rest of our knowledge. We don't really understand it the better for that, but we do accept it.

Finally let me direct your attention to what this law of gravitation involves. To say that if some enormous force were to move the earth or the moon from their present relations, it would introduce a disturbing element throughout the entire Universe, is a statement that any one would at once agree to. But to assert that to move a pebble, a grain of sand, a mote of dust, a particle so small that microscopic power would not define it, would also introduce a disturbance throughout this illimitable Universe of suns and systems, would not perhaps be so

readily admitted. Why not? It is precisely the same statement. Size is relative. This earth and sun of ours are but motes in the gigantic scale of the Universe. Change the point of view and what was great becomes small, or inversely. The law holds good for great and small alike.

This law involves then the statement that any disturbance, great or small, has its effect, great or small, upon the entire system. A new adjustment is required throughout the whole extent of suns and systems, and we do not enquire "how" this can be. We do not know how. We do believe the fact. This is not theory or speculation or metaphysics. It is admitted physical fact. Men of science call it "demonstrated truth" and are all agreed upon it. Move here, upon this earth, so much as an atom of dust and you introduce a disturbance which extends to the stars of heaven. To change the universe in one of its parts is to change it throughout its whole extent. It is not as it was before.

This is my first postulate taken from physical science.

My next postulate I take from moral science. It is that the will of man is free.

Do not fear that I shall ask you here to wander off into metaphysical speculation. I do not propose to "explain" this postulate any more than the first, nor is it any more necessary or essential to show how or why this can be. The point is, whether you are prepared to accept this postulate on the same ground as the first, because it explains, not because it can be explained. When we solve the mystery of gravitation it will be in order to reconcile "fixed fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute" and other questions of the kind. Without becoming then in "wandering mazes lost," I ask acceptance for this postulate also, as an ultimate fact, on the same grounds as the first, because it is in harmony with the rest of our knowledge. It is the deliverance of our consciousness, as the first is the voice of our experience. It is the basis of all our ethics, the foundation of justice between man and man. Without freedom of will there is no moral responsibility, the very bond of society, the substance of all human law. As such we act upon it in daily life just as confidently as we count upon gravitation.

Judged by this test we all believe this postulate. That our will may be restricted in action need not cause us doubt. Such freedom as we claim is not absence of compulsion but freedom of consent. Not the will but the willingness, is the basis of responsibility. Let the man who disowns moral responsibility, object to our postulate. But in that case he must consider himself an automaton wound up to go, the unconscious puppet of circumstance, a helpless waif on the wave of destiny. He must pull down about his ears the whole fabric of human society and human laws, which has been built up on this foundation, and go counter to the consciousness born into every man. If he chooses to do this, he can deny our postulate, but he will have meagre company if the belief of mankind can be judged by its action.

Through free will we recognize ourselves as personalities, and no considerations can weaken this consciousness of individuality we all possess. Only as we have this consciousness ourselves can we realize the existence of other personalities outside of ourselves, frame laws for their guidance and control, or hold them to obligation and responsibility. Only as we have this consciousness, can we realize the existence of a personality greater than that of man, which can impose laws for his guidance and control, and hold mankind to obligation and responsibility.

As in our first postulate we have involved the ideas of universality of law and uniformity of nature, so in this second postulate we find involved moral obligation and responsibility. We do not "explain" the second any more than the first. We accept both upon the same grounds, as the practical results of human experience and human consciousness.

My third and last postulate I take from physiology. It is that every volition is invariably accompanied by corresponding brain action. That is, within my organism, matter obeys the dictates of my will. Subject to restriction such action may be. Much goes on within my organism as well as in the exterior world, which is not subject to my will. But none the less, within those restrictions, whatever they may be, or may be found to be, my will plays a part, and within those restrictions

matter is obedient to my will. Now by our first postulate, to affect the condition of even one atom or molecule is to exert an influence which must affect the entire universe. If a single atom is under any circumstances subject to my will, then to just that extent my will is a force in nature. A "force" is that which "causes" motion or change of motion or state of matter, and such a force the will of man undoubtedly is, according to physiology. I do not merely mean that the intelligent action of man upon this earth, as exemplified in art and industry, and his indirect influence upon nature by the skillful utilization of nature's laws, show the action of will as a force in nature, though that is also true enough. I mean more than that. I mean that directly, without any intermediate mechanism so far as we can see, matter within certain limits is affected by man's will. Acts as it would not otherwise act, moves as it would not otherwise move, and just in so far as this is true, and just in so far as no action can take place which does not affect the whole universe, just in so far as man's will is a force of nature. He creates no energy, destroys no energy. The great law of conservation is unaffected. But in the myriad correlations of physical forces, the mind of man has its share. What that share is, and whether the physicist needs to take it into account, is a matter to be settled by actual investigation and not to be decided on any *a priori* grounds.

Within our organism then, we recognize certain actions which we call "voluntary." In the last analysis those actions are traced to brain disturbances or brain action. These disturbances occur at the command of will, and no one has ever traced the remotest connection between the will and these material effects. This is the insoluble problem. In its last analysis it would seem to be action at a distance. We simply recognize the fact, because it is a fact, but we can no more explain it than we can explain our other two postulates.

If at my simple command, in obedience to my will, the inanimate furniture of this room should move and arrange itself in new positions, without any imaginable connection or mechanism by means of which I could exert the necessary force; if I could as clearly as this, establish the marvellous fact that without any intervening mechanism, bodies at my volition only, in obedi-

ence to my will, move hither and thither—what a startling state of things that would be thought to be! What a subject for wonder and speculation! How interested all the scientific men would be in investigating “the conditions” under which such wondrous power was exerted! How convinced they would be, that however wonderful, however unheard of, it was, if genuine, strictly “natural,” and though rare, or even unique, strictly the outcome of antecedent conditions, and therefore in perfect accord with uniformity. These conditions would interest them. To test these conditions they would test and experiment, and should they connect successfully these conditions and the result with other observed conditions and their results, they would claim a full “explanation,” give the phenomenon an appropriate name in Greek or Latin, record it in their annals, and a “new force” with a new name, perhaps “psychic force,” would be given to the scientific world.

Now this imaginary case is not more marvellous than the actual case, which is strictly comparable. True, it is, that such action of my will upon bodies outside of my organism is, so far as I am aware, unknown. But within my organism, just such action is admitted as constantly taking place. Every voluntary action is traced directly back to some brain disturbance, and back of that we can discern nothing but the controlling will. Nor does the fact that such action of our will is limited to our physical organism, diminish the difficulty. Still, in the last analysis, all mechanism falls away, and we have here as in every branch of physical science, apparent action at a distance, but in this case, such action is seen to be *dependent upon will*.

Moreover, though the operation of the will may be and is limited in scope, the effect of such operation no man can set limits to. A single thought literally changes the universe! It is not as it was before. This is the direct consequence of admitted facts, without admixture of speculation or hypothesis. This vast universe is bound in to onesystem by a law of reciprocity, such that the minutest disturbance in any of its parts is felt throughout the whole extent. One portion of this universe we know to be the abode of conscious volition. That volition affects matter, causes it to move as it would not otherwise move. The action of that volition, therefore, must and does affect the whole.

We thus see that the very constitution of the universe is admitted, on the strength of unquestioned facts, to be such that throughout its whole extent *it is affected by mind*. If an intelligent being with faculties akin to ours, though far greater in degree, were placed upon the farthest fixed star that glitters in the sky, he might very possibly observe there material effects, which if followed back along the chain of causation, would finally find their rise in some human volition upon this earth.

Such is the constitution of the universe as science, basing itself upon uniformity, is forced to apprehend it. And it is in such a universe as this, that this same science declares miracle, or the direct action of mind upon matter, to be impossible, because contrary to uniformity! What wonder then, that we find anarchy and discord! Authority arrayed against experience, faith opposed to reason, law contradicting liberty! Surely there must be here an unnecessary issue!

All three of these postulates are firmly held, and each is an admitted fact in a separate branch of science. Each and all alike cannot be explained. Indeed, we can "explain" nothing, except in so far as we connect it with observed sequence. We ask of nature perpetually, "how," "what," "why," and science has no reply, except "such is the order of nature." Events occur in a certain sequence, and changes conform to a certain ascertainable order, and that is all. Each of these postulates is claimed by science, in its own domain, as ultimate. That which is ultimate cannot be explained or brought into accord with the rest of our knowledge. Each rests its claim upon the results of its acceptance, upon its power of harmonizing, of bringing other facts into order and sequence—in short, upon its power of explaining, and not upon its capability of being explained.

But it must be evident that we cannot have two or three ultimates. One such we may have. Indeed, one such we must have. Uniformity itself demands it. For without one such ultimate, all branches of science separate and refuse to fall into related order. But more than one, is a breach of the very uniformity we assume. Yet science claims all three, and since it

cannot explain them, has to accept all three as "ultimate." What wonder, then, that we find discord? Are we then to have three ultimates? Uniformity forbids. Are we to have but one? Which shall we give up? If all three are true, they must be capable of being comprised in one general statement in accord with uniformity, which shall hold all three in solution, and explain all three by bringing them into accord with other facts and with each other, and which itself is the single ultimate beyond which we need not go.

Such a statement it seems to me, comes out as the irresistible result of directly combining the three. It fully solves the difficulty about miracle as a merely incidental application, while it goes much farther in its scope.

"Assuming," says John Stuart Mill, "as a fact the existence and providence of God, the whole of our observation of nature proves to us by incontrovertible evidence that the rule of his government is by means of second causes; that all facts, or at least all physical facts, follow uniformly upon given physical conditions, and never occur but when the appropriate collection of physical conditions is realized. I limit the assertion to physical facts, in order to leave the case of human volition an open question; though, indeed, I need not do so, for if the human will is free, it has been left free by the Creator, and is not controlled by him, either through second causes or directly, so that not being governed, it is not a specimen of his mode of government. When either a man of science for scientific, or a man of the world for practical purposes inquires into an event, he asks himself what is its cause? and not, has it any natural cause? A man would be laughed at who set down as one of the alternative suppositions that there is no other cause for it than the will of God."

Now, at the risk of being laughed at by the followers of Mill and the evidence-loving brethren of Prof. Huxley, I wish to make precisely this supposition as the only alternative the facts allow, as strictly in harmony with the rest of our knowledge, as harmonizing that knowledge, and therefore as a scientific conclusion.

Since in the light of our three postulates we must recognize the universe as so constituted that will affects every part, and since

we recognize a part of the effects we perceive as undoubtedly due to man's will, it follows irresistibly that all other effects must be by us attributed to the action of will also. This is the only hypothesis in terms of the rest of our knowledge and in accord with our own experience which we can frame. It is the plain logical inference from the facts, and is to be tested as an "ultimate," simply by its capacity of explaining and harmonizing, not by our ability to explain it. We cannot hope to explain it any more than we can explain our three postulates, which we nevertheless accept. We accept them because they harmonize our knowledge of certain facts, and so we must accept this if it harmonizes them, and thus instead of three ultimates gives us but one. Our hypothesis leads directly to the general statement that what science calls "law" is but the action of a supreme will, of which nature is the visible expression, and what science calls "uniformity" is but the recognized mode of action of that will.

From this point of view we change not a single fact but only the interpretation of the facts—not science but the philosophy of science. Our belief in uniformity or "second causes," simply asserts that in whatever way in the past we may have found this will to act, given again precisely the same circumstances, we may expect again the same action. What can this mean in terms of will, in terms of our own knowledge and consciousness, but the expression of an unchanged purpose? Thus uniformity we see is not itself an ultimate fact, but a necessary corollary. The action of man's will upon matter is thus not itself an ultimate fact, but a necessary result of delegated power. Our consciousness of freedom is not itself an ultimate fact, but is justified by the source of that power. It partakes in kind of that to which it owes existence. Thus all three of our postulates are merged into one expression, which harmonizes and explains them, because it gives them significance and mutual relation in accord with the rest of our knowledge. Uniformity of action, freedom, power of causation, are the attributes of this supreme will, as in a less degree they are attributes of our own. Hence we observe the first and to some extent share the last.

This is no pantheistic conception of some unconscious pervading energy in the universe. It is an intelligent conscious individuality with a steadfast purpose which the facts demand.

But this conclusion is by no means necessarily dependent upon our second postulate. It is the direct result of the first and last only. Thus whether man's will be free or not, *does not affect this conclusion*. It is sufficient to recognize will as a force in the universe. If this be true of man's will, however limited and conditioned, we must inevitably attribute to the influence of a will, not man's, all action which is independent of man's will. As to the mode of action of this will, as we observe it, uniformity requires simply that having been observed once to act, if the same circumstances were to recur, its action would be the same. This is the principle upon which science is based, and from our point of view it possesses significance only as the indication of steadfast purpose combined with perfect knowledge.

Now let us examine this principle of uniformity in the light of our second postulate..

If we are agreed to consider these postulates as true, we must accept whatever is involved in them.

The principle of uniformity briefly amounts to saying, duplicate the circumstances and you can always expect an identical result.

Now, taking a wide view of the universe, and regarding it as a vast complex in which any disturbance, however slight, produces its due effect throughout the whole extent, *can we ever find or expect to find at any two intervals of time strictly identical circumstances?* Have any two states of this universe ever been exactly alike?

So far as the supreme and steadfast will which we recognize as the ultimate cause of all action, deals with material forces and inanimate matter, and is visible to us in terms of matter and motion only, this may or may not be true. We can decide nothing about it on *a priori* grounds. When we go to experience for a reply, we appear to find reasons for believing that practically at least, such is the case. As this globe spins through space, day and night, summer and winter, seed time and harvest, succeed each other with unvarying regularity.

We enter the laboratory and so far as we duplicate conditions do we expect and obtain identical results. We observe certain results, under certain conditions, and taking proper account of those conditions we predict and verify the results when in any respect those conditions are changed. We find identical results to be always joined to identical antecedents. We therefore infer uniformity, and we do well.

If now man's will is but a creature of circumstance also, and free agency is a delusion, and the deliverances of our consciousness worthless; if man himself is utterly bound up in the conditions he explores—then the same inference still holds equally good. The world becomes a mechanism in which not even an apparent break of uniformity is possible because no change from within of antecedent conditions is to be apprehended. But this supposition is directly counter to our second postulate, it is repugnant to consciousness and destroys the foundations of human society.

If then, we believe, as we show by our daily conduct we do believe, that man's will is a free agent, and if as we have to admit, man's will is also a force in nature, and if as we also have to admit, the action of any force affects the entire universe; then we must recognize a source of change within the mechanism, which must affect antecedent conditions, in so far as it is itself one of these antecedents. It is thus certain that so far as man's will is operative, and free, it is strictly true that no two states of the universe ever have been or will be precisely alike in all respects, so long as a single free human agency exists. If we find as physical experiment indicates, that certain practical limits must be set to the action of such agency, since within these limits we certainly do not find it necessary to take such agency into account, we can bow to that experience and accept the existence of such limits. But when the physicist ignores any limits and founds uniformity upon an hypothesis of identical antecedents which do not really exist, we object, not to uniformity, but to the hypothesis. Within those limits we may grant his hypothesis as a practical approximation, as a good working hypothesis. Beyond those limits we must still insist upon the more strictly accurate statement, that no two states are ever identical, and hence uniformity is

not to be based upon exact duplication. In either case, in both cases alike, we insist upon that supreme and steadfast purpose, ever acting in precise accord with the circumstances at any and every instant, of which the physicist's idea of uniformity is but the inevitable consequence, and which gives to uniformity itself its true significance. Let us once regard uniformity, not as that action which under all circumstances is always the same, but that action, which in the light of unchanging purpose is always in accord with changing conditions, and all conflict vanishes. So far as conditions are the same, that action is the same. Here is the realm of experimental investigation, and even within the limits imposed, experience shows that it is an ample realm. But it is not the whole realm. The wider expression, is not constant action, under invariable conditions, but related action under constant purpose and varying conditions.

This view seems to me to commend itself as harmonizing all our knowledge, our experience and our consciousness, and the vexed question of miracles is but a special application. I know no scientific objection to miracles which on this basis cannot be as scientifically met.

It places miracles upon precisely the same ground as science to-day, based as it is upon uniformity, places the origin of life. The weight of experiment according to Huxley and Tyndall, is against spontaneous generation *in our day*. But science, if I correctly understand the position, does not therefore infer that it never took place. On the contrary it believes that it did, but it admits that thus far at least we have been unable to duplicate the conditions, and hence have never observed the result. "If life" says Prof. Le Conte, "did *once* arise spontaneously from any lower forces, physical or chemical, by natural process, *the conditions necessary for so extraordinary a change could hardly be expected to occur but once in the history of the earth.*"

This is a man of science, not of "pseudo-science," Prof. Huxley to the contrary notwithstanding, who thus speaks of "lower" forces, "extraordinary" changes, and changed conditions. It only needs the recognition of purpose back of the changed conditions, to constitute this view an admission by science of miraculous action in the truest sense. Upon the

simple admission of purpose, the question hinges. It is a question not of facts but of point of view.

It is precisely this view which I would apply to miracle, only having the wholesome fear of Prof. Huxley before my eyes and not wishing to be classed among those "who have appropriated the forms of science without knowing anything of its substance," I would not speak of "lower" or "higher" forces, since to me the origin of all is the same; nor of "extraordinary" changes, since any action is in my view no more "extraordinary" than any and all others, though it may well be the result of unique antecedents; and I can conceive of no conditions as "necessary" except as related to divine purpose. In perfect accord with Prof. Huxley, I attribute no agency to "laws," and would regard what we call a "law of nature" as merely a record of human experience, not in any sense an agency itself. But I do most certainly regard it as the expression of some agency which lies back of all law. This agency I find myself obliged to recognize, not upon "ecclesiastical authority," nor "by ascribing to science a dictum that is not scientific," but upon scientific grounds, in accord with admitted facts, as will; and this will these same facts require me to acknowledge as uniform; and uniform will, acting always the same under similar circumstances, I can only interpret as steadfast purpose. I might even ask whether—if this conclusion seems sound and justified by facts, and steadfast purpose is thus the very substance of all law—those who hold the facts but deny the conclusion, may not themselves be denominated as "having appropriated the forms of science without knowing anything of its substance"?

We thus find it recognized by Prof. Le Conte, himself a man of science, in the interests of science, that conditions change, and even that a set of conditions may have existed, which never existed before and may never exist again.

When science admits this, it must either deny the action of will and refuse to recognize purpose in the universe, or it must open the door for miracle. What is the result of purpose acting under unique conditions but a miracle? Here is no breach of uniformity. The result is just as "natural" as any result which we observe or as any result which we can reproduce

by fulfilling the conditions. There is here no disorder or confusion or breach of uniformity. The sequence of cause and effect is the same.

A miracle we may then define—as an effect in nature which, as dependent upon controlling will and due to the action of such will, is as “natural” in every sense as all other observed actions, which are all likewise similarly dependent; but an effect also, which, in so far as it is the result of unique conditions, stands alone amongst other observed effects, and thus emphasizes to us the direct action of that divine agency which underlies all effects.

I can find nothing which theology claims for miracle, which this view does not admit, nor anything urged by science with which this view conflicts.

The effect observed is in the strictest sense in accord with the conditions, and hence in accord with uniformity, while it reveals directly the agency of that spiritual volition which is at the basis of all natural law. It is directly in line with the purpose which governs the whole. It is in harmony with the rest of our knowledge.

Nor do I by this view give any special comfort or aid to “the spirit-rappers, table-turners, and all the other devotees of the occult sciences of our day.” I place all manifestations of will in nature upon the ground of satisfactory evidence or testimony. Whatever is proved to have occurred is by that fact established as natural, whether “new” or “old,” or “startling” or the reverse. I would explain all on the same ground—that of a steadfast purpose exhibiting itself under conditions either new or old. The study of these conditions is always in order and is the work of science, and any reported occurrence which demands for its acceptance an admission of changed or unique conditions, must come to us with credentials which command assent first of all to the fact of the occurrence itself, before it can assume an importance which warrants investigation. Prove first the fact. Each reported occurrence must stand solidly by itself upon a basis of evidence, of experience and testimony, which commands belief. But once accepted as a fact, I would admit no disorder or confusion or breach of uniformity in anything so established, but would refer every occurrence without

exception to the same ultimate basis of eternal purpose made manifest to us as uniform action under similar conditions. Evidence and experience must be the final test as to the actuality of any occurrence claimed to have been observed. Every miracle and every admitted fact of science, must all alike, stand on this basis. Those who reject the account of any miracle because of insufficient evidence, stand on solid ground. I simply insist that there can be *no other ground*. "Order of nature," "uniformity," "nature of things," "reasonableness," "possibility," all *a priori* objections have no place in the decision. So far as these are concerned the question is open. "Sufficient" evidence is that which produces conviction in unprejudiced minds, and I for one would have nothing whatever accepted upon any other grounds. All who believe, or think they believe, or are willing to believe, or make themselves believe, on any other grounds, we are perfectly willing to leave to the "inextinguishable laughter" of Prof. Huxley and his evidence-loving brethren. If miracles cannot stand on this basis they cannot stand at all. We claim that they do stand on just this basis. We claim that such a fact as the origin of life—looked upon as science has to look upon it as the result of unique conditions; recognizing as we are obliged to recognize by sound deduction from accepted principles, purpose and will back of those conditions—is itself a miracle. We claim that in this sense and in the deepest and truest sense, man's action in the world is a daily miracle, and that to attribute all action outside of man to will and purpose is a sound deduction of science. While ready to submit to the "inextinguishable laughter" therefore, we stipulate in the interests of fair play, that those who in the face of evidence and facts, persist in the attitude of "so much the worse for the facts," shall not be exempt from the same "inextinguishable laughter."

To claim any effect as a new result under old conditions, due to some meddling supernatural agency, is indeed unsound and mischievous. It is not direct action, but rather cessation of action, which such a result would indicate. Not God in nature, but God withdrawn from nature. Such a claim defeats the very end which makes it. I consider that the entire difficulty arises from such claim; a claim made when our views of God's

government were different, when in a narrow anthropomorphic sense, the controlling will was considered as dwelling apart from the great machine, suffering the mechanism for long periods to "run itself," and only now and then, actually confessing infirmity of purpose, by intervening for special ends, in view of special circumstances. We admit no such intervention. Circumstances in view of man's action at least, we must recognize as always special.

Never are any two states the same. Conditions are never identical. At every instant antecedents are different, and at every instant steadfast purpose is at the helm and perfect knowledge guides. Unchanged conditions are precisely what we have no right to premise. Changed conditions are what we have every reason to expect. To infer from an unchanged result unchanged conditions is a sound inference, and by the same logic, a new result established as a fact, proves unmistakably new conditions.

I would then take miracle out of the realm of the supernatural, by bringing all things into the realm of the spiritual. I would protest against the position that reducing everything to "law" thereby separates all things from that which underlies law. That the recognition of an impersonal order is a denial of personality. Nature reveals to us, in every part, action directed by purpose toward the realization of purpose. As the result of mind, mind interprets it and ideals are found to correspond with reality.

Thus man himself endowed with sensation, consciousness, and emotion, lives in a world where phenomena are related not merely to sensation alone, but to consciousness and emotion also, and where sensation, consciousness, and emotion, correspond to reality. Physical science assumes only the correspondence of sensation with reality. Without such assumption its results are worthless. It is as Hinton expresses it, like a little child learning to use its hands and eyes and ears. It assumes a correspondence between external reality and sensation and interprets the world through sense perception alone. But the world is larger than this. We have other faculties and they should also correspond with reality. We have not only intellect but moral and spiritual insight. The world is to be comprehended only by

man's whole nature, since this whole nature must be related to the world. What sensation is to the intellect, emotion is to the soul. Both must be brought into mutual relation, correspondence and harmony.

Our single postulate of steadfast purpose does this. Based upon this postulate all science becomes man's view of God's action, the verification by man of divine ideals. The physicist's idea of uniformity is thus as ideal as his conception of a geometric straight line. Neither is strictly realized in external nature. No physical line is absolutely straight, no antecedent conditions are strictly identical. Yet the ideal limits logically treated yield results in accord with reality. As two lines may be so nearly parallel that observation within practical limits can detect no deviation, so antecedents may be so nearly identical that observation detects no result of variation. Yet in both the assumption of identity is an ideal limit, not a physical fact. These ideals we verify, because with Kepler, we "think the thoughts of God," and interpret His action in terms of mind and not of matter.

This action whether exemplified in miracle or in daily life, we thus find related to conditions in the light of unchanging purpose, and hence it appears to us as uniform action when the conditions are practically identical and as miracle when they are not. Science traces back the conditions a little way, learns to identify them more or less perfectly, and in so far, to predict more or less perfectly the results. But whether we thus go back a little way or a long way, or not at all, in every case we arrive sooner or later at the ultimate, and inexplicable because ultimate basis of all action, and that basis we find the very basis of value in science itself, bequeathed by custom and inheritance, the ground-work of morals and practice, suggested irresistibly by the analogy of our experience, confirmed by our knowledge and sanctioned by our consciousness.

While we thus admit uniformity in its fullest extent, we are forced to interpret it in terms of the rest of our knowledge, as the result of unchanging purpose acting in accordance with full and perfect knowledge of antecedent conditions.

Among those conditions the will of man has a part. To what extent no one can say. How large or small a part, and

under what limitations only experience can decide. What other conditions there may be, we cannot know, but here is at least one, dependent, as we are obliged to admit, upon our own volition, by reason of which the universe is momentarily affected, and which must therefore itself be included among the conditions. To deny to it any influence, and assert that the operations of nature rest upon conditions in which the will of man can have no possible share, and upon which the will of man can make no impress, is contrary to those admitted facts which we have claimed as postulates. The "nature of things," as we are forced to recognize them, is quite otherwise. In a universe governed by will, the will of man may count for much. In so far as it is itself among the antecedents, it must affect conditions, and the action of the supreme will can only be predicated in view of all the antecedents. In so far as it can thus act to bring about conditions hitherto unknown, just so far may we expect the results to be unique. Man's volition is itself part of the conditions, and this volition we believe and hold to be free.

It seems therefore, not a mere superstitious credence, but sound scientific inference, that man's volition may and probably does effect much, and that science must admit as at least reasonable, that which faith accepts without question, that

"Prayer moves the Hand which moves the world."

How far and to what extent this is true, is I submit a question of experience. That experience seems to indicate that the effect of human volition can be practically disregarded in the realm at least of physical science. We may be thus justified in concluding that at least in general, the conditions which are antecedent to any purely physical effect are not affected by man's volition, simply because in so many instances we find this to be apparently the fact. Experience is the only criterion. But we can none the less still hold that the recognized constitution of the universe admits the possibility of such action, and we can never deny this on any *a priori* grounds. Thus any well authenticated exception, if it is satisfactorily established as a fact, must be admitted as a fact, in entire accord with what we know and have a right to expect, not as an unnatural or extra-natural effect or as a necessary breach of uniformity. It is simply a question of evidence.

The prayer is itself a new fact. It and the mind which frames it are new conditions. It is mind directly acting upon mind. The ruled appealing to the ruler. The all-embracing knowledge which encompasses nature cannot ignore it. The scientific man cannot deny on scientific grounds the possible efficacy of human supplication. He can only test it as a fact by repeating the conditions, and the only way I know of to thus scientifically test the efficacy of such a fact as prayer and to find out just what is that efficacy, is—to pray—and to pray not under arbitrarily imposed conditions but under those conditions for which alone any efficacy is claimed. It would seem that this is a test which is practically ignored by science.

Man thus appears as himself a factor in his own development. His will is not only an influence working through heredity for the building up of character, but it is a power in the universe, conditioning circumstance. The science which lays down the proposition that like causes always produce like effects, must take account among these "causes," of man's agency and volition. In this view, without contradiction or inconsistency, it may well be recognized even by science as more than a poetic expression of universal faith, that

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

Well then may the voice of man "rise like a fountain night and day"

"For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The direct consequence then, of admitted fact, is that mind rules the universe, mind interprets the universe, and mind as manifested in man, affects the universe. Uniformity as claimed by science, we thus interpret as steadfast purpose acting always in accord with circumstances or conditions. We recognize man as so related to this universe that he himself affects these conditions. In so far as he thus affects circumstances, he is himself one of the determining conditions of the action he ob-

serves. For him, and for him alone so far as we can see, every moment may well bring its unique conditions and its special action, and we must consider the eternal purpose so far as manifested to us as especially related to man. So far as we can see law has no "necessity" apart from such relation. It is in relation to man if anywhere, that we may hope to discover this purpose. So far as law in this universe is the expression of any purpose outside of him and his relations to it, he can never hope to find it out. Only as he himself supplies conditions which he can recognize, can he hope to find a clew. As he possesses the power of affecting conditions, that which he calls "law," or the manifestation of divine purpose, must possess for him a peculiar significance. This purpose must include him, exist in relation to him, and to him the reign of law is adapted. For him the earth revolves and the stars of heaven shine. The minister and interpreter of nature, he himself affects nature, shares to some extent the divine power of causation in nature, and is a force from within to which the divine purpose must respond.

What is this purpose? It must be revealed to some extent, at least, by its manifestations. Possessed of reason ourselves, we study these manifestations in the light of reason and interpret them always in terms of reason. As mind lies back of all phenomena, so mind is in accord with phenomena, and ideals are found to accord with fact. Thus science itself becomes the recognition by mind of the action of mind. This purpose must therefore be rational. Our steadfast purpose is then guided by complete knowledge and perfect reason. These qualities in less degree we possess. It is again the ideal limit to which we pass.

We follow step by step the manifestations of this purpose in nature. Beginning with inorganic matter we follow the unfolding of this purpose, and reach a point where in accord with the antecedent conditions and the ever-present guiding will life appears. Here is no breach of uniformity. To reproduce those conditions would be to again observe the same action. This holds for every manifestation. We follow still further along the history of the earth and again, in accord with antecedent conditions, mind emerges. This is not an evolution

of matter into mind. We start with mind and we end with mind. We begin with a will to which matter responds, with knowledge and purpose; and we end with will, to which matter responds, knowledge and purpose,—less in degree but similar in kind to the source.

Is this all? Have not the emotions as well as the intellect a similar relation, and must not man's entire nature be considered as similar in kind? As no life without antecedent life, so no mind without antecedent mind, no love without antecedent love. What word has science for us here?

The conclusion of the scientific ethics of the day has been stated as "altruism." Taking the world as we find it, starting from a basis of pure selfishness, in a ravenous struggle for existence in which the weaker must succumb to superior force—we are told by the interpreters of science, strangely enough, that in this wild race of each man for himself, if we would act wisely, in view of the conditions in which we are placed, we must oppose ourselves to the current, we must put the general good first and subordinate private aims, we must protect and care for the weaker and subdue personal desires, we must practice action which looks beyond the present moment, we must deny ourselves in the present for the sake of a future good to unborn generations. We must, in short, sway the force of heredity itself by the exercise of will, into the path of progress. This is pure morality and to spare! For you will observe there isn't even the shadow of a personal motive to thus oppose personal desire, no sufficient inducement to thus practice all the virtues and eschew all the vices. Human nature is required to tread a path impossible to human nature. We must practice the golden rule, without any stronger inducement than that this appears on the whole, looking over the world as we find it, to be the conduct which persevered in, will lead eventually to the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

A barren morality this and an empty ethics, which mocks poor humanity with its very weakness, and pointing out the path winding far away over inaccessible heights, leaves him lost in despair and cursing his inability to reach it. An ethics which a Mephistopheles might well expound with satanic glee,

as while pointing out the impossible path and hopeless summit, he mocks the fainting breath and bleeding feet and failing limbs which forbid accomplishment. To know the right and do it not, will not suffice. We must see the right and yearn to do it, and lack even the capacity to strive. For as self is the heaviest burden weighing us down, the burden of self must be self-lifted. How shall this be done?

But yet taking the meagre portion at this Barmecide feast to which science invites us, our view gives it a substantial and satisfying significance. Connecting the universe with purpose, as uniformity itself forces us to, we see that even science, based upon uniformity, looking as far forward as it can in the light of uniformity, notifies us that our manifest action in order to be in accord with that purpose, must be self-denying, self-sacrificing, self-forgetting—a summation in short of all the virtues, for the sole object of beneficence. From the battle of self, for self, must come self-renunciation. From selfish struggle must come loving help. The purpose which rules the world and starts us in the mire of selfish appetite, requires us to rise to the pure heights of loving sacrifice.

Is this the scheme of a Mephistopheles to mock us? Giving us a mirage of pleasant meadows and refreshing streams, only to revel in the anguish of the thirsty way-worn souls who gaze and fall by the way in helpless despair. God forbid! This purpose which sets such a task to poor human nature, must be itself beneficent. So sure as this purpose exists and demands of us such action, so sure is there a way that faithful feet may tread. If flight is required of us, wings must be given. Such a revelation as we must have, we may expect to find. If science cannot read it in the Book of Nature, elsewhere it must be given. Knowledge of such basic importance, man cannot wait to slowly and painfully discover. He needs it now for guidance and help. Above all, he needs a sufficient motive, else is the discovery when made of no avail. Without such a motive heredity would but ever push us backward, not onward. Such a revelation of purpose and will we claim to have, not through science, but in advance of science, and we find it just such a revelation as science needs, to give point and practical value to its own conclusions, while these very conclusions them-

selves endorse the revelation. That purpose and motive it reveals as *Love!* the only sufficient antidote to selfish desire, the God-given wings to every mortal by which man, freed through self from the burden of self, can rise even to those heights which science itself would have him reach.

Thus, man's emotional nature must bear an equal part with his intellectual nature in his progress, and both must bear the same relation to the source of all. Thus religion appears as the complement of all that science tells us, the one connecting our mind, the other our nature with the eternal source of both; supplying that motive and revealing that purpose, without which the results of science lose significance, the ethics of science become but barren platitudes, and the "golden" rule, a rule of lead and iron. The divine breath of love sweeps through creation and man wakes to life and loving service. Himself the end of creation, he must imbibe its spirit and coöperate in loving service to carry it on. Thus inspiration in the moral world corresponds to miracle in the physical. Both are the direct action of the supreme will in accord with eternal purpose under unique conditions. But in both alike may we not claim, that only in so far as the conditions are unique, is this action any different from those ordinary phenomena of daily life which we see fit to distinguish as "natural," only because we find the conditions recurrent at intervals, or capable of duplication by us?

The great central miracle of Christianity would lose all force and point, if it must be regarded as a breach of uniformity or an infringement of law. Let us once recognize what we thus call a "breach" or "infringement," simply because the result is unique, as the result of action which ever and exactly accords with conditions in the light of unchanging purpose, and we see at once that such expressions as "breach" and "infringement" must either mean change of purpose or they mean nothing. As meaning change of purpose they cannot be allowed. It is just because we do *not* recognize in this great central miracle any such change of purpose, that it possesses for us full value and significance. Only in so far as it is in accord with the whole purpose, that it means to us what it should. This it is which gives it inestimable worth. It is not

that a divine being, different in nature from man, has not been subject to death, but that man as man has risen from the grave. Fulfill the conditions and we do expect the same result. It is thus through our humanity that the resurrection is to us the promise and the hope of immortality. And this hope we base not upon miracle as a breach of law, but upon the naturalness of all that happens in a universe where unchanging purpose is the basis of law and the guarantee of uniformity. Only as uniformity is the explanation can uniformity be the basis of hope. "Because I live ye shall live also."

Thus Christ, we claim, came as every man cometh—that is, in God's own time, for God's own purpose—with a nature in accord with the conditions of His appearance. As those conditions are unique, so is His appearance and nature. This constitutes at once His divinity and His humanity. It singles Him out but does not separate Him. Divine in His individuality as the special manifestation of purpose under unique conditions, He is even as all men are in relation to that purpose.

This we claim as in accord with science and substantiated by evidence. The evidence-loving brethren who reject this claim on the score of insufficient testimony, may do so honestly, but I venture to say they will also do it mournfully, and will find in the rejection small cause for "inextinguishable laughter." Let Mephistopheles laugh, but as for us poor mortals,—Look you! we'll go pray!

This man thus appearing as the unique result of unique conditions, as a special manifestation of divine purpose, yet related as all men to that purpose, should have for us a unique message. If He has nothing to tell us we could not have otherwise known, the special necessity which sent Him is not justified. If thus singled out by divine purpose, the result should justify that purpose. By this test let us judge.

We have seen how far science takes us and where science leaves us. It takes us to the foot of the hill of difficulty and there we stand helpless. Through self we must overcome self and no sufficient motive is given. Here science is silent. If this universe is the result of purpose, man's relation to that purpose is a problem upon which science has nothing to say. It may recognize a purpose, it may even admit that purpose as

beneficent, since it enforces upon us beneficent action, but there it halts.

Now what are the facts? This man thus appearing in accord with special purpose under unique conditions, speaks with authority as never man spoke, as one fulfilling that purpose. He proves his divine credentials by the exercise of divine power. His will sways nature even as the divine will, because in accord with the divine purpose. His relation to that will is the same as ours.

And this man thus speaking with divine commission, revealing to us our relations to divine will and power, coming as man in accord with that purpose, related as man to that purpose, has made known those relations, and that will and purpose so far as through human symbols of thought they can be revealed and communicated, in the simple words, "Our Father!" and "Thy will be done!"

Here is the pith and essence of religion. Simple but all sufficient, and precisely where science leaves us destitute the void is filled. The relation is of love, the conditions loving obedience and co-operation. Here is no cold impersonal statement of policy. No system of ethics on the basis of the greatest good to the greatest number. It is in full harmony with both because based upon that which lies back of both. It gathers up the highest impelling forces of man's nature to aid him up the inaccessible heights to which science can only point. It puts action on a higher and practical plane and it supplies the motive without which action on that plane is impossible.

It is not, honesty is the best policy. Or conform to inexorable law or die. Or be virtuous and be happy. Or keep the peace, be pure, be merciful, regard your neighbor's rights, practice "altruism," because however hard or impossible to do, this is decidedly the best course for all in the long run. But it is love, because love is the fulfillment of the law—of the great purpose which rules the universe. Be honest, live at peace, be merciful, be pure at heart, because this is to live in accord with the beneficent will of the Father whose children we are.

I do not ask has science any word to say which conflicts with this, for all it can say and as far as it can see, all is in complete harmony with this. But I do ask has science now in this nine-

teenth century anything to say which can replace this? Can we even attempt to practically tread the path which science claims to trace without this? If not, how is it and why is it that we have all this now and have had it ages in advance of science? Who among men so wise as to tell us this, in such manner as to harmonize all that we know, and yet add the one thing needful, the only thing science can never certainly discover,—the relation of man to a heavenly Father and the duty not of obedience merely but of loving obedience? Who so wise to tell us this, and by life, and acts and words and death, draw us by the irresistible might of love into this relation, re-enforcing the intellect by the emotions, harmonizing consciousness and experience, and crown all with the glorious triumphant proof to all mankind of that for which every human soul yearns—the hope of immortality!

Is it not manifest that God reigns and his kingdom is here and now!

AUGUSTUS JAY DuBOIS.

ARTICLE II.—MURILLO.

FIFTEEN years after Wellington drove the French out of the Peninsula and opened the country to Englishmen, David Wilkie went to Spain and found a new world of art, which, though it greatly fascinated him, he did not seem to be able to comprehend. Its richness, color, depth, boldness, fairly bewildered him. Since that time, more sympathetic artists, with something of the native fire of the Spaniards themselves, such as Henri Regnault, Clairin, Bonnat, and the brilliant painter, Fortuny, who, though a Spaniard by birth, was educated in Rome and Paris, have lived in Spain, and, under its own skies have studied its art in the old churches, the old houses, the museums, and, above all, the Madrid gallery, into which the treasures of Spanish painting have gravitated, and which, with the exception of two or three masterpieces at Rome and Dresden, is the finest gallery in the world. They have experienced the inspiration of this art; and now the power of Spanish painting in nature and color is recognized, and is exercising a decided influence on European art. It falls in with the new realistic school of French painting. Students go to Spain as they go to Italy. They revel in its light, color, the grandeur of its mountain scenery, its semi-African vegetation, its bull-fights and motley festas, and find this tropical nature and passion reflected in its art. But this was not so always. The exclusiveness of Spanish civilization, the ignorance and superstition of the people, the geographic isolation of the Peninsula and the difficulties of travel, have made Spain almost as closed a country as Persia, and, for that reason, its painting has not been well known. It has been almost despised, especially in England, as one may see in allusions to Spanish art in the letters of a man of culture, like Abraham Hayward. Writers even upon Spanish subjects have passed it by. Washington Irving discoursed charmingly of Spanish history and legend, but had no eye for Spanish pictures; and yet painting is the form in which Spanish genius shows itself. This race has manifested more

decided originality in painting, than the French, resembling the Italians. But this has been conceded only by the force of facts, by the spoliation of their galleries and churches, and by the comparison of their glowing paintings with the colder productions of other schools. Velasquez, it is true, has been vaguely felt to be a force, because he belongs, like the old Greek, to the school of progress whose principles of nature form a true advance in art and the art of the future; yet even Velasquez, until recently, has not been acknowledged to be the unequalled realistic painter he is. It is, indeed, a singular fact, that this indifference to Spanish painting, should have arisen from the sheer ignorance of those who have never seen it at home. And no one can rightly judge of Spanish painting who has not seen it in Spain.

Another reason why Spanish art has been so slow to be appreciated is, that, until the seventeenth century, the age of Zurbaran, Ribera, Velasquez, and Murillo, there was not much in Spanish painting which is really national, although the Spanish is an artistic race; it was an exotic from Italy and the Netherlands. The frescoes of Toledo cathedral in the style of Giotto were executed by Starnina, a Florentine; and the altar-piece in Seville cathedral of the "Descent from the Cross," at whose foot Murillo wished to be buried, was painted by Campana, a Fleming.

Spanish art, also, is unattractive and monotonous in subject-matter. It is not transfused by new ideas. It never caught the light of the Renaissance. From the beginning it has been rigidly moulded by the church, and it ran into the "black-agony" school of the Inquisition whose colors were rubbed in with fire and blood. Painters like the Ribaltas and Ribera deepened shadows in order to bring out lights of miraculous supernaturalism. In looking at the picture of an old Spanish master you think of a cowed monk standing behind him directing every stroke. Yet there is warm color, bold chiaroscuro, intense feeling. These black pictures, seen in the obscure light of Gothic churches, together with images of the Madonna, crucifixes, skeletons and skulls of saints adorned with flashing jewels, have a wonderful power. There is power in their very place and association. They form part of a majestic ritual, of the harmony which has filled the vaults of these Spanish cathe-

drals for centuries, and the sweet and solemn hymns to the Virgin. They were pictures consecrated to a higher use of aiding the devotion of good Catholics; in their design they were purely religious, having been painted by monks, or by ascetics who had wrought their minds into a state of ecstasy. The religion of this passionate and imaginative Spanish people expressed itself in art, or art formed a vehicle of worship and a symbol of infinite things, which calmer blooded Protestant races can no more understand than they can, without bigotry, deny; if not the highest and most spiritual, it is nevertheless a ladder of the soul; as in Ribera's picture of "Jacob's Dream" the coarse, dark-browed Spaniard who lies asleep on the earth under a tree, sees the sky open and angels ascending and descending.

It might be added that, as sacred and ecclesiastical paintings, they have retained their original coloring except as time has dimmed them, and have rarely been meddled with or retouched; and this rigidity of church censorship has likewise exerted a moral influence upon Spanish painting, so that it has, with hardly an exception, preserved, with its somber conventionalism, a dignified decorum, and avoided the looseness of Italian painting and the indecency of French. But we turn to an exemplification of all the richest and best qualities of Spanish painting.

BAROLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO was born at Seville in 1617 of humbler parentage than that of Velasquez; and poverty, whom his favorite saint Francis had wedded, was his hard but stimulating teacher. His artistic life began in childhood and he was placed under the charge of the painter Juan de Castillo, a distant relative, who taught him to draw correctly. When his master left for Cadiz, he was left, so to speak, to his own resources both for art-education and support. He commenced by making pictures for the *feria*, or market-fair, to be sold for a song to the people, like looking-glasses, knives, and pottery; the traveler is shown some of these colored sketches that have been kept in the families of the people as heirlooms. He had his subjects at hand—fruit, flowers, and pans, the women of the market-stalls, and the boys of the streets—and he acquired suppleness in hitting off these in a rapid way; but even then his

favorite themes were saints and madonnas, though, as a general rule, a "*pintura de la feria*" was a name, as now, for the veriest daub. These hasty works served him in good stead, and, especially, when in 1642, seized with a desire to go to Flanders to see Dutch art, in imitation of a student friend, he bought a quantity of canvas, and cutting it into small squares, made sacred pictures of a saleable sort, which were disposed of to traders for religious propagandism in the Americas. By this he raised enough money to get as far as Madrid, and when there went at once to his fellow Sevillian, Velasquez, then at the height of his prosperity as court-painter, who befriended and gave him every opportunity to copy the works of great masters in the already ample collections of Madrid and the Escorial. He made copies with discrimination from Titian and Ribera for color, from Van Dyck for neatness of technique, and from Velasquez for nature and freedom of manner; and so rapid was his progress that his friend would persuade him to go to Rome for further instruction under royal patronage; but he refused to do this, trusting to his genius; and he, at least, grew right out of Spanish soil, and there was no foreign art (as the taunt has been flung at Spanish painting) in him. After remaining three years at Madrid he returned to Seville, and lived there contented and laborious; and there stands his statue in the Plaza del Museo and seems to be the genius of the place, for what were Seville, "pearl of Spanish cities," with its cathedral and "egregious Doctor," its memories of the Moor and his conqueror St. Ferdinand, its orange-gardens, golden tower and silvery Guadalquivir, without the gentle Murillo.

Murillo's first leap into fame was his enthusiastic offering of gratuitous service to the Franciscans to adorn their convent, and this he did by the production of some large pictures of scenes from the life of St. Francis and his disciples, in which he struck out from the conventional path and put new life into the treatment of religious, or semi-religious, subjects, producing homely and vigorous paintings of common life transmuted into spiritual, as in the kitchen-scene where angels are cooking the sleeping saint's dinner; and in "Rebecca and Eliezer at the Well." These were in his first style. The three styles we hear so much of, and that, unlike the three styles of

Velasquez, were not those of epochs of life, but employed alternately to suit his purpose best, were the *frio* (cold), with clear outline and treatment of light and shadow resembling Zurbaran's severe style; the *calido* (warm) with richer and mellow colors; the *vaporoso* (misty) with the outline lost in light and shadow as in rounded forms of nature. Besides these convent and altar pieces he painted others of *genre*, though the themes were, for the most part, religious. Such was the picture now in the Prado, of the "Holy Family with the Bird" (*Del Parajito*) in the second manner. It shows a carpenter's workshop. Mary is spinning while Joseph rests from his work to watch the child Jesus, who stands between Joseph's knees holding a white bird in his hands and plays with a little dog. Though the faces are of a peasant type they are innocent and holy, there is a realistic charm in them far exceeding the awkward picture of the "Holy Family," by Millais, and other Pre-raphaelite pictures of the same theme. In this early part of his career, probably, most of his delightful beggar-boys, the best of them in the Hermitage, at St. Petersburg, were painted. His low-class life was not vicious, but it was the life of childhood—thoughtless ragamuffins with tremendous appetites and uncertainty how it was to be satisfied—recollections of his own youth when a few coppers and a melon made him happy as a prince. How he must have loved these little beggars! There was a humanity in Murillo, that, as in Cervantes, Shakspeare, and all great men, transcends the local and national, and makes them a part and property of the race. Among his next productions, when his hand grew firm, the "Adoration of the Shepherds" was the most beautiful—the rough-clad shepherds, the simple sheep and cattle, the sweet-faced mother, the light proceeding from the body of the infant as in Correggio's picture at Dresden—and if any representation of this old subject by the greatest master of any school excels this in nature, correct drawing, grand freedom and noble simplicity, I will cease praising Spanish painting.

To this transitional realistic style, drawn from the popular life, belongs the interesting picture of the "Education of the Virgin," in the Madrid gallery. An earnest little maiden kneels by the side of her mother, her only ornament being a

white rose in her hair; but this picture, as well as one of Zurbaran's of the same theme, was regarded with suspicion by the Spanish Doctors, on the ground that the Virgin did not need to be taught anything or to learn Hebrew, being inspired with all knowledge! About this period were executed his "Conversion of St. Paul," the light broadly Rembrandtish; the "Annunciation;" the "Vision of the Virgin to St. Felix before his death;" "St. Anthony and the Infant Jesus" who is seated on open Bible; "Jesus Christ according to St. Francis the Jubilee of the Chapel of Assisi" with falling roses; and the great painting of "St. Anthony of Padua" (1656) now in the Baptistry of Seville Cathedral, a section of which was burglarized and brought to New York, but recovered and returned. This picture, with its limitations of the superstitious and sentimental, repays a visit to Seville, by any one fortunate enough to see it by the light of day. The divine child slides down from the regions above on a path of glory attracted to earth by the love in the saint's heart. The upward gaze of devotion in his face; the sweetness of the opening vision of the celestial home of childhood; the magical effects of light varied with softest browns and yellows; the rose-tinged clouds, and the infinite vagueness of the supernatural element—these caused the artist to be called '*el pintor del cielo*' (the painter of heaven). He filled it with happy spirits. He imagined a new order of blessed inhabitants; and if there be such a thing as mirth, I had nearly said fun, in heaven, he has represented it in his cherubs. Out of the mouth of babes praise is ordained. Theirs, though infantile, is the wisdom of love. They are like sparkles of heavenly joy. Their lightness and grace, floating on clouds as light as they, never have been approached by any other painter.

In the same year, Murillo was commissioned to paint four large pictures for the church of Santa Maria la Blanca, and two of them were intended to illustrate the legend of "Our Lady of the Snow." These two are now in the Academy of San Fernando at Madrid, and upon them one has said "he poured out all the treasures of art, all the wonders of the palette." The first of them, "The Dream," is in the *vaporoso* manner, where the senator, a dignified figure, has fallen asleep while reading; his wife also slumbers, and how fast asleep they are; but they

dream of a vision of the Virgin who points to the spot on which the church is to be built—the great Liberian basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, that stands on the Esquiline at Rome, at a spot where snow fell miraculously in the month of August! The appearance of the upper celestial group is surrounded by a radiant light, and heaven comes down into the narrow room. There is the blending of natural with supernatural, of strongest light with deepest shadow. The second picture is the “Fulfilment,” representing the meeting with Pope Liberius, who hears their story, while a vision of the procession to the Esquiline is seen in the distance. Secure in those regions of pure imagination, of the poetic ideal, he had a confidence of touch that shows how faith could remove mountains of material obstacle and bring down angels.

In 1660, Murillo, in spite of immense opposition, opened an academy of painting in Seville, the expense to be divided among the members, and the scholars to pay what they could afford, but upon admission each student was to make this confession of faith: “Praised be the Most Holy Sacrament and Pure Conception of our Lady.” Owing to the impractical character of Spaniards and the jealousy of artists, the academy did not survive Murillo; but this leads me to say that Murillo was the painter of the Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. This dogma was a favorite one in the Spanish church, particularly during the reign of Philip IV., and, on the very year of Murillo’s birth, 1617, Pope Paul V., at the instigation of Spain, issued a bull which forbade the teaching of anything contrary to that doctrine. There was great rejoicing over this at Seville. Not only the ecclesiastics, but the artists, who were the exponents of ecclesiastic ideas at that period, set themselves to the proclamation and representation of this decree; so that it came about that Murillo was born into the spirit of this singular dogma, and, a man to whom everything pure was congenial, with his mystical nature, he became, as was said of him, “painter of the Conception;” and he executed some twenty representations of this subject. All who have visited the Louvre remember the “Immaculate Conception,” which was originally painted by Murillo for the Church of the Venerables at Seville, and, it is to be suspected,

has been considerably repainted by French hands. Lovely as it is, with hands folded on breast and eyes glancing upward, in blue mantle and floating robe, it is less lovely than the two pictures in the Prado gallery at Madrid, of the same theme, though more beautiful than the larger one in the Seville Museum, represented with the globe beneath her. The faces in the Madrid paintings are of very youthful age, and such ineffable depth of innocence that the atmosphere around seems purer; and with the mysterious halo fading into night, and the groupings of cherubs holding lilies, roses, and palms, buoyed on cloud-wreaths, colored in the misty indistinctness of his dreamy and softly shadowy brush, they are, truly, heavenly visions, however removed from our habits of religious thought, and false when tested by Scriptural truth. The religion of Spain was and is the religion of the Virgin Mary.

Belonging to the same style of mystic representation, are the "Infant Christs" of Murillo. One of the sweetest of these is the "Child with the Lamb" in the Prado—the child-shepherd form, which Catholic art delights in, as if flying to the farthest extreme of the terrific representations, on the façades of the great cathedrals, of Christ as Judge. The most charming of these, and, indeed, the most delightful picture in the world, of children, is the "Jesus and St. John" (*Los Niños de la Concha*) where the little Jesus is giving John water to drink from a shell. Childlike loveliness could no farther go.

More pathetic and devout than these, and where profound religious feeling is manifested, even if it run into peculiar Roman Catholic channels, are his Franciscan paintings, and especially the one now hanging in the Seville Museum, of "St. Francis embracing the Saviour on the Cross." This picture is of marvelous tenderness. The saint is standing with one foot on a globe as if he were putting the world under him, and close to the cross. His left arm embraces the body of the Saviour, who hangs by one hand, and places the other with brotherly affection upon the shoulder of St. Francis, whose upraised eyes full of reverence, pity, and love, are fixed on the face of the Crucified—condescension and gracious confidence on the part of the Suffering One, love and deathless devotion on the part of the disciple—while the gloomy sky lowers over both,

relieved only by the supernatural light about the form suspended on the tree. You may characterize the picture as the expression of a fantastic affection, in which there is more sentiment than reason; but this Francis of Assisi was a real man, who, for the love of God, put the world beneath him and trampled on its riches, honors, and hopes. Like the missionary Damien, he gave up all for Christ and his little ones. He rose above the material into a state where spiritual things became real. The Divine Presence haunted him. He saw what he believed. He so loved Christ that he brought him before him. He would suffer with him, would be a partaker of his sorrows, and through grief like his he would ascend into Christ's holy and divine life. Of ardent nature and with the imagination of a man of genius, and living in an age of faith in miraculous manifestations, his life was tinged with the ideal, the supernatural, and the stupendous facts of religion became the realities of his personal experience. This, the painter, a man of like faith, of burning imagination, would represent; so that this is the most profoundly affecting of his works, and of all pictures that were ever painted.

I claim for Murillo that he is the greatest religious painter. He is absolutely so in respect of feeling. He is a truer interpreter of divine things than Raphael, and, infinitely more so than Titian, or the masters of the Italian Renaissance, because he was a believer before he was an artist, because he was a genuinely religious man with the holy fire of devotion consuming what was base and earthly in him, not prostituting his genius to unworthy subjects, and, Roman Catholic though he was, appealing to the deepest heart of true worshippers in all ages and nations, whose motto is, like that of St. Francis, everything for the love of God.

Murillo was at the height of his power as a painter from about the period of 1671 to 1674. He was at that time a lay member of the Holy Charity, in Seville, whose Hospital, that had fallen into decay, was to be renewed in great beauty and richness. Don Miguel Mañara, Murillo's friend, and mover of this enterprise, a man who had deeply sinned and deeply repented, enlisted the artist's sympathies in his pious work, and the eleven great pictures he produced proved to be the crown-

ing achievement of his life, and established his renown as the first painter of Seville, and among the first in the world, exhibiting the immense scope of his genius, and that only can be realized in the atmosphere in which they were painted, and in these very pictures, made to adorn the church of the Caridad, where some of them still are—how yellow and mellow they look in that dark, cool, beautiful old church! Five were stolen by Marshal Soult and carried off to France. The spoliations of the French in the Peninsula and during the military occupation of Spain, the robbery of works of art and destruction of churches and historic buildings, like those of the University of Salamanca, make one of the most painful chapters in the history of art, and show an innate vandalism, which all the brilliant civilization of France cannot excuse.

Of the six pictures that remain in place, "Moses striking the Rock" (*La Sed*) is, perhaps, the greatest. The parched desert, the rock, the agony of thirst shown by the groups of men, women, children, camels, and cattle—one woman turning her face from the infant at her breast in order to quench her raging thirst—are powerful in design. In the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes" the face of the Saviour is not as spiritual as in other pictures, but the landscape, grouping, invention, variety and breadth of composition in both these paintings, show that Murillo is not merely a painter of cherubs and gypsies, but of works of the broadest scope of composition, having in them thought and everything that goes to make a great picture. Most remarkable of the series, is "St. Elizabeth of Hungary washing poor patients," called "*El Tinoso*," now in the Fernando Gallery of Madrid; having escaped Soult's clutches. It unites the excellences of the three styles, more especially the '*frio*' and '*culido*,' with fine effects of atmosphere, and of the management of light, which, more than anything, shows the great painter. The local disengagement of the principal figure makes it stand out as if alive. The faultlessness of the drawing, the luminous shadows, the treatment of light, the inimitable skill in the disposition of different groups, exhibit a mastery of technique as well as of coloring. The beautiful saint arrayed in the dark robe and white head gear of a nun, surmounted by a small coronet, washes the scald head of a beggar

boy (*El Tinoso*). Without describing it further, it deals with loathsome poverty and disease; it is, in some respects, repulsive. It does not smooth over matters. The patients are squalid, the rags dirty, the miseries unfeigned, but the contrasts are splendid. The white delicate hands that lave the sores, and the queenly figure who presides over the unpleasing scene, "the mouth that trembles with pity and the eyes in tears," while the graceful head slightly turns away, are a lesson of charity where art becomes preacher as it may and ought oftener to do.

The few portraits Murillo made, prove him to be at home in this field—his realism aiding him in vigorous individuality of expression, but he did not make so many or striking portraits as Velasquez, owing to the fact that he did not live at court, and come in contact with distinguished people. His landscapes also are pleasing, but as a general rule, they lack the glow—"the gamut of colors" as it has been called—which makes the charm of his other pictures, but depth, serenity, and a sort of unearthly repose with more of heaven than earth, and partaking of his gentle meditative nature, are to be found in the landscapes introduced into his religious pictures.

As compared with his great contemporary, Velasquez, Murillo was not less original, but he was not so inapproachable an artist; therefore he exerted a more direct influence upon contemporaneous art, especially as a colorist. Velasquez was hard and scientific, and kept his feet on solid ground, and was too exclusively intellectual to be a religious artist. Regulated power, with plenty of reserved force, a disdain of all littleness, and a moderation that, like the Greeks, had "nothing in excess," a genius which was so sure of itself that it dealt in no stratagems of effect, no '*tours de force*,' but painted nature as in reality—for nothing was too high or too low for him—and all combined with an unerring skill to effect what he conceived, were his characteristics. But Murillo had, above this, a self-abandonment, an elevation, and a purity that, sometimes, like Mozart in music, took flight from earth to heaven. He struck a tenderer and loftier chord. But he did not lack homely vigor. He copied Spanish nature pure and simple. He broke through the gloomy rigidity of Spanish painting and introduced

nature, beauty, grace, humoristic freedom and realistic force, excelling Velasquez in coloring, as he did Velasquez and all others, in feeling. There is indeed but one Murillo, and though we sometimes call him the Spanish Correggio, yet in this we by no means describe his original power, for Murillo had more depth of passion and was stronger than the sweet painter of Parma, and while he had the same angelic grace his gaze was more steadily fixed upwards.

JAMES M. HOPPIN.

ARTICLE III.—SIMEON BALDWIN CHITTENDEN.

Simeon B. Chittenden. A Biographical sketch prepared by Edward Cary, Esq., to accompany the catalogue of portraits of eminent merchants possessed by the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. New York: Press of the Chamber of Commerce, 1889.

A PERUSAL of this brief but just and comprehensive tribute to the memory of one whose name is familiar to many of our readers has revived the recollection of some of the incidents of his life and the prominent features of his character as these were known to the writer. Mr. Chittenden came to New Haven at the age of fourteen, in the autumn of 1828, as clerk and shop-boy in the store of McCracken & Merriman, at that time one of the prominent dry goods establishments in the city. The writer was then a Sophomore in college and a room-mate with the oldest son of Rev. Aaron Dutton, the pastor of the Congregational church in old Guilford, who was known and honored for his pastoral fidelity and beloved for his kindly humor. He was a special friend of the family of Mr. Chittenden, between whom and his own boys there also existed the warmest friendship. Nothing could be more natural than that this lonely boy should pay his Sunday evening visits to his friend, nor that at these visits the memories of the past and the gossip of the present should while away many an hour. Mr. Chittenden was a fresh looking boy when dressed in his jacket and trousers, and more than commonly attractive for the ardor of his feelings and his pronounced self-reliance. As one looked upon his animated face and noticed its expression he might confidently forecast the strong character that was subsequently developed in the man and the successful career that was even then begun. It was not long before he made himself felt as one of the brightest and most sagacious clerks in New Haven, and so soon as he was old enough to enter upon business for himself his advance was rapid and his future success was acknowledged. His influence was not confined to trade and

investments. He very early began to concern himself with the welfare of the public, religious and general, and to be foremost in enterprise and liberality. The influence of his schoolmate, Dr. Dutton, to whom he was warmly attached, and of Dr. Bacon, whose stimulating courage and enterprise were akin to his own, were most important in his early training to a large and courageous liberality and a generous public spirit. In 1842 he established himself in New York in the dry goods business and at once assumed a high position. Many circumstances combined to furnish a favorable sphere for his eminent success in trade, and also for the development and training of his character and intellect to a sanguine yet cautious public spirit. His connection from its beginning with the Church of the Pilgrims and his intimacy with its gifted pastor, his joint ownership of the Independent newspaper, the fierce excitements of the War for the Union, and the financial convulsions which followed, were all potent agencies to train, to stimulate, and to develop all the manhood there was in him. To all these agencies he responded with unabated vigor till the infirmities of age overcame him and great sorrows quieted the ardors of his youth.

His liberality to public objects was most laudable from the first. He early learned and practiced the lessons of generous giving not only in religious channels, but for objects of public interest. These lessons were stimulated by his early intimacy with Drs. Dutton and Bacon in the very beginnings of his business life in New Haven, and in this way he was prepared to meet with ready promptness the numerous and pressing calls which were made upon him during the eventful period of his expanding public life in the great metropolis. He liked a bold stroke in giving as well as in business but he never threw his money away in either. While he was occasionally daring and possibly sometimes sensational he was uniformly sagacious and clear-headed. In 1867, after years of interest in Yale College, he surprised his friends and perhaps somewhat surprised himself by the gift of 50,000 dollars as the foundation for the support of the college pastor. Towards the end of his life he contributed a much larger sum for the erection of the splendid library edifice which will preserve the name and memory of a

beloved daughter who was cut off prematurely as it would seem but was never forgotten by any who knew her.

Being present at the commencement exercises of that year, he was asked to address the assembled Alumni in response to their grateful acknowledgment of the gift to which reference has been made. He hesitated long, evidently not unwilling, though fearing lest he might not succeed, and confessing frankly that he should fulfill the highest ambition of his life if he should be able to speak with success before such an assembly. He made the attempt and did not fail. That effort was the beginning of a new career in which—when subsequently what we call chance brought him into public life—by dint of persevering effort and the resolute mastery of his theme and of himself, he rendered eminent service to the country and gained well earned honor to himself in his discussion of the legal tender act and the return to specie payments. Manifold as his ability had been in public and private ways and distinguished as had been his success, his achievements here were not the least memorable as illustrating his courage, his perseverance, his self-reliance, and his public spirit.

NOAH PORTER.

ARTICLE IV.—ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING
CLASSES OF YALE LAW SCHOOL.

BY HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW.

I do not propose to pursue any of the subjects upon which you have been instructed by this learned Faculty, nor am I prepared to compete with you with a thesis upon some legal question as a part of the Exercises of Graduation. The Commencement Orator usually addresses himself to the Professors and the elder members of the profession, but I came here to speak to you. The most joyous of days is that which closes the doors of the school and opens the gateway to the World; the most apprehensive, the one which marks the opening of your clientless office; the happiest, the first return, after the future is secure and success assured, to college scenes and associations. It is the privilege of age and experience to indicate paths in the fields you are yet to explore, to point out the dangers which beset them, and the methods of safe and comfortable travel. Most of the ideals of these closing hours devoted to the confidential interchange of aspirations and hopes will be shattered against the stern realities of practical life, but their destruction will furnish the lessons for sure foundations and permanent construction.

At this hour all your thoughts are concentrated in one word—Success. If your construction of success was honestly analyzed, it would probably mean to most minds the getting of money. The desire to acquire property is the most potent force in the activities of our people. It is the mainspring of our marvelous development, and the incentive and reward of intelligent industry. It is alike the cause of the noblest efforts and the most revolting crimes. That man would be unfaithful to his family and to his own independence who did not use every honorable effort, and practice every reasonable economy, to secure home and competence for declining years. But the lawyer who makes this his sole aim is an unworthy

member of the noblest of professions and will never win its honors or rewards.

The mastery of any calling involves a thorough knowledge of its history and objects, and pride in its pursuit. The law is at once the driest of studies and fullest of inspiration. Its relations to liberty, government, and the welfare of mankind, enlarges the vision of the student, and the broader his learning, the more eager is his enthusiasm. The discovery of the Pandects of Justinian in the sack of Amalfi saved the world from relapsing into barbarism. This great codification of the learning of centuries illumined the monastery, liberalized the church, invaded the universities, checked feudalism, taught justice to rulers, and their rights to the people, and preserved civilization from being hopelessly lost in the darkness of the Middle Ages. But while the light thus shed by the laws of an ancient and extinct empire rescued Europe from the reign of brute force and ignorance, and while the general principles of justice are of universal application, yet the institutions of every people are the results of origin, race, character, environment, and climatic conditions. It is the glory of the ancestry from whom we derive our laws, that though sometimes conquered, they never lost their statutes and customs. All other nations have fallen under the codes of the invader, but William the Norman left untouched those sources of justice and freedom which were found in Saxon jurisprudence.

The haughty Barons who could not write their names brought King John to the field of Runnymede. At the point of their good swords they forced from him Magna Charta, and with their hilts they stamped upon it their arms, but the pen of the lawyers framed it. These great jurists, loyal as the profession has ever been to liberty, unrecognized then and unknown now, so wisely drew the great charter of freedom, that it has been confirmed thirty-seven times, and to-day needs neither amendment nor commentary. The lawyers compelled Elizabeth, proudest of Queens, to surrender the monopolies which were ruining the kingdom, with an apology that she intended them for the good of the people, which was at that period a most valuable admission of popular rights.

Coke checked even the arbitrary Charles the First with the judgment, that the law was superior to the sovereign's will, and Cromwell charged at Marston Moor for principles learned as a student at law, and by them raised England from the depth of degradation to the pinnacle of greatness while ruling at Westminster. The early settlers of America were deeply imbued by precept and example with Magna Charta, the Petition of Rights, and the principles of the Common Law, but they fled from ecclesiastical tyranny and the abuses of privilege. They sought liberty, religious and civil. In their hard struggles with savage man and inhospitable nature, the simple economy of their State needed no lawyers, and for quite a century they had none. The Minister and the Magistrate both made the laws and administered them. But those hundred years were the nursery of the American lawyer. Equal conditions had led, not to communism or socialism, for they are alien to our race, but to political rights common to all. Every principle derived from the Old World which strengthened the individual, and protected him in his home, his family, his property and his citizenship, found fertile soil and grew with expansive vigor. The genius of this development was to destroy privilege and promote equality. It was neither a revolt nor a revolution against caste and class, for neither were present to overcome, but it was a growth which left them out. It was an evolution which peacefully produced a Commonwealth where their existence was impossible.

As commerce and trade increased, communities became crowded, property was to be exchanged and devised, and the multitudinous relations of civilized life in cities and towns adjusted, lawyers became a necessity. They were at once the advisers of the people and the architects of the State. The more we study, the more we admire the ability, integrity, courage, and patriotism of these Fathers of the American Bar. They brought on the Revolution and made it a lawyer's war. The Judges and Statesmen of England were amazed at the learning and power with which they presented the Colonial protest, and made up the American case. Chatham and Burke found in them new inspiration for their eloquence, and fresh and immortal defences of liberty. The Constitution of the United

States is the only Charter of Government which has withstood the shocks, and been equal to the progress of the wonderful century which closed with its centenary. It was exclusively the work of the lawyers of the convention. It is a singular fact that the laymen, among the statesmen of the period, generally opposed its adoption, and that it was carried before the people and in the State Conventions by the matchless eloquence, prophetic fervor, and resistless logic of its lawyer advocates.

This is the only country in the history of the world where the Courts pass upon and annul the acts of the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government. The tyranny from which they suffered by the usurpations possible under an unwritten Constitution, led the American people to limit by specific grants the powers which they gave their rulers. The judgment that the law is unconstitutional paralyses both President and Congress. This idea is purely American. The most original and creative enactment in the development of representative government is the law creating the Federal Judiciary. There were no precedents to guide its framer, and his success was due not so much to his vast learning, as to his having absorbed the spirit of American Liberty. This majestic system enters upon its second century, with unequalled lustre, dignity, and power, under the statutes almost unchanged which created it. As the years advance, and the merits of the founders of the Republic are better understood, a foremost place among them will be given to Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, the author of our Judiciary system, and the Patron Saint of this University of Law.

The profession by its training, obligations, and opportunities becomes charged with the gravest public responsibilities. The Judges of the most powerful of the three heads of our government are drawn exclusively from its ranks. But the special fitness and official character of its members have given them a potential voice in the Executive and Legislative as well as the Judicial administration of the Republic. Nineteen of the twenty-three Presidents of the United States have been lawyers, and for eighty-two of the hundred years of our Presidency, the office has been filled by a member of the profession.

The lawyers numbered twenty-four of the fifty-four Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and thirty of the fifty-five Members of the Convention which framed the Constitution. In most administrations a large majority of the Cabinet have been lawyers, and I can remember none in which their representation has not been equal to those from all other vocations combined; while about two-thirds of the Senate and the controlling minds in the House have always been bred to the bar.

Under these conditions the character and equipment of those who are admitted become of supreme public importance. The thoughtless clamor for free law means in the end the destruction of the law itself, through contempt for its interpreters and practitioners. So long as the American Democracy believes that its Courts are learned, fearless, and incorruptible, the people are themselves the standing army which upholds their judgments and enforces their decrees. As the country increases in population, in wealth, in crowded communities, in vast combinations of labor and capital, in the elements which, in any disintegration of society from wrongs or corruptions, come together for the overthrow of existing institutions, the salvation of our lives and property, of our families and homes, of our rights and liberties, of our civilization itself, depends more and more upon a Judiciary which commands the respect and confidence of the masses. The men who are to settle estates, care for the interests of women, of widows and orphans, administer sacred trusts, defend the weak, right wrongs, fight injustice or crime intrenched behind wealth and power, and furnish the Judges of the land, can neither be ignoramuses nor knaves without weakening the whole fabric of society and government in proportion to their incompetence or rascality.

The Republic has passed through grave crises and solved great problems. A people who could successfully grapple with the vast property and political interests involved in slave ownership, and by peaceful legislation and stern administration of the laws, reach and extirpate the crime of polygamy in a populous community wedded to the practice by the power of unbridled passions and religious fanaticism, have demonstrated to an extraordinary degree the faculty for government. But questions of more universal moment will arise, and they will

require all your wisdom, patriotism, and courage. We are at present sailing upon tranquil seas, with no clouds above the horizon and no warnings from the barometer. It is at such times that the prudent and experienced navigator hopes for the best and prepares for the worst. The discovery of gold in California and silver in the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains, and of petroleum and natural gas in Pennsylvania and other States; the abnormal development of our mineral resources, and the invention of the telegraph, the telephone, the sewing machine, and other devices to economize labor and stimulate production; the rapid construction of railroads to meet the demands of a vast immigration, the settlement of new territories, the building of States and the magical creation of cities, have offered opportunities unequalled in the World's history for the sudden accumulation of enormous fortunes, and the growth of great corporations.

The present situation is a surprising commentary upon the worthlessness of deductions drawn from historical parallels in predicating similar results upon the happening of like conditions to the American people. The more profound and philosophic the minds, the wider have they missed the mark. The Fathers of the Republic apprehended the most frightful consequences from a mere suggestion of existing facts. Webster, speaking at a time when there were not three men in the country worth a million of dollars, and not one worth five millions, and when corporations were practically unknown, prophesied that in the conditions, as they exist in the United States to-day, there would either be a restriction of suffrage or the destruction of property rights, and Macaulay believed that the great mass of voters would be reduced to a poverty which would leave them without a dinner and unable to find a breakfast, and with no army to maintain order, they would murder the rich and divide their estates. While these fears were groundless, nevertheless the restlessness of labor and its consolidation into powerful organizations, occasional riots displaying the fiercest passions and most destructive spirit, and spasms of legislative fury against corporate investments, indicate discontents and dangers, which it is folly to ignore, and criminal to neglect. They show further that public spirited and success-

ful men and honest corporations suffer from a keen sense of wrong against those who have acquired fortunes by violence or fraud, or the companies who have unjustly or tyrannically misused their franchises.

No intelligent man desires a return to the crude conditions and primitive simplicity of the "good old times." Notwithstanding great fortunes, there is a wider and more universal distribution of property, and ownership of homes than ever before. In spite, or rather because of invention, there is greater demand and larger employment for labor, and better wages, than at any other period in our history.

Universal suffrage, which, with the increase of wealth, boded only evil to the imagination of the early patriot, is now demonstrated to be the security of society. Laws, and not men, are our governors; the people make the laws and respect and enforce their creations, but the stability of order depends upon the intelligence of the voters. Here the lawyer's duty is plain and his mission clear. Suffrage can, if it pleases, annihilate property and dissolve corporations; but the majority are investors in land or personality, and would fiercely defend what they own. They do not wish the limit fixed beyond which neither they nor their children may go. The procession from the bottom, in its upward march, is forever passing the unfortunate, who are coming down from the top. The second or third generation, with few exceptions, ends where the first began. And yet if the laws were so framed or were so interpreted by the courts, that any advantage was given to one class of citizens not equally enjoyed by all, the majority, in sternly seeking a remedy, might overturn the very foundations of vested rights and interests, and plunge the Commonwealth into chaos. See to it that all the burdens of the State are equally borne and its benefits open alike to all. Keep the roads paved and free from obstructions by which the industrious, the honest, and the capable, with no additional capital but character, can rise from any condition to the highest honors of the Republic, and the largest rewards of business. Declamation is cheap and the vocabulary of epithet large and easily accessible, but they remedy no evils. An eminent jurist said to me recently, that many ambitious lawyers in his State had preached, from the

stump and on the platform, that railroad ownership was robbery, and its confiscation by special taxation and unremunerative rates a patriotic duty. They sought by this appeal to temporary interests to become Judges and Congressmen, though they knew that the general inculcation and adoption of the principle would end in Communism, and the destruction of the property of the people they professed a desire to protect. The anarchist, ignorant of liberty, madly plots and dies for the overthrow of law, order, and religion; but he is at least honest in his convictions and purposes. Fifteen years ago one man owned a majority of the stock of the New York Central Railroad, and a few others most of the balance. Now it has ten thousand proprietors, and the large majority of them are people of small property. This indicates a process of distribution which will speedily change the character and management of American corporations.

The magnitude of modern enterprises and the close competitions of business have rendered the massing of the money of the many into one company a necessity which seems to be steadily increasing. The only other suggestion for carrying on the great affairs essential to comfortable living in our complex civilization is for the government to conduct them all. But experience has demonstrated that then, as in the German railways, the people get the minimum of service for the maximum of price, and an army of office-holders keeps its party in power, and prevents the reform of abuses or the remedy of wrongs. We meet the question better by a compromise which may be wisely enlarged, of State and National supervision. That the government should watch the management and bring it to frequent accountability, that it should firmly protect the public, the stockholder, and the employees, is the present, if imperfect, solution of the corporation problem.

The gilded idiots who dissipate their time, and affect a social superiority over those who work, and the millionaires who never remember that wealth is a trust involving corresponding obligations to the public, are exasperating sources of agitation against the conditions which make them possible. But without the aid of primogeniture and entail to protect estates against the operation of natural laws, plutocracy has, in the

infirmities of mankind and the division of accumulations among descendants, the active principle of disintegration and constant redistribution.

Masterful men always forge ahead. In the tribal condition they became chiefs. In war they are generals. In politics the statesmen and party leaders. In the professions they command the large incomes. In journalism they control public opinion, and in its modern development own great and profitable newspapers. In business they rise from nothing to be mill and mine owners, merchants, contractors, millionaires.

Monarchies and aristocracies maintain barriers of rank and caste over which these natural leaders cannot climb, and they remain the slaves of the accidents of birth. But in Democracies where equal rights and opportunities are shared by all, if it is decided to repress the ambitious and successful, no improvement has been suggested by our modern levellers upon the ancient Grecian method of killing them. Perhaps if they lived to the Biblical period of several hundred years, some action might be necessary, but God and Nature have made laws, which, unless restricted in their operation by human legislation, give to all men and women their full opportunities to work out their own destinies, and provide the incentives to efforts and ambitions which promote the enterprises and develop the resources of the country, and enrich and invigorate its intellectual life.

Evolution and environment easily developed in the older States that indestructible union of liberty and law which has given character and perpetuity in American institutions. It produced those perfect conditions, of freedom, protection, and equality, which peoples have sought for ages through bloody revolutions, and never before found. It has attracted to our shores fourteen millions of emigrants, against the superior advantages of soil and climate in Mexico and South America, or equal material opportunities in Canada. Most of this vast population have fled from the oppression of laws made for classes and working injustice and wrong to the masses. They have been of incalculable benefit to the country, and without them our development and resources would be fifty years behind their present state. They have brought with them in-

dustry, integrity, and an intense desire to better their lives and improve the condition of their children. But with many of them government was by tradition and experience an engine for oppression; and law, the police and the army, convertible terms. Here these colonists discover no army to support the government or enforce the decrees of the Courts; and the village constable, only the impotent shadow of the ever-present and all-pervading minions of the Bureau of Justice at home. Their good citizenship is the highest possible tribute to the assimilating power of our institutions, and to the common school, acting upon the parents through the children; but chiefly to the just and impressive character of our Courts. But the greed of contractors has unnaturally disturbed the wages and employment of labor by importing large bodies of men, whose ignorance has made them dupes, and who are without family ties, and the hostages which homes give to society. Foreign nations also abuse our hospitality by shipping to us their paupers and criminals. The banding together of all European governments to repress socialism and expel its leaders, is constantly recruiting the ranks of trained agitators in our large cities, whose mission and teachings are to bring into contempt, and then overthrow those bulwarks of order and safety, religion and law. Here we have the elements which are always lying in wait for revolution. The courage and dash of a handful of police at the critical moment was all that saved Chicago from destruction by general conflagration, and the infinitely worse horrors of the sack. We can still welcome honest immigrants who seek the protection of our liberty, and the opportunities open because of the equal and impartial operation of our laws, but we must no longer be the refuge for the rascals of the world, and the asylum for the crimes and diseases of mankind. Present protection and future safety alike demand a prohibitory tariff upon those who come here to make war upon our institutions, to be a burden upon our communities, or to endanger our peace, our property, or our lives.

Steam and electricity have made us one people, and for commercial purposes unified the world. The rapid and growing interchanges of nations demand the adoption of the prin-

ciples and the assimilation of the procedure of the law all round the globe. The development of this reform will be attended by more beneficent results than any other event of modern times. Nations and peoples will be brought into those close relations where the higher justice, and the nobler law, will attract study and enthusiasm, and new impetus be given to the regenerating forces of civilization and liberty. But there should be no conflict of laws between the several States of the Union. The present condition of the divorce statutes are a disgrace to our jurisprudence and a menace to the family. It is contrary to the spirit of our Federal compact, as it is understood to-day, that husband and wife may be indissolubly tied together in one commonwealth and free to marry again in another, and their children be legitimate in one jurisdiction and illegitimate across the boundary line. While the different methods of creating and dissolving, of controlling and taxing corporations, joint stock companies and trusts, whose business is spread over many States, and the same in all, lead to confusion, litigation, and injustice.

But other public duties press upon the lawyer, besides discussions and actions upon great questions of general interest. It is his special function as a politician to protect the Court from the influence of politics. The revolt against the abuses of the appointing power in other offices, ended in the extreme of short terms and frequent elections for Judges. The result was most unfortunate for the independence of the Judiciary. It made the Judge the servant of the party bosses who controlled the nominating conventions, and created a class of lawyers, without learning, who were retained for their influence. Justice was indeed blind when all the power of the Judges' party was on the side of one litigant, and her vision often could only be cleared by having an equal division of political counsel. Crimes against the ballot and the abuse of public trusts were unpunished. Justice is of universal application, and its dispensation ought not to be dependent upon the claims of locality or party service. The longer the term, and the more secure the tenure of the Judicial office, the higher will be the character of the Court, the more potent the silent power of the law, and the better the bar both in learning and integrity.

It is the special function of the lawyer to actively participate in the affairs of his community. He is the spokesman for its patriotic observances, for the reforms of its abuses, and for the enlargement of its functions. He is the motive power in its educational, moral, and charitable work. He is the force in the councils of his party. But if he would succeed at the bar he must decline office. Public spirit and usefulness attract clients, but service in Congress or the Legislature closes his register. Capitalists and business men are vitally interested in legislation, and in the ability and character of our law makers, but they punish their attorney if he enters upon a parliamentary career, by transferring their retainers. The most deadly assault upon integrity and capacity in public life is made by those whose fortunes and incomes are dependent upon pure and wise enactments. They fear and despise the professional politician, and yet do their best, by social and business ostracism, to drive honorable ambition from the public service, and leave to the professional politician the conduct of government.

Trust and confidence are the foundation of success. Without them it is useless to begin and impossible to advance. When clients find their secrets inviolable and their property safe, business grows apace, and when in addition they discover the ability which so fights as to win or deserve verdicts, the fortune of the counsel is assured. Plodding men who promptly pay over their collections easily pass the brilliant advocates whose bank accounts reluctantly respond to the clients' call for their money. Many an unpromising future has been redeemed by never letting the night pass between the receipt of the payment and its transfer to the owner, nor permitting the occasion to happen for a reminder or demand. The true lawyer is far more absorbed in his case than if it was his personal business, and he feels that a sacred trust has been put in the keeping of his integrity, ability, and judgment. He is never caught unprepared: he asks no favors because of his own negligence; he has so mastered the law and the facts that he knows the real issue, and his enthusiasm and partizan ardor impress with their earnestness and lucidity Courts and Juries. He rather prevents than encourages litigation, and finds in the end that his own best interests are promoted thereby. Attorneys who add

fuel to the feuds of the neighborhood, seek technical flaws in titles to compel settlements and secure peace, and hunt for skeletons in the closets of the living and the dead, that pride or affection may be compelled to pay, to avoid exposures which are certain to cause mortification, and may leave a stain upon the character or memory, are public nuisances, and disgrace the profession. But when they pacify quarreling friends, adjust the disputes which threaten partnerships, and above all present in the spirit of conciliation and forgiveness their faults and interests to husband and wife, whose estrangement threatens the wreck of the family in the Divorce Court, they use their unusual opportunities to be the benefactors of mankind.

That there are sixty thousand lawyers in the United States, and that the profession is crowded, need discourage no one who deserves success. Part of them have neglected their opportunities, and many have mistaken their calling. The gifts of men are infinite in character and degree, but the rarest is the faculty for honest work. The carpenter and mason, the painter and plumber, the lumberman and the stone-cutter, all furnish and place the materials for the creations of the great architect. A famous lawyer told me, that in his early practice he carried to Webster a brief he had been six months in preparing. That marvellous intellect absorbed his labor in a night, and built upon it an argument which illumined the case, and exhibited controlling principles, which neither opposing counsel or the Court below had seen. Because Webster and Curtis, Evarts and O'Connor dominate their generations, the remark has become trite, that there is plenty of room at the top. But while all may not reach their level, persistent and intelligent industry will command their recognition. Some men are the first scholars of their class in College, and marvels of memory in the Law School who are never heard of afterwards. They have a talent for acquisition and recitation, but they can neither use nor apply their material. They never see the point in their case, nor discover the truth in their doctrines. They are deficient in grey matter and sense, and should find their places outside the liberal professions before their careers are hopelessly ruined.

When, however, you are satisfied with your vocation, then the golden hours for preparation for business, when it comes, are in the early years of practice. The whole field of human knowledge furnishes material for use in after life. History and biography, literature and science, philosophy and politics, will add their share to the fully equipped mind, while the law and again the law becomes more thoroughly imbedded in memory and assimilated in thinking. Busy men are often carried safely through the latter half of their lives by drawing upon these invaluable accumulations of the leisure period for the wise man, and the lazy one for the fool. I sometimes think that there is no limit to what a man can do, if the idle hours usually given to waiting for somebody or something, to worthless gossip, to the social glass at the club in the afternoon, which unfits him for work in the evening, and to the fascinating luxury of empty-headedness, were hailed as special gifts of Providence to be treasured and used for study.

Lord Coleridge, while on his visit to Yale, asked me where he could find in this country the villages so common in England, where old lawyers, sixty years of age and upwards, who had fixed incomes from their investments of from two to three thousand dollars a year, and had retired from practice, could spend the remainder of their lives in the congenial companionship of educated neighbors, with no other occupation than the cultivation of a garden, and the mild excitement of the whist club and tea party. I told him we had no such lawyers. Few of them had accumulated that amount of capital, and those who had were still rising young men at the bar. Our curse as a Nation is the prevalence of false standards of success. It encourages gambling, leads to breaches of trust, and is the daily cause of the flight of the cashier with the deposits of the bank, and of the attorney and executor with the funds of the estate. Independent income sufficient for the maintenance of a comfortable home is success. After that, it is a question of degree. It has been demonstrated by a multitude of long and honorable lives, that work and an active interest and participation in current events repair the waste of time and age.

"*Nil admirari*" is the aim of the student, and ends in torpor and imbecility in the man. The history of our country justi-

fies optimism, and to keep pace with the times requires enthusiasm. Do not fear that it will impair the opinion of the community in the solidity of your judgment to cheer, and hail as a special gift of Providence the opportunity to laugh. Behind you are the precepts and examples of great lawyers and judges whose learning and labors have enriched the world, and achieved imperishable renown for the statesmanship, the bench and the bar of our country. Before you are the fields in which these eminent men won their laurels and received their rewards, and where the larger opportunities of to-day give you hope, promise, and welcome.

ARTICLE V.—BETHESDA.

YEA it is true, most strange sights have I seen.
These three days journey from Jerusalem
With all the throng returning from the feast
I've pondered o'er and o'er the wondrous tale
Which I would fain repeat to thee my friend,
To thee alone, and first ; for thou and I
Think not as do the vulgar crowd, nor as
Some persons of our sect the Sadducees
Who but maintain the opposite to that
The Pharisees are pleased to call the law.
But thou and I have ever sought the truth,
Lifting her veils, one after one, perchance
At last to see some glimpse of her real face.

Thou knowest the sheep gate of Jerusalem ?
Dost mind thee too, there is a pool near by ?
A tank it is, with water dark and red,
Not pleasing to the eye. Around is built
A colonade, with roof and porches five,
A place that's sheltered from the sun, and cool
At midday. Here there lay sick folk, a throng
Of blind, and lame, with divers sore diseased.
The place was full, so full that walking through—
It was the Sabbath day—I gathered close
My mantle's fringe, lest I should touch some one
And be defiled. Why lay they there, sayest thou ?
An angel, say they, comes at certain times
To move the water ; whosoever then
First steps in afterward is healed. An angel
Say they ! Thou and I hold that none exist.
Rather say the spring which feeds the tank
Sends bubbles from its secret source. How they
Can cure I know not. 'Tis one delusion more
The ignorant believe.

I waited though
To see this so-called wonder, marveling much
At the great numbers gathered there in hope
Of being cured. I spoke to one or two,
One blind man, one deformed, and one who was
Possessed with devils—so they said—but that
Again is but a name, since we believe
There are no spirits. One old man I saw
For eight and thirty years in suffering bent.
He lay so patiently, he was so old
I gladly would have helped him if I could.
And many more there were, disease and sin
Writ on their faces. So I walked about ;
But still the angel tarried, and I laughed
In secret, thinking he would tarry long.

And as I stood there waiting some one came
And spoke to the old man I told thee of.
His face I saw not ; the old man's I saw,
And heard him tell his tale as he told me.
And then I heard clear and distinct the voice
Of him he spoke to. It was not loud, or strong,
But with a power of energy and life.
Rise, he said, take up thy bed and walk.
And the man rose, took up his bed, and walked !
I tell thee that I saw him, one moment lying
A helpless, shapeless mass of suffering,
The next erect and strong upon his feet !
What shouts of praise went up from all around !
The man himself seemed dazed, and said no word
But moved about as in a dream, his bed
Upon his back, as if he feared to change
From that one posture, in which he found his strength.
Then those who looked on of the Pharisees
Forbad him, saying 'twas the Sabbath day.
But of the man himself, who bade him rise,
I saw no trace ; the crowd was great, and he
Had no apparel to distinguish him.

Thou knowest we are wont to think the people
Run to superstition, are credulous,
Like to believe the marvelous. In proof

We cite the fables of the Oral Law,
And show by argument, and reasoning just,
They are but tales unworthy of belief.
I will confess my reason was disturbed
By this great sight ; but soon returned to me
My proper state of mind, weighing and questioning
All things. It is some juggler's trick, said I,
Or if no trick, then something all can do.
The miracles of old, of which we read
Have long since ceased. It cannot be that now
A man works wonders. Put it to the test.
Whereon I went to one who prostrate lay—
A strong young man, some accident had lamed—
I went to him, stood by him, bade him rise.
A sudden flash of joy came in his face,
He started up, then fell back with a groan,
And muttered awful curses in his beard.
I scarce can tell thee how I felt, rebuked,
Humiliated, and distressed. His words
Were more than I could bear. I fled away,
I scarce knew whither, till I found myself
At last within the Temple's cooling shade.

There standing right in front of me, was He,
The man I saw who bade the lame man rise
And he did rise. I saw his face I say.
Like to the shining sun upon the sea—
A blaze of dazzling light it shone on me.
How can I tell thee? It was as if the crust,
The circumstance, exterior show of life
Was broken suddenly, and I saw beneath
Into the ever living true, and real.
Ever living, say I, for then I knew
The life of me was but the soul. The soul,
Say I, who said there was no soul. All this
I saw and knew in seeing that man's face.
Ah friend, it is the truth we have grown gray
In searching for. I heard him speak strange words,
My mind as yet refuses to recall.
I shall remember—some have come to me—
For they are writ so deep upon my life,

Which now I call my soul, that I shall live
Upon them all my days. My father worketh
Hitherto, and I work, I heard him say,
And when he said his Father, he meant God.
They murmured at this saying, but not I,
For in the splendor of new light I had
I felt now possibilities arise—
Not new perhaps, but hidden far away—
And now so strong that I could almost call
Jehovah Father; much more he whose look
Opened mine eyes, and gave me this new birth.
And more he said, of power on him conferred,
And judgment, and authority, and life
Given to the Son—that is himself he means—
Because he is the Son of Man. Think friend!
One moment said he Son of God, and then,
The Son of Man. Can it be true indeed,
Two natures so united in one man?
Why then were solved the conflicts we now feel,
The I, of me, the thou, of thee, the life
Of each transmuted in the life of God!
Why then the common people with their talk
Of angels are more nearly right than we.
Though 'tis in truth a bubble that disturbs
The waters, 'tis an angel of the Lord—
For high and low, once joined, and in one man,
There is no more nor high, nor low, but God
In all. I no more marvel at his works;
I had the will to help, and he the power.
'Tis but the natural working of the law
He lives in. Thy reason staggers at this word?
We know so much, is it not reasonable
To think that there is more beyond to know?
New law, new life, new light forever more
To break upon us, till we too so utterly
Are joined in soul with God.

Strange were his words,
Enough to ponder on a life time long—
The Son of Man, and yet the Son of God.
What thinkest thou my friend, can it be true?

CAROLINE HAZARD.

UNIVERSITY TOPICS.

MATHEMATICAL CLUB.

Dec. 4, 1888. Mr. Irving Fisher and Mr. E. F. Ayres. Some of the DeForest Problems of the last year.

Feb. 12, 1889. A comparison of the electric theory of light and Sir Wm. Thomson's theory of a quasi-labile ether, described in the December number of the *Philosophical Magazine*. There is a curious correspondence between these theories, the results of both being expressed by the same equations, except that the symbols which denote displacement in one theory must be understood to denote force in the other, and *vice versa*.

April 6, 1889. Exhibition by Mr. Abdank-Abakanowite, of his 'Intégraphe.' By this very beautiful machine, with any given curve

$$y = f(x),$$

we can at once draw the integral curve of which the ordinate is

$$y' = \int f(x) dx.$$

Tuesday, April 9, 1889. Mr. E. H. Moore, Concerning Six, especially six points in a space of four dimensions.

The aim of the paper was to refer to certain fundamental groupings of six things and to call attention to their geometric application in connection with the figure determined by any six points in a space of four dimensions.

May 12. Prof. Newton presented a paper upon Tables of Mortality and their method of formation. He defined the terms *law of mortality* and *table of mortality* as applied to a special group of persons, or to a community as a whole, illustrating the terms by means of various tables that have been in use for insurance or for computing the values of annuities. He then explained the

methods that can be used to compute a table of mortality from various kinds of data, and the precautions needed to be used to guard against error in using such data. He then presented two tables, which he had recently computed. One was based on facts collected from Prof. Dexter's "Yale Biographies and Annals," and expressed the mortality experience of the graduates of Yale College of the classes 1701-1743. The other was based on Prof. Day's "Seventh General Catalogue of the Divinity School of Yale University," and expressed the mortality experience after leaving the School, of the students between the years 1822 and 1888. The period covered by the later group of persons is more than 100 years later than the period covered by the earlier group. On comparing the two tables there appears a most remarkable difference of mortality for the ages between 45 and 70. The following comparison of the two tables will illustrate the difference :

| Average annual mortality per 1000. | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Between the ages | By Prof. Dexter's Catalogue. | By Prof. Day's Catalogue. |
| 45 and 50 | 18.0 | 9.2 |
| 50 55 | 25.8 | 10.0 |
| 55 60 | 33.8 | 19.6 |
| 60 65 | 43.6 | 21.0 |
| 65 70 | 57.2 | 30.4 |
| 70 75 | 80.0 | 66.4 |
| 75 80 | 110.8 | 79.0 |

The result may be thus expressed in words: between the ages of 45 and 70, the mortality experienced in the earlier group of lives was almost exactly double that experienced in the later group. The difference was attributed to better hygiene, better food and houses and comforts, and easier living throughout the community. The difference was not believed to be in any considerable degree, if at all, due to difference between the groups of persons, or to their occupations.

YALE UNIVERSITY BULLETIN.

No. 91.—WEEK ENDING JUNE 1, 1889.

Sunday, May 26.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. T. T. Munger, D.D., of the United Church. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Addresses by Students from Williams College.

Monday, May 27.—*Last Day* for handing in Commencement Pieces, at 171 Farnam Hall.

Tuesday, May 28.—*Juniors* apply for College Rooms for the next year—194 Old Chapel, 9.30 A. M.

Wednesday, May 29.—*College Faculty Meeting*—7 Treasury Building, 4 P. M.

Thursday, May 30.—*Sophomores* apply for College Rooms for the next year—194 Old Chapel, 9.30 A. M.

Friday, May 31.—*Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 89, Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M. *Lecture Preparatory to Communion Service*—Dwight Hall, 7.30 P. M. *Annual Reception of the Art School*.—8 to 10 P. M.

Saturday, June 1.—*Sophomore and Junior Compositions* due at No. 2 Treasury Building. *Cobden Club Essays* due at 118 North College, before 12 M. *Last Day* for handing in Theses for Special Honors in College.

College Rooms.—Members of the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman classes who wish to apply for vacant rooms on the College Square will meet the Dean in No. 194 Old Chapel, at 9.30 A. M., on the following days:—*Juniors*—Tuesday, May 28. *Sophomores*—Thursday, May 30. *Freshmen*—Tuesday, June 4.

Yale School of the Fine Arts.—The School year closes on Friday, May 31. On the same evening, from 8 to 10 o'clock, the twentieth Annual Reception of the School will be held, in the Art Building; tickets of invitation are necessary for admission.

No. 92.—WEEK ENDING JUNE 8, 1889.

Sunday, June 2.—*Public Worship, followed by Communion Service*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. President Dwight. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by Mr. Luther Gulick, of the Springfield School of Christian Workers.

Monday, June 3.—*Examination for the Lucius F. Robinson Latin Prizes*—Alumni Hall, 2.30 P. M. *University Reception*—Dwight Hall, 8–11 P. M.

Wednesday, June 5.—*College Recitations*—close, 4 P. M.

Thursday, June 6.—*College Semi-Annual Examinations*—begin 8.30 A. M.

Friday, June 7.—*Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 89, Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M. *Political Science Club*—Paper on Tammany Hall, by Mr. W. H. Seward, Jr. 195 Old Chapel, 7.30 P. M.

Saturday, June 8.—*Philosophical Faculty Meeting*—7 Treasury Building, 12 M.

NO. 93.—WEEK ENDING JUNE 15, 1889.

Sunday, June 9.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D., of the Center Church. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by Mr. George.

Monday, June 10.—*College Faculty Meeting*—7 Treasury Building, 11 A. M.

Friday, June 14.—*Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 89, Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M. Last Day for return of books to Linonian and Brothers Library, 10 A. M. to 12 M., and 1.30 to 4 P. M.

NO. 94.—WEEK ENDING JUNE 22, 1889.

Sunday, June 16.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. Lewellyn Pratt, D.D., of Norwich, Conn. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by the Rev. Dr. Pratt.

Wednesday, June 19.—Last Day for return of books to the University Library, 9.30 A. M. to 5 P. M. *Semi-Annual Examinations* in College close, 1 P. M.

Friday, June 21.—*Presentation Exercises* of the Senior Class in College, with Oration by Hubert W. Wells, and Poem by Thomas W. Buchanan—Battell Chapel, 11 A. M. *College Faculty Meeting*—7 Treasury Building, 2 P. M.

Saturday, June 23.—Last Day for payment of bills by candidates for degrees—Treasurer's office, 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. *DeForest Prize Speaking*—Battell Chapel, 10 A. M. *Philosophical Faculty Meeting*—7 Treasury Building, 5 P. M.

Programme of Commencement Week.—Friday, June 21, 11 A. M. *Presentation Exercises* of the Graduating Class of College, with the Class Oration and Poem, in the Battell Chapel, by six members of the Senior Class in College, in the following order:—1. Lewis A. Storrs, on Giacomo Leopardi. 2. Ferdinand Schwill, on the solution of the race question in Austro-Hungary. 3. Herbert A. Smith, on Santa Teresa, a psychological study into the origin of Christian Mysticism. 4. Charles S. Skilton, on Giacomo Leopardi. 5. William H. Page, on Christian Mythology. 6. Gifford Pinchot, on the Quakers in the 17th Century. Sunday, June 23, 10 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon, by the President, in the Battell Chapel. Monday, June 24, 2 P. M. Reading of Class Histories on the College Square, followed by planting of the class ivy. 8 P. M. Anniversary Exercises of the Sheffield Scientific School, in North Sheffield Hall. 9 P. M. Promenade Concert of the Senior Class, in Alumni Hall. Tuesday, June 25, 9.30 A. M. Meeting of the Alumni, in

Alumni Hall. 12 M. Address in Medicine, in the Chapel, by Professor Horatio C. Wood, M.D., of the University of Pennsylvania. 2-3 P. M. Polls open in the Library for election of a member of the Corporation. 3 P. M. Anniversary Exercises of the Law School, with Address by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, LL.D., of New York City, and Townsend Prize Speaking, in the Center Church, by three members of the Senior Class. Meetings will also be held, at different hours on Tuesday, of members of the College Classes of 1884, 1889, 1849, 1859, 1864, 1869, 1874, 1879, 1883, and 1886. Wednesday, June 26, 9 A. M. Commencement Exercises in the Center Church. 2 P. M. Dinner of the Alumni, in Alumni Hall. 8-11 P. M. Reception by the President, in the Art School. Thursday, June 27, 9 A. M. Entrance Examinations to Yale College and the Sheffield Scientific School begin.

State Scholars, Sheffield Scientific School.—The Board of Appointment to State Scholarships in the Sheffield Scientific School for the year 1889-90 will meet at No. 2 Sheffield Hall, on Tuesday, June 25, at 2 P. M. All applications for Scholarships should be made before that time, to Professor George J. Brush, Secretary of the Appointing Board.

Library Notice.—All books belonging to the General Library of the University must be returned on or before Wednesday, June 19.

Results of College Examinations.—Members of the Junior Class in College can learn the results of their semi-annual examinations at the Dean's office, on Saturday, June 22, between 8 and 4 P. M.

Examinations for Admission.—Examinations for admission to the Freshman class in Yale College and in the Sheffield Scientific School will be held in the following places, at the same time as in New Haven, beginning on Thursday, June 27, at 9 A. M. :—In Concord, N. H., in the rooms of St. Paul's School; in Exeter, N. H., in the rooms of Phillips Academy; in Andover, Mass., in the rooms of Phillips Academy; in Easthampton, Mass., in the rooms of Williston Seminary; in Norwich, Conn., in the Slater Memorial Building of the Norwich Free Academy; in New York City on the fourth floor of the Young Men's Christian Association Building, 23d street, corner 4th avenue; in Albany, N. Y., in the rooms of the Albany Academy; in Auburn, N. Y., in the High School building; in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in the rooms of the Harry Hillman Academy; in Pittsburg, Pa., in the rooms of the Shadyside Academy; in Cincinnati, O., in the Hughes High School building, 5th street, head of Mound; in Chicago, Ill., in the rooms of Bryant's Commercial College, North-East corner of Wabash avenue and Washington street; in San Francisco, Cal., in the rooms of the Urban School, 1017 Hyde street; in Portland, Oregon, in the rooms of the Bishop Scott Grammar School.

Awards of Prizes.—*Yale College.*—Bristed Scholarship:—Curtis C. Bushnell, Class of 1891. Woolsey Scholarship, Class of 1892:—James W. D. Ingersoll. Hurlburt Scholarship, Class of 1892:—Alfred B. Palmer. Third Freshman Scholarship, Class of 1892:—Bernard M. Allen. Winthrop Prizes, Class of 1890:—1st Prize, Charles E. Robbins; 2d Prize, divided between Stuart H. Rowe and David Scharps. Scott Prize in French, Class of 1890:—Walter A. DeCamp. DeForest Mathematical

Prizes :—*Senior Mathematical Prizes*, 1st Prize, not awarded ; 2d Prize, Edward B. Hinckley. Class of 1890, 1st Prize, Albert C. Crehore ; 3d Prize, Charles B. Bliss. Class of 1891, 2d Prize, Lyle A. Dickey, and Hippolyte W. Gruener. Class of 1892, 1st Prizes, Henry G. Crocker and George H. Girty ; 2d Prizes, Bernard M. Allen and George R. Montgomery. Composition Prizes, Class of 1891 :—1st Prizes, John J. Cox, Howard T. Kingsbury, Ray B. Smith ; 2d Prizes, Grosvenor Atterbury, James W. Broatch, Harry H. Tweedy ; 3d Prizes, Francis T. Brown, Hampton P. Howell, Robert G. McClung, Edward A. Thurber. Declamation Prizes, Class of 1891 :—1st Prize, Francis T. Brown ; 2d Prize, Frank Crawford ; 3d Prize, Allan G. Robinson. Berkeley Premiums, Class of 1892 :—1st Grade, Bernard M. Allen, Henry G. Crocker, Henry B. Hinckley, James W. D. Ingersoll, Alfred B. Palmer ; 2d Grade, Fred C. G. Bronson, William L. Kitchel, Paul Klimpke, Arthur W. Shaw, James E. Wheeler, Albert L. Whittaker.

Winthrop Prize Subjects—*Yale College*.—The subjects for the Winthrop Prize examination in the Class of 1891 are as follows :—Greek : Aeschylus—*Agamemnon*, *Choëphorae*, and *Eumenides* ; Pindar—*The Olympian Odes*. Latin : Terence—*Adelphi* ; Lucretius—*Book III.* ; Vergil—*The Georgics*.

NO. 95—WEEK ENDING JUNE 29, 1889.

Sunday, June 23.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon by the President. (The Senior Class meet at the Lyceum, at 10.15 punctually.) *Praise Service*—Battell Chapel, 7.30 P. M. (Tickets at Treasurer's Office.)

Monday, June 24.—*Reading of Class Histories*—College Square, 2 P. M. ; followed by planting of the Class Ivy. *Sheffield Scientific School Anniversary Exercises*—North Sheffield Hall, 8 P. M. *Promenade Concert*—of the Senior Class—Alumni Hall, 9 P. M.

Tuesday, June 25.—*Meeting of the Alumni*—Alumni Hall, 9.30 A. M. *Address in Medicine*, by Professor HORATIO C. WOOD, M.D., LL.D., of the University of Pennsylvania—Battell Chapel, 12 M. *Appointing Board for State Scholarships* in the Sheffield Scientific School—2 Sheffield Hall, 2 P. M. *Election of member of the Corporation*—Library, 2-3 P. M. *Law School Anniversary Exercises*, with address by the Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW, of New York City, and Townsend Prize Speaking by three members of the Senior Class—Center Church, 3 P. M.

Wednesday, June 26.—*Commencement Exercises*—Center Church. The Officers of the University, with graduates, undergraduates, and invited guests, will form in procession in front of the Lyceum, at 9 A. M., in the following order :—Music ; Undergraduates ; Candidates for degrees, (1) in Arts, (2) in Philosophy, (3) in Law (4) in Medicine, (5) in Divinity ; the Corporation ; the Faculty ; Invited Guests ; Graduates, in the Order of Classes. *Dinner of the Alumni*—Alumni Hall, 2 P. M. *President's Reception*, for the Alumni, with their families, and other invited guests—Art School, 8-11 P. M. (Cards of admission for the Alumni, at the Library, after Tuesday noon.)

Thursday, June 27.—*Examinations for Admission* to the College—Alumni Hall, beginning at 9 A.M. *Examinations for Admission* to the Sheffield Scientific School—North Sheffield Hall, beginning at 9 A.M. *Examination for Matriculation* in the Medical Department—Medical School, 150 York street, beginning at 9 A.M.

Saturday, June 29.—*Examinations for Admission* close, 12 M.

Vacation Hours—The General Library of the University will be open daily through July from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.

The Linonian and Brothers Library will be open during vacation on Wednesdays and Saturdays, only, from 10 A.M. to 12 M.

The Treasurer's Office will be open, daily, from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.

The Exhibition of Paintings in the Art School, will be open, daily, from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. (Fee for admission, 25 cents.)

The Collections in the Peabody museum will be open, daily, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., except during August, when the building will be closed.

The other Buildings of the University will be closed during the vacation.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ROWLAND HAZARD'S WORKS.*—The biographical preface to these volumes, written by their editor, the grand-daughter of the author, truly maintains that they contain the record of his intellectual and spiritual life, in an unusual degree. The family from which he was descended had inhabited for generations the house in which he was born. With the exception of business trips to the South and elsewhere, and several visits to Europe, Mr. Hazard's life was domestic and uneventful. His rather remarkable fund of reserve energies was expended in meditation, correspondence, and composition, upon the themes treated in these volumes. The interest felt in the themes was fresh, vigorous, naïve, self-impelled and self-directed. His education at school seems to have been finished when he was scarcely eighteen, and to have included only the rudiments of English among the languages. Yet he early essayed the expression of his sentiments in verse, and his writings contain various references to characters and events of the ancient classics.

At the age of thirty-two Mr. Hazard began to write his first essay,—the one "On Language." Its most important result was perhaps the formation of a friendship with Dr. Channing. It was the suggestion of Dr. Channing that Mr. Hazard "should refute the arguments of Edwards," and the dislike of refusing the request of one so much revered," led to the investigation of the question of freedom and causation in willing, to the correspondence and controversy with Stuart Mill, and so to the work which constitutes whatever claim Mr. Hazard has to a permanent place in the philosophical literature of this country.

Since the writings in these volumes cover so many years and comprise such a variety of subjects, it is to be expected that they will differ considerably in value. Those in the volume entitled "Essay on Language" are plainly the least valuable.

* *Essay on Language, etc.; Economics and Politics; Freedom of Mind in Willing; Causation and Freedom in Willing.* Four vols. By ROWLAND G. HAZARD. Edited by CAROLINE HAZARD. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

The various papers and addresses on political and economical subjects are vigorous and clear-headed. The last paper of the volume on "Economics and Politics" was written when its author was in his eighty-fifth year; it is a fragmentary article on the Tariff (now first published). We recommend its perusal as especially interesting—coming, as it does, from a manufacturer of Rhode Island. "It did not require," say Mr. Hazard (p. 391), "the results of actual experiment to warn us that a central power of taxation by duties on imports covering an extensive territory, the habits and pursuits in different portions of which materially vary the relative consumption of the articles imported, would even if restricted to the one object of defraying the legitimate expenses of the general government, be liable to great abuse and be a constant source of anxiety and suspicion. But embracing in this power the power of taxation for the purpose of protecting special industries with diverse sectional interests, must certainly open the way to an increase of those abuses to which there would be no visible limit. No wonder that thoughtful and intelligent men with clear vision of the possibilities of such an addition to the taxing power should be alarmed, or that the less intelligent should be excited."

The "philosophical writings" of Mr. Hazard are here all collected in two of the four volumes, and are almost exclusively upon the one subject of causation and freedom of mind in willing. They have a separate introductory essay by Professor Fisher. Of these, one volume is the well-known treatise written in refutation of Edwards; the other contains letters to John Stuart Mill, and to Dr. F. Wharton; and also various discourses and papers. The candor and ability of these productions were recognized by his opponents, and among them all by none more cordially than by Mr. Mill himself. The latter, in a letter bearing date of May 18, 1870, speaks of the book as doing "honor to American thought."

The manner of discussing the question of freedom and causation in willing has changed since the days of Edwards, and even since the time when Mr. Hazard and Mr. Mill—two contestants equally fair and equally fond of detailed and exhaustive argumentation—were exchanging correspondence concerning the merits of both sides. Both sides and the same mystery of apparent separation remain. Progress has taken place, however, in the better understanding of the truth that each side holds, and in the fixing

of the lines to be drawn about the problem, to the exclusion from its explanation of what must be acknowledged as in its very nature inexplicable.

We wish success of widening circulation to these volumes. We wish even more, that the nation might possess more manufacturers and other business men, who should hold with their author, that the only true life is "intellectual and spiritual life."

LOGIC.*—We are here presented with one of the most extended and valuable of the many works on this subject, which have proceeded from Oxford, during the last several years. As the editor in their English form of Lotze's larger and technical works on philosophy, it is but fitting that Mr. Bosanquet should be under obligations to the German thinker. These obligations he acknowledges in the preface by saying that "but for his (Lotze's) great work on Logic the larger part of what I have written would never have come into my head." Yet after this and other recognition to predecessors in the same field (to Sigwart, and Jevons, and Bradley, and Stuart Mill—with a bare mention, especially, of Hegel also), the author establishes a claim to independence and to a larger than the ordinary amount of originality.

The leading and underlying principle of the book is the conception of thought as a living development. In the study of thought, then, we are dealing not with fixed forms, but with processes of perpetual mental unfolding. Mr. Bosanquet tells us that the first germs of unprejudiced interest in the subject were planted in his mind by "a comparison between the study and analysis of judgment-forms and the study and analysis of the forms of flowers or plants."

Readers of works on logic will miss in this book the customary separate part, treating at length of conception and concepts. There are only two Parts to this work,—the one of "The Judgment," and the other of "Inference." What is most directly said of the mental process and product, ordinarily called "conception," is placed in the Introduction. Instead of divisions and classifications and symbols, creating the impression that somehow there exist in, or can be brought into, the mind a peculiar class of mental entities which, as then and there existent, have marks and content and extent, etc., the emphasis is laid upon the evolution

* *Logic, or The Morphology of Knowledge.* By BERNARD BOSANQUET, M.A. 2 vols. New York and London. Macmillan & Co. 1888.

of judgment. "We have then judgment or some analogous operation of consciousness, from the first; and in naming and all subsequent operations we certainly have judgment." "Judgment may contain complex ideas, but every Judgment *qua* Judgment exhibits the content of a single idea. Ideas and impressions are not found lying apart as words lie on a page, although, by a reflective abstraction, we can regard them as so lying apart, and when thus regarded they form the world of meanings or of objective references—the identities symbolized by logical ideas."

In this form of treating the concept we consider the author justified. Psychology recognizes no really existing and living processes corresponding to the petrified entities that formal logic has been wont to treat under the term "conception." We wish, however, that Mr. Bosanquet had presented more in detail the nature of those living ideation processes, accompanied by the unfolding of judgments as supported by unuttered language, in which the so-called "general notion" has its only real existence.

We have not space even to mention any of the many other interesting points for consideration and criticism which this book affords. It is not a book for beginners; it is not exactly a text-book for advanced pupils, or a hand-book for studious inquirers. But it is certainly a very suggestive and interesting treatise for those maturer minds, who, being disturbed or perhaps disgusted by the uncouthness and foreign character of the descriptions given of their mental processes by the ordinary writings on logic, wish to get some increase of insight into what really goes on in their own minds as they judge and infer the truth of things.

VICTOR COUSIN.*—This biographical sketch has several features of more than ordinary interest. Its subject was not simply illustrious in his time, but had enough of the romantic in his origin, his career, and the setting in the midst of which his career was run, to give his story a certain interest for all time. The author of the sketch is also illustrious. In speaking of M. Cousin, Jules Simon says: "He immortalized his name by great services and brilliant works; but those who did not live in his time cannot imagine what a noise he made in the world while here."

Victor Cousin was very far from being a great philosopher. The times and land in which he lived were such as almost, if not

* *Victor Cousin*. By JULES SIMON. Translated by Melville B. and Edward Playfair Anderson. Chicago. A. O. McClurg & Co. 1888.

quite, to make such a character impossible. But he stirred a great interest in philosophy, and was in many ways an important and valuable person for the France of his day. His family were poor working people; and his biographer declares him to have been "bred in the gutter" up to the age of ten. It was by taking the part of her boy, maltreated by a mob of other boys, that this street urchin of eleven came to the notice of Madame Viguier, who paid his expenses, thereupon, in the Charlemagne Lyceum.

M. Simon has told the story of Victor Cousin's life in a very entertaining manner; from a privileged point of view, as it were; and has made it luminous in the light of its time. He has, moreover, in one chapter given a clear and intelligent resumé of the philosophical tenets of Cousin. The result is a spicy, and yet, on the whole, a trustworthy estimate of the personality and work of this rather prominent but by no means profound thinker.

MASKS OR FACES?*—A very clever and instructive examination is here undertaken with a view to answer the question raised in Diderot's paradox. This paradox maintains that real sensibility is a hindrance rather than a help to the studied simulation which is the actor's part. By ransacking the memoirs and correspondence of great actors no longer living, and by inquiry of those now most celebrated in this art, the author tests the conclusions of Diderot. He finds, to the confusion of the paradox, that tears of emotion have been shed on the stage by some two score of the most successful "simulators" of grief; that a smaller proportion of those who play comedy will indulge in genuine laughter; that signs of feeling "beyond the control of will—blushing, pallor, and perspiration—commonly, and even habitually, accompany the stage emotion of the greatest artists;" and that spontaneous outbursts of passion expressed in unexpected ways are frequently most effective. To those interested in the psychology of acting, as studied from whatever points of view, the induction will be very helpful and attractive.

PICTURE LOGIC.†—By combining humorous pictures with homely or comic examples, the author aims to give to the Oxford or

* *Masks or Faces?* A study in the Psychology of Acting. By WILLIAM ARCHER. London and New York. Longmans, Green & Co., 1888.

† *Picture Logic*. An attempt to popularize the Science of Reasoning by the combination of humorous Pictures with examples of Reasoning taken from daily Life. By ALFRED JAMES SWINBURNE, B.A. London and New York. Longmans, Green & Co., 1887.

Cambridge student, who has to "pass" in Logic, some lively comprehension of what this mystical science and yet more mystical art is all about. Much shrewd sense is mingled with the facetiousness. We do not see why poor students might not make very profitable use of the books to lighten their "cram," and good ones to brighten a leisure hour or two while refreshing their memories.

FOSTER'S TRANSLATION OF GROTIUS ON THE SATISFACTION OF CHRIST* serves a useful purpose for students of theology in placing before them a discussion of the Atonement which has profoundly influenced theological thought and which takes rank as a classic on that great theme. Grotius' treatise contains an interpretation of redemption in terms of jurisprudence, as Anselm's had done in terms of payment or compensation. These modes of thought doubtless supply useful elements for the doctrine of atonement, but, when made the exclusive mode of treatment, they fail more and more to satisfy thoughtful minds, of varying schools, who seek to ground the work of atonement rather in the moral nature of God and the eternal principles of his righteousness and love, than in exigencies of government. But, whatever may be thought of the merits of the governmental theory, it is certainly most desirable to have this theory as elaborated by its author, available in a hand-book with carefully prepared notes, scripture references, index, and a learned introduction such as Dr. Foster has supplied. Some scholar would do a good service to theology who should publish in a similar form the treatise of Anselm, *Cur Deus Homo*.

"MEN OF THE BIBLE" SERIES.†—The careful reading of Canon Driver's monograph on Isaiah in this series led us to expect a marked interest and value in the successive volumes, and in this we have not been disappointed. These little books are at once popular, in the sense of placing the results of research and criticism before the reader in an interesting form, and scholarly in the

* *A Defense of the Catholic Doctrine concerning the Satisfaction of Christ against Faustus Socinus*, by HUGO GROTIUS. Translated, with Notes and an Historical Introduction by FRANK H. FOSTER, Ph.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Oberlin, O. Andover, W. F. Draper, 1889. Pp. 314.

† *Jesus Christ, the Divine Man, His Life and Times*. By J. F. VALLINGS, M.A. Pp. 226.—*Daniel, His Life and Times*. By H. DEANE, B.D. Pp. 203.—*Jeremiah, His Life and Times*. By Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, D.D. Pp. 205.—Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York. 1889. \$1.00 each.

sense of incorporating the conclusions of much study into the biographies of the great personalities of the Bible without placing before the reader the processes by which they were attained. Mr. Valling's sketch of the life and times of Jesus is a graphic narrative of his deeds and teachings, interwoven with descriptions of the religious and social conditions amid which he lived. It is a vivid presentation of that matchless Person whose life, says Keim, "was bounded at its circumference by the human limitations of his age, but in its center exalted above all." The volume is enriched by abundant learning and by references to the ablest works on special topics.

Mr. Deane's book is based upon academic lectures, and is composed in a less rhetorical style. The writer appears to follow Dr. Pusey's work on Daniel in great part. His views of the Book of Daniel are certainly far removed from the conclusions of most recent critics. He holds that it was written by one author throughout, a certain Exilian prophet, Daniel, a contemporary of Ezekiel, who lived from the years 606-530 B. C.

To Dr. Cheyne's treatise on Jeremiah we accord the highest value for its thorough and judicious criticism, its felicitous style and extensive erudition. There are few men who can invest the most difficult problems of Old Testament history and interpretation with such living interest as that which Cheyne imparts to these subjects. He is a writer as graceful and felicitous as Dean Stanley, whom he so much admires and so often quotes, while he is far more profoundly versed in Old Testament criticism. Illustrations drawn from a wide range of reading, and comparisons between the conditions existing in Jewish history and other historical situations, enliven the picture of ancient times and make it seem more real. We call especial attention to the apt comparison of Jeremiah to Savonarola at the end of the volume.

We commend the volumes of this series as useful contributions to the popularization of the results of Biblical scholarship—a tendency and movement of our time of the utmost interest and promise.

GEORGE B. STEVENS.

Summer Schools NINTH YEAR

Announcements of the Summer OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF Hebrew

I 889

I. SCHOOLS.—DATES.—PLACES.

1. NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL, May 21-June 11.....Yale Divinity School, New Haven, Conn.
2. PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL, June 12-July 3....Protest. Epia. Div. School, West Philadelphia, Pa.
3. FIRST CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL, July 6-26Chautauqua, N. Y.
4. SECOND CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL, July 26-Aug. 15.....Chautauqua, N. Y.
5. CHICAGO SCHOOL, Aug. 15-Sept. 4.....Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston (near Chicago), Ill.

II. COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

Remark 1. Each School will continue three weeks: this makes it possible to avoid overlapping; it also enables men who so desire to attend two or even more schools.

Remark 2. The Principal will be in attendance at each of the five schools, from the first hour to the last.

I. Hebrew Courses: These will be practically the same in all the schools.

1) *For Beginners*, (a) Mastery of Gen. I.-III., (b) gram. principles, (c) memorizing of words and critical analysis of text. *Three hours a day.*

2) *For Reviewers*, (a) Mastery of Gen. III.-VIII., (b) review of elementary principles and more advanced gram. work, (c) memorizing of words and sight-reading. *Three hours a day.*

3) *For Progressive Class*, (a) Critical translation of Judges or 1 Samuel, with study of accents, forms and constructions; (b) the fundamental principles of the language, especially the vowel-system; (c) sight-reading (with memorizing of words) in Exodus, Deuteronomy, Kings.

4) *For Advanced Class*, (a) Critical Study of (1) Isaiah XL.-LXVI. (at New England School), (2) the Book of Job (at Philadelphia), (3) Joel, Amos and Hosea (1st Chautauqua School), (4) Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi (2d Chautauqua School), (5) Isaiah XL.-LXVI. (at Chicago); (b) the study of syntax; (c) sight-reading in Jeremiah and selected Psalms.

II. Cognate Courses: (a) Assyrian for beginners; (b) Assyrian for advanced students; (c) Arabic for beginners; (d) Arabic for advanced students; (e) Aramaic; (f) Syriac; (g) Ethiopic; but no class in a cognate language will be organized in any School, unless four applications for such class be received by the *Principal* thirty days before the opening of the particular school for which application is made.

III. INSTRUCTORS.

Arrangements have thus far been completed with the following gentlemen:

CHAS. RUFUS BROWN, PH. D., Newton Centre, Mass.
S. BURNHAM, D. D., Hamilton, N. Y.
GEO. S. BURROUGHS, PH. D., Amherst, Mass.
A. S. CARRIER, M. A., Chicago, Ill.
C. R. CRANDALL, M. A., New Haven, Conn.
EDWARD L. CURTIS, PH. D., Chicago, Ill.
GEO. S. GOODSPEED, M. A., New Haven, Conn.
RICHARD J. GOTTHEIL, PH. D., New York City.
WM. R. HARPER, PH. D., New Haven, Conn.

CHAS. HORSWELL, Evanston, Ill.
MORRIS K. JASTROW, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN G. LANSING, D. D., New Brunswick, N. J.
WALLACE W. LOVEJOY, Philadelphia, Pa.
D. A. MCCLENNAN, D. D., Allegheny City, Pa.
FRANK K. SANDERS, M. A., New Haven, Conn.
BARNARD C. TAYLOR, M. A., Chester, Pa.
M. S. TERRY, D. D., Evanston, Ill.
REVERE F. WEIDNER, D. D., Rock Island, Ill.

IV. EXPENSES.

Board and room may be had at the various schools at prices ranging from \$3.50 per week upwards. Full details concerning cost of boarding at each school will be given in the descriptive pamphlet. The tuition fee will be eight dollars.

V. IN GENERAL.

(1) Each school will begin at 9 A. M. of the day appointed; attendance upon the work of the first hour is essential.

(2) A detailed statement of the classes, instruction, expenses, etc., in each school will be published April 10, and may be obtained by addressing the Principal of Schools,

WILLIAM R. HARPER,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

* Final arrangements have not, in the case of every item, been made. There is, therefore, a possibility that some slight changes may be made from the details here announced.

Horsford's

ACID PHOSPHATE.

Prepared according to the directions of Prof. E. N. HORSFORD.

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR

**Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Exhaustion,
Headache, Tired Brain,**

And all Diseases arising from Indigestion and Nerve Exhaustion.

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NEW ENGLANDER

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No. CCXXXIII.

AUGUST, 1889.

ARTICLE I.—GEORGE MEREDITH AS A THEORIST.

IN the essays evoked during the last thirty years by George Meredith's books, attention has been called either to his powers as a remarkable stylist, a writer of brilliant epigrams and descriptions, a master of strongly intellectual characterization, and a humorist; or else to his protracted studies, overcrowded with observations and ideas, and to what some are pleased to call his hard, unsympathetic analyses of life. But for some, at least, who have found time to think their way through his nine long novels, the name of Meredith must have assumed an agnomen of "the theorist" rather than "the novelist." Enjoying his books and admiring even with enthusiasm his ability in fiction, some of us in spite of our wishes may apprehend that a combination of qualities will keep him from entering the inner circle of distinction that parts of his work have given him ample claim to. Yet Vanity never puts on cap and bells more childishly than when she tries to settle literary destiny for her own contemporaries. Whether Meredith is to be ulti-

mately famous or not, we can be sure that he is and will be useful; though we may hesitate to call any one of his stories as a whole an artistic masterpiece, we shall not hesitate to say that the substance of his intellectual influence is valuable and not likely soon to be effaced.

When we put together our scattered impressions of his opinions on various topics, we find (to judge from a personal experience) some three or four aspects of his teaching especially conspicuous. These are his theories of fiction, sentiment, ideal womanhood, and romantic love. Whether these are points with which he is chiefly concerned or not, they will perhaps serve to illustrate the theoretical side of his writings. Even where we disagree with him, here and elsewhere, he wins our respect, his purpose is so serious, his labor so faithful. What he said of his last heroine, whom he introduced as for a time supporting herself by writing stories, we may say of him: "She did not chameleon her pen from the color of her audience. She worked in translucent conscience."

Though he invariably writes with a moral purpose, he is never the propagandist of particular current obligations. No philanthropic treatise is to be extracted from any of his novels. Shakspeare himself is scarcely more reticent respecting theology or those sanctities of personal religion that it has become the fashion for novelists to expound. *Beauchamp's Career* shows that he sympathizes with some sentiments of the English Radicals, yet his attitude is thoughtful and conservative, not that of an advocate. *Richard Feverel* is his only work that can be called a plea against a code of conduct. For instead of dealing with systems of thought and with truths of public relation, Meredith deals with truth of internal character and of social life.

He is a theorist. His fine power of catching life-like shades of speech and manner, his creations of strong characters and skillfully devised scenes for them to move through, are gifts that he has in common with other good novelists. But primarily his is the reflective rather than the creative habit, the bent of his mind is philosophical. Indeed, in one of his books he introduces as his partner "The Philosopher, who will not see things on the surface, and is, as a necessary consequence,

blind to the fact that the public detest him." This philosopher "maintains that a story should not always flow," that characters should be so true to life that they must move themselves, instead of being pliant to an arbitrary plot.

Plainly he belongs to the realistic school; not however to the class of superficial realism represented by some popular American fiction of to-day, and as little to the French realists of depravity. The superficial he will not notice; what occupies the foreground of human nature to such writers as Zola, Meredith indeed sees, but he sees it at one side. Life, he says, is not chiefly rose-pink or dirty-drab; idealism and brutalism he equally abjures.

To him novel-writing is a responsibility. "The Fiction which is the summary of actual Life," he has told us, "is Philosophy's elect handmaiden." The fictionist is a public teacher, partly by holding up examples of common follies and covert flaws of character, our laughs and frowns at which may lead us to personal introspection. "Comedy," he declares, "proposes the correcting of pretentiousness, of inflation, of dullness, and of the vestiges of rawness and grossness to be found among us. She is the ultimate civilizer." Aside from opening us to ourselves, it teaches us about men in general. Sometimes by the study of life in a novel we can see truths of human nature more accurately than by looking at the people around us; as astronomers get better results in some of their investigations of the sun and stars by telescopic photographs than by looking through the telescope themselves. Many creations of fiction work closely into our mental processes as formulæ of various qualities; some become as truly our heroes as do the real names of history. If our sympathies are tricked, if our judgments are deceived by characters romantically impracticable or philosophically untrue, if the figures whom our sensibilities follow are lovely yet mischievous fairies, the magician of the story is responsible. Therefore we find Meredith sedulous of true characterization, scientifically accurate in his psychology, shunning those sweet, poetical, unrealizable ideals that prove fruits of the lotus. He tries to animate his characters with what he calls "the fires of positive brainstuff," to paint "thoughtful women, thinking men."

Nor does it seem to him outside the novelist's province to be didactic by more than implication or suggestion. Occasionally, quite neglecting his actors, he steps to the front of his stage and delivers an earnest *parabasis* to his audience. Even in the full sweep of his comedy, whole-souled as his pleasure is in the laugh at some ridiculous character or grotesque situation, after laughing he falls to thinking how and why people deflect from sense into folly. In these panoramas of absurdities he not only hopes that we shall catch suggestions of our silly selves; sometimes, even here, he takes up his fescue and throws a lecturer's gown over the bright attire of the comedian. Yet he is never pedagogic or sombre in his advice. Where it is plain, he knows that the unaided lesson is better than tutoring; he has faith in the sanitation of mirth. "The philosopher finds himself clinging to laughter as the best of human fruit," he has written; and so long passages are doctrinal only to those who read thoughtfully.

So earnestly intellectual himself, he demands that his readers shall adopt his mental seriousness. In his own words, his characters "knock at the door of the mind, and the mind must open to be interested in them." "Only those who read her woman's blood and character with the head will care for her," he says of one of his heroines. "My people conquer nothing, win none," he writes elsewhere: "they are actual, yet uncommon. It is the clock-work of the brain that they are directed to set in motion."

This, then, is Mr. Meredith's standard of fiction: to write with a sense of responsibility, to aim at presentation of character rather than at story-telling, to regard an accurate psychology as morally obligatory, to satirize folly and to present exemplars of intelligent culture, to appeal for approval to the intellect.

If we were to dub Meredith with any single name after our general term of Theorist, perhaps the most appropriate would be Anti-sentimentalist. The various manifestations of sentimentalism he is continually deriding or denouncing, and upholding their opposites by precepts and examples. At first it is scarcely clear what his use of the word implies; his most aphoristic remark on the subject while certainly striking is still

possibly a trifle obscure : "Sentimental people fiddle harmonies on the strings of sensualism, to the delight of a world gaping for marvels of musical execution rather than for music." We are all the more confused by hearing fastidious readers occasionally complaining that Meredith fiddles discords on these same strings. Though he is moral enough, they say, his habit of plain speech upon certain topics is needlessly offensive. He has a way of alluding to our different senses, where delicate taste tells us to forget that we have senses. Instead of ignoring the body he would recognize it as a large factor in human life. The shame in the acknowledgment, he holds, springs from a consciousness of morbid subservience to its worst power. An ideally pure character would talk with the straight gaze of innocence about every thought and every action. "True poets and true women," he has said, "have the native sense of the divineness of what the world deems gross material substance." It is "delicacy of nerve, not weight of brain," that leads to prudish over-refinement. He believes in weight of brain.

The sentimentalists, he admits, have a part to play in civilization ; through their efforts it is continually advanced, "sometimes ridiculously." On many topics, no doubt, assumed unconsciousness or euphemistic allusion is decent. Yet when we come to suppose that surface concealment of the lower life is annihilation of it, we are in the devil's steel-trap. Mr. Meredith believes in evolution from beast to soul ; he regards that evolution as at present only half accomplished. Man is in transition, governed partly by spiritual, partly by physical forces. Recognizing our finer selves, we must recognize our lower selves also. This the sentimentalist declines to do.

Everyone, to venture an awkward image, may be represented as a pair of Siamese twins. Each of us walks about in dual individuality ; the problem of life is, Which is going to lead and control,—the sensual or the spiritual ? In our present state neither can be destroyed.

Now the sentimentalist's more advanced self is ashamed of his brother. Palid, weak-limbed, he is afraid of him, too ; as well he may be, for he bears the marks of many a private drubbing. Yet he walks through society as if he were quite untwinned. He twists his neck awry so that he may not see

his associate, and is scandalized if any one else notices the obnoxious silent partner. In everything the latter is ostentatiously ignored.

Whereas the philosopher goes out with *his* brother chatting pleasantly, not in the least ashamed and in very slight apprehension. For he is active and muscular, quite a match for Master Body. Yet how kind he is to him ! He seems even glad to defer to his more simple wishes, and acknowledges that he would lose much profit, if the bond were broken between himself and the twin whom he sometimes has to fight.

Our author, then, is attacking "sham spiritualism." His philosophy here is the same that an unpopular American writer has more clumsily attempted to advance, the same that is expressed by Browning, as in *Rabbi ben Ezra*,—the philosophy of a harmony of this dual individuality.

"Let us not always say
Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole !
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry ' all good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul ! "

To bring about this result we need—not prudish attempts to ignore, but manly dignity to recognize and control. Manage our various appetites, and there is no need to be ashamed of them : try to ignore them, and they will manage us. Let reason eye steadily the beast within, and the brute will cower. Unwatched it is uncontrolled, and in those mirky hours through which everyone sometimes must pass, it will spring upon its master, all claws and fangs and fascinating merciless eyes. Know the worst that is in you, if you would realize your best. Forewarned, forearmed. Moreover, when slips are made, a rational knowledge of our human tendencies saves us from surprised and overwhelming despair.

If Meredith is earnest in opposing affected oblivion of physical nature, he is gay in his crusade upon what he calls the sentimentalists' Nice Feelings and Fine Shades. The languid daintiness of bearing and tone, the fear of some action not quite correct or of some phrase that common people may use, all the delicate attenuations of physical and social habit, he

laughs at most rudely. He believes in people who admit that they enjoy their good dinners, who act naturally instead of referring to such compendiums as *Don't*; frank, true, first-hand people, hearty, straight-forward, plain and simple. Here again, he tells us, the sentimentalists offend because they have guilty consciences. Gross consciousness of their vulgar selves makes them over-assume. Hence, too, their whispered communications of tender sympathies and etherial aspirations. Not permeated with the best of heart and mind, they are anxious to have people yet suppose that they possess this intellectual and emotional culture. In these novels such soft confidences at times get hard treatment, as when Arabella tries to be emotional with Mr. Pericles on the topic of a soul in the moonlight. Says another character, led to final suicide by over-refinement of sentiment: "I have always thought sadness more musical than mirth; surely there is more grace in sadness." Sir Purcell was talking to Emilia, that beautiful daughter of nature. "Poetry, sculpture, and songs and all the arts, were brought forward to demonstrate the truth of his theory. When Emilia understood him, she cited dogs and cats and birds, and all things of nature that rejoiced and revelled, in support of the opposite view. 'Nay, if animals are to be your illustration,' he protested. 'Such talk must be uttered to a soul,' he phrased internally." It must be uttered to a humbug! we almost hear Meredith mutter.

The sentimentalists' tendency to express everything by circumlocution, also, leads to disastrous self-delusion. One young lady has been flirting with her sister's lover. In the language of her school, "she had innocently played with the fire of a strange affection—a child in the temple." How innocent, how pathetic, the translation into *Fine Shades* appears.

These same characters are always withdrawing from the heat and burden of the day into shady nooks, to recline upon roses and dream of action. For example, Miss Asper plans to nurse Warwick; "the forsaken young lady proposes to nurse the abandoned husband of the woman bereaving her of the man she loved." Mr. Meredith adds, "sentimentalists enjoy these tricks, the conceiving or the doing of them—the former, mainly, which are cheaper and equally effective."

Leaving the sentimentalism of the heart in relation to itself, our social critic sees great mischiefs worked by the dainty vice in the heart's hero-worship of others. Put your friends, he constantly advises, on formal trial for their characters. Scrutinize them, think them out, reject second-hand testimony ; let your emotions, to be sure, take part in the trial, but let them be only witnesses before intellect the judge. Graceful and poetic as the habit of idealizing people is, it is quite as foolish as it would be to go about the world with eyes and ears shut, by our lesser senses learning nature. Foolish, for unless we know men truly, we cannot render them best service ; because characters misunderstood often lead us to unsafe confidence ; because when our trusted pole-star turns out to be an inconstant planet, we are in danger of drifting hopelessly over an unguided sea. Deceived, we think everything deception. "There is nothing like sentiment," says one of our novelist's disillusioned sentimentalists, "for making you hard, matter of fact, worldly, calculating." Cynicism he calls the younger brother of sentiment and inheritor of the family property.

This pride in exterior propriety and the notion that the course of moral and spiritual refinement is from without to within, make after all only one form of the evil of Falsehood, to which most of humanity's faults belong. The burden of scene after scene in these novels is, Be genuine ! Their worst distresses are due to an effort to conceal, whether from others or from oneself, unpleasant absolute facts, that ought to be accepted resolutely and avowed. Take, for example, the attempt to hide humble respectable social origin, in the wish to rank as an aristocrat. Believing in the dignity of man and not of class, Mr. Meredith plays with liveliest satire on such characters as the Countess de Saldar, daughter of a tailor, wife of a Portuguese noble, whose ambition with beauty and brilliancy keeps struggling after concealment of her origin and identification with lords and ladies. Lies of silence, lies of assertion, the most splendid aplomb, carry her through weary stages to one and another success, but ever as she bows her graceful figure to receive fashion's golden crown, it is that old ghost of a plebeian birth that with sarcastic louting extends a coronet of pinchbeck. The Countess has two sisters who aspire and suffer with her,

and a brother, the title character of *Evan Harrington*. This hero of one of Mr. Meredith's most engaging stories is given as the touchstone of his moral nature, the acknowledgment or the repudiation of his birth. Consideration for his sister's entreaties, the cowardice of natural pride, his love for a girl noble in character as in birth, cause long hesitations and conflict. Yet Evan wins himself, the true fruition of the story whose end might have been more severely satisfactory had the romantic last few pages remained unwritten.

In another book we have excellent comedy in the portrayal of five or six young ladies of rival mercantile families lately risen to opulence, each trying to climb fastest and highest the ladder of upper society. What falls these delicate maidens get! Mr. Meredith's Thalia is quite inexorable with such vanities, and the sprights of her laughing train dance fantastical measures and laugh in shrill resonant jubilee, when Mr. Pole gets drunk, and his prospective wife talks the vulgarest Irish brogue at the great party where the aspiring Misses Pole were to attain their long coveted social apotheosis.

Insincerity of one sort and another is exposed from beginning to end of this author's work. Those ubiquitous white lies of feigned knowledge, affected sympathies, the little assumptions of refinement in which the actors half believe, are remorselessly followed up and satirically or sadly condemned. Are we free of them? we ask ourselves. But if the consciences of some say "free," it by no means follows that they have escaped Mr. Meredith's inquisition. How do you treat the insincerities of your acquaintance? Nay, more: How do you encourage your acquaintance to be true? Falling back on his principle that humanity is still partly in the mire, our moralist declares that those who are farther out than most are too uncharitable to the weakness of their fellows. Half-formed, yet resolved to consider themselves complete, they demand that others shall not shock the proprieties by failing at least to appear so. Thus they force weak people into fictitious semblances, and smile blandly at the decency of humanity's exterior. Instead of this, we should form a sober, practical standard of conduct and sentiment. Sturdy against all real evil, have charity for human frailty. Break down artificial distinctions between men. Hum-

bug-aristocracy, surface-vulgarity—expose the emptiness of the one, the substance that sometimes hides beneath the other. Honor simplicity, even though it is sometimes blunt and gawky. Reserve your fine scorn for assumed virtue, culture, and refinement.

The secret of hypocritical propriety is cowardice. "It is the chief evil in the world," cries Rosamund. "It is the world's top and bottom sin," we read elsewhere. The Princess Ottillia said of Janet's courage: "It may knot up every other virtue worth having. It seems to me to imply one-half, and to dispense with the other." Unless we win it, whether we succeed in cheating others or not, we shall surely deceive ourselves. With Laetitia we shall find that "a sovereign method of hoodwinking our bright selves is the acting of a part, however naturally it may come to us." The habit planted is hard as knot-grass to root out: yet we may well suffer in the ordeal, if at last we achieve Mr. Meredith's standard of sincerity—"That oneness of feeling which is the truthful impulse."

In still other ways he writes as a theorist. The women of popular books (indeed, of average society) are intolerable to him. Men have fallen into an utterly mistaken conception of womanhood, they have brought it about that their companion sex is properly called the weaker sex. "At present the education of girls is to make them believe that facts are their enemies, a naughty spying race upon whom the dogs of Pudeur are to be loosed." Elsewhere he makes one of his best characters say: "I suppose we women are taken to be human nature's fringes, not a part of the texture, the pretty ornamentation." All this must be changed. Women must be taught to know and to think, using the intellects that God has given them and that man has made them leave for the most only partly developed. "The education for women is to teach them to rely on themselves."

The popular misconception, writers of fiction have fostered; of such treatment Meredith has steered clear. With that old sense of the novelist's responsibility, he has determined to make his work practical and sensible just when ordinary story-tellers feel themselves most at liberty to idealize and please. At this point as at several others, the English novelist and our Ameri-

can Whitman are in close sympathy. The latter wrote, some fifteen years ago: "On the current novels, tales, romances, and what is called 'poetry,' lies the responsibility (a great part of it, anyhow) of the absence in modern society of a noble, stalwart, and healthy and maternal race of women, and of a strong and dominant moral conscience."

No novels have a saner or more earnest influence toward the formation of this conscience and this womanhood than these works of Meredith. He never tires of ridiculing the heroine of modern romance, refined "even up to the thin edge of insanity," frail, delicate, languid, exquisite,

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

His idea of woman's purity throws aside the sentimentalist's marble ideal,—his Galateas have been touched by the goddess. Consummate self-sacrifice, seraphic sweetness, incarnations of easy, unutterable goodness, he does not portray for us. The setting for his girls and women is not the woody glade of poetry, faintly golden with moonlight slanting through the leaves, the very ground regally fictitious with diamonds that are only dew. His girls and women belong to mid-day,—on the street, over country roads, walking or riding with energy, living, not languishing. Instead of gazing ineffably and whispering magically, their eyes and lips look and speak "honest laughter" and sensible, helpful ideas. He likes strong, healthy heroines, like the one of whom he says: "Great mother nature had given a house of iron to this soul of fire." Perhaps the only etiolated girl of any worth whom he has drawn is in his first real novel, and she is a background figure—Clare, whose frail loveliness and ineffective love awake pity so tenderly, as we look back over them in that fine passage where "upstairs Clare was lying dead." Yet she is introduced as an admonition, not as a model. Two or three of his best characters, it is true, are invalids for a shorter or longer time; but their souls are never invalids. If ordinary novel-reading gives young ladies artificial, lackadaisical, posing, dreamy standards of character, these books at least will inspire with the zest of strength and force, of simplicity and sober practical efficiency.

What absurd models men have set up for women. That conception of feminine perfection as "wholly subservient sweetness" Meredith has devoted one of his very best books to combatting. This "taste for ultra feminine refinement" insists that a woman shall live wholly centered in the one man whom she chooses, humoring his foibles, credulous to the pretences of his vanity, domestically cloistered from perils of participation in the world, a wife retaining that ignorance named innocence by sentimentalists, spotless in what Milton called an "excremental whiteness." "Are they not of a nature warriors, like men? Men's mates, to bear them heroes instead of puppets?" Meredith is continually crying shame on this selfish seclusion of a wife from the fullest participation with man's activity and development, her energies devoted to making herself an acceptable plaything and pretty diversion for his idleness. The Egoist believed himself the fit object for every affection, act, and thought of the woman whom he honored with his regard. To her he would be courteous, even gallant; he would talk the wittiest and most finished trifles, every gesture and glance a sentimental tribute to the sex. But in return the woman must be what Laetitia had been: "You were a precious cameo," he told her, "still gazing; you loved me, you belonged to me, you were mine, my possession, my jewel." What wonder that his third love, whom he chided because "she did not sufficiently think of making herself a nest for him," cried out—"Oh, a comrade! I do not want a lover." This exclamation is the summing up, I think, of Meredith's feeling about men and women in respect to marriage. It is noticeable that his only main love-story whose end is tragical, is the only one that he has founded on impulse and emotion instead of deliberation and judgment. As has been suggested already, intellect, though it always listens to advice from the affections, always is the dominant member of his council of conduct. What the poet to whom I have already referred says in his *Democratic Vistas* about the future woman, "a true personality, developed, exercised, proportionately in body, mind, and spirit,"—this true, clear-minded heroine of the age for which we hope, when every pair of lives shall make a story sweet and strong with love and courage and thought—Meredith tries to set before us as a present ideal. Listen to the

standard of love that he has presented in Ottilia: "She could only love intelligently—love, that is, in the sense of giving herself. She had the power of passion and it could be stirred; but he who kindled it wrecked his chance if he could not stand clear in her intellect's unsparing gaze." So, too, Cecilia Halkett determined to know the truth of her lover: "Anything, pain and heart-rending, rather than the shutting of the eyes in an unworthy abandonment to mere emotion and fascination." Read, too, the comprehension of love that Diana gave Redworth: "The senses running their live sap, and the minds companioned, and the spirits made one by the whole-natured conjunction."

With these tendencies to prosaic opinions, it is not surprising that Meredith manages his love-stories oddly. For example, he has no faith in that beautiful and spiritual conception of the immortality of every real affection. Men and women may love long and even eagerly, yet when disappointed find themselves entirely heart-whole. This may happen more than once; yet he repudiates the thought that by these temporary affections the soul's chastity of love is lost for the final and successful lover. Sandra Belloni, one of the most original and lovely women of modern literature, falls deeply in love with a man who cares little for her, wins after a while his complete devotion, finds that she has read his and her own heart wrongly, is then loved by a strong, grave man, and cannot realize her desire to love him. In *Vittoria*, the sequel to her first story, she loves and after difficulties marries a young hero of the Italian cause, with whom her life is not quite happy—and, after years, stands (just for the final curtain to fall upon her) hand in hand with her old, high-souled lover, taught at last that the confidence and contentment she so long had known with him was truer love than the flash of emotion that she had believed requisite for marriage. Diana marries a man from impulse not even romantic, finds herself scourged for her mistake by domestic misery, loves a brilliant young statesman with complete abandon, is jilted by him just as her husband's death leaves her free. From this passion thus crushed, she indeed needs a long time to recover; but after a while, graver and yet more womanly, she gives her final and consummate love to a

quiet, long-devoted lover, another of Meredith's favorite heroes, genuine character from heart to hand. Harry Richmond loves Ottilia and at first even dislikes Janet; Ottilia loves him. Her judgment teaches her that she will more wisely both for herself and for him, marry another; he accepts necessity, and comes to love even more truly the devoted girl whom he had been disposed to ignore.

According to our author, engagements are not sacred bonds: marriage is of too serious importance for the sentiment of a preliminary plighting to be respected, if the added knowledge of that closer intimacy reveals new and uncongenial qualities. So Rose comes to Evan only after she has torn herself from the selfish, scornful Laxley, who had received her promise. Clara, winning, plucky girl, fights single-handed against lover, father, and family entanglements, when almost on the eve of her wedding she discovers that the man she supposed she loved has been wearing a mask. She, too, succeeds, and again it is the genuine character, the quiet, sincere, true man whom she has trusted and respected that she finds she loves.

"May no dear woman whom I know," exclaims one of these troubled heroines, "ever marry the man she first loves?" Not if a girl's first love is founded upon inexperience of the world and her own capacities and needs. No sentiment, these books keep showing us, is more silly for woman or man than the idea that there is heroism or beauty in loyalty to the ghost of a mistaken affection, always provided that the mistake is discovered in time. As in *Rhoda Fleming*, the loves that Meredith likes and trusts as the happiest, are those founded upon worth and dignity of character; respect is better than fancy, the mind's approval is a safer match-maker than fascination of eye or ear or heart. For marriage, he keeps reminding us, is such a practical affair. Nevil Beauchamp, who had wished to marry Renée and then Cecilia, finally chooses a third for whom he has less emotion, but in whom he finds responsiveness of character to his own needs. "Instead of starting out of romance and poetry with him," we are told of Jenny Denham, "she taught him the joys of sweet companionship, simple delights, a sister mind." His first love had been an ecstasy, his second confused with material advantage. Let the rapture go, for "this sober

adviser, with homelier deep eyes and thoughtfuller brows"; let the wealth go, "let all go, for dowerless Jenny," "whose lover he came to be through being her husband."

This almost uniform treatment of love and marriage shows that Mr. Meredith has a very stout belief in the principles that I have outlined. Many of his lovers could repeat to each other Michelangelo's grave line to Vittoria:

"La vita del mio amor non è il cor mio."

Only those who have read these novels, however, can appreciate how far his love-stories are from coldness. The lyrical joyousness of early romance that we find in *Richard Feverel* does indeed yield in his later books to less exultant sentiment; the *allegro assai* passes into an *adagio*; in place of the quick, sensational, rapturous loves of youths and maidens, with increasing fondness he dwells on long love-trial that ends seldom buoyantly. But there is satisfaction and strength in the love of hearts established by thought and experienced in the meaning of life; nor is there lack of sweetness and tenderness in the calm serious contentment to which this novelist loves to introduce, not boys and girls, but men and women—to whom life is no fairy dream but a reality, its best joys chastened, its privileges linked with duty. His test of love is proved capacity for mutual service. This tried affection, he tells us, "lives, because it lives to nourish and succor, like the heavens."

TOMPKINS McLAUGHLIN.

ARTICLE II.—MONTANA AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.

MONTANA, or according to the Spanish pronunciation *Montanya*, which signifies the land of mountains, or in the Indian dialect, “*Ta-a-be-shock-up*,” country of mountains, was organized and set apart as a territorial commonwealth by act of congress, approved May 26th, 1864.

On the completion of twenty-one years of territorial life it proposed to lay aside its swaddling clothes for the robes of statehood, passed a State constitution, and after four years of knocking at the doors of congress for admission as a State into the Union was finally admitted February 22d, 1889.

Is her application meritorious or pretentious?

TERRITORIAL AREA.

It is bounded on the north by the British Possessions, easterly by Dakota, southerly by Wyoming and Idaho, and westerly by Idaho.

These widely separated lines contain 145,776 square miles and near 100,000,000 acres of land. In order to more fully comprehend the significance of these figures, I will add, that they embrace a territorial area greater in extent by 12,114 square miles than all the six New England States, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland combined,—more than eighteen times larger than Massachusetts, and more than thirty-one times larger than Connecticut.

Take another illustration. The northern boundary of Montana exceeds by more than 100 miles the distance between Boston and Washington, and the distance from its northern to its southern extremity equals that from Long Island Sound to Montreal.

The Rocky Mountains run through Montana from north to south, dividing it into eastern and western declivities. In the whole range of the Rockies, from its northern to its southern boundary, gold, silver and other precious metals are found.

THE PHYSICAL ASPECT

and properties of the territory are all the imagination can desire. Greece never boasted of fairer skies ; Italy never rejoiced in a firmament more deeply blue ; Germany never revealed sublimer forests, or Switzerland grander mountains, or more romantic scenery than may be seen in Montana.

No man has ever seen the beauty and solemn impressive grandeur of American scenery, who has not looked upon the Rocky Mountains, with peak o'er peak rising to the clouds, the broad plains and emerald valleys that nestle in their shadows, the bright full moon and crispy Northern Lights that irradiate the firmament with evening splendor.

The pure atmosphere of these altitudes seemingly brings the blue dome of the heavens, gemmed with stars of electric brilliancy, nearer to the earth than any other locality I was ever in.

For two hundred miles of weary march, across dusty, monotonous plains, the eyes of the traveler have watched their snowy crowns and dingy sides, their lights and shadows, their deep gorges and rocky precipices, their sublime forests and leaping cascades, as the alluring goal of his ambition, the end of his journey where he is to search for that power that rules the world.

ITS RIVER SYSTEM

is the finest on the continent. Its western slope is drained by the head waters of the Columbia river, and its tributaries which flow westward through Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, emptying into the Pacific ocean, with an expanse broad and deep enough to float the navies of the world.

Its eastern slope is drained by three great rivers, the Jefferson (starting near the head waters of the Columbia), Madison, and Galatin, and their tributaries, which unite in forming the Missouri river, which sweeps on to the sea, gathering into its bosom a thousand other streams that course through the valleys and beautify the landscape.

These mountain streams, clear as crystal, are full of delicious mountain trout, as pretty speckled beauties as ever feasted the vision, or tickled the palate of Isaac Walton, or as ever played

hide-and-seek with the angler in the streams and lakelets of New England.

Think of the Connecticut river, with its 450 miles in length from its source to its mouth; of the Hudson, with its 350 miles from its source to the sea, and then think of the Missouri river, with its 3,000 miles of navigable waters, gathering into its sweeping current rivers longer and larger than the Connecticut, the Hudson, or the Ohio at Pittsburgh, and you get some idea of the sweeping majesty of that stream, which cuts its way through the Rocky Mountains, near 200 miles below the confluence of the three rivers spoken of. Like the moving of terrific power rejoicing in its freedom with the song of victory, it plunges into the rocky chasm called the "Gate of the Mountains," defiant of all opposition. Warren, in his *Physical Geography*, says: "For a distance of six miles the rocks rise perpendicular from the water's edge to the height of 1,200 feet, and for the first three miles there is only one spot where man can stand between the waters and the mountain side."

I have never been through this mysterious "gate-way," but I have been told by those who have, that it is a scene of awful sublimity and impressive grandeur, holding man almost breathless as the boiling waters hurry through the rocky chasm, where the human voice is answered back with startling echoes, which reverberate from wall to wall till the whole space seems peopled with invisible, talking spirits, each clamorous for the last word in the controversy.

One hundred and ten miles further down brings one to the "Great Falls" of the Missouri. The roaring of its many waters can be heard from seven to ten miles distant. There is a succession of falls here, one 90, one 50 feet, and others of lesser note. Just above the falls the river is 800 yards wide and ten feet deep, but at the falls it is compressed into 400 yards in width.

Twenty-five miles further down brings one to Fort Benton, the head of steamboat navigation, over 3,000 miles by river above St. Louis,—actually, according to a published table of distances from point to point, 3,175 miles.

The Missouri river vastly exceeds in length, breadth, and depth the Mississippi river, and should be called the parent

stream. From its source to its junction with the Mississippi is about 4,000 miles, while the Mississippi, from its source to its junction with the Missouri, is less than 2,000 miles.

The Missouri, from its headwaters to the Gulf, is the longest river in the world, being about 5,000 miles in length, and the area it drains is estimated at 518,000 square miles.

The Yellowstone river, starting in the Yellowstone Park, near the southern boundary of Montana, runs in a northeasterly direction, draining the hills and valleys of Montana, empties into the Missouri river at the eastern boundary of the territory, and is a thousand miles in length, with steamboat navigation exceeding the entire length of the Hudson river. It has a succession of magnificent waterfalls; one with a perpendicular plunge of 350 feet, and others of grand proportions. A late government map represents the falls respectively to be 162, 350, 200, 84, 82 feet, and a cascade of 1,300 feet. The waters in their haste to the sea, leap, tumble, foam and surge down rocky declivities, and over stony beds, 3,000 feet in 20 miles.

The deep gorge through which this river passes belongs to the mysteries of creation. Its rugged walls are from 200 to 500 feet apart, and in depth in some places 2,000 feet—so deep that no sound of the rushing waters below ever reach the listening ear at the top. These gray old rocks hold “the mysteries of their birth in dismal shadows from age to age.”

The suspension bridge at Niagara is 250 feet above the water; a like bridge over the Yellowstone cañon would be 2,000 feet. The falls at Niagara are 164 feet in height, 186 feet less than the great Yellowstone falls.

Besides the rivers named there are scores of other large, beautiful streams within Montana which empty into the Missouri. These rivers gather up the scattered waters from mountain top to valley and pour them into this great river arm, which reaches through the body and heart of the republic, emptying them into the gulf, where an unseen power again picks them up and scatters them in pearly rain drops over the parched earth, watering the gardens of Eden under rainbows of promise.

While Montana was christened the Land of Mountains, it is also a country of rivers.

ITS MOUNTAINS.

Some of them lift their majestic heads above snow line, and wear their white, shining caps undisturbed from generation to generation, flashing morning sunlight into teeming valleys below, around whose crowned heads linger the last rays of the evening sun, e'er he sinks behind the billows of the Pacific. Out of these mountain sides, interlaced with gigantic ribs of rock and molten earth, spangled with stars of glittering gold and shining silver, at all altitudes, issue living springs of clear, cold water, that ripples down the hillsides and sparkles through the valleys.

Some of these mountains are as solemn in silence, as impressive in grandeur, as sublime in majesty, as mysterious in surroundings as the mount on which Moses held converse with Jehovah, and which holds in secret his burial place till this day.

Fort Benton was never a military fort but a trading post, established by the American Fur Company in 1850, and was one of the most important on the river, if not in the whole country. From this point alone more than half a million of dollars worth of furs and robes were annually shipped to the States.

The store rooms, dwelling houses and workshops were built of adobe brick, of much strength, with port-hole turrets for look-out and defence. These buildings again were surrounded by a stockade of high poles close together, one end embedded in the ground, and the other riveted in their fastenings at the top, giving ample room in the enclosure for storage, and made capable of resisting attacks by Indians in any mode of warfare then known to them. A large gate in the stockade opened to the enclosure, through which Indians passed in limited numbers at a time, to exchange their robes and furs for red paint, beads, gaudy calico, and red blankets, so attractive to the race. As soon as one squad had finished trading they were turned out to make room for others to enter who had remained outside of the stockade waiting their opportunity, it not being prudent to let too many in at a time, beside being inconvenient for the want of room to accommodate a whole tribe at once.

The exchange price for a good buffalo robe, formerly, was a cup of sugar, a yard of calico, a string of beads, and perhaps a

little red paint, a plug of tobacco added, for an extra nice robe, or choice lot of furs. If an Indian could get several coveted articles in exchange for one, the traffic was reckoned by them to be largely in their favor. These robes were dressed and tanned by the squaws, and by them brought to market, either upon their own backs or upon the backs of ponies. The squaws form the baggage train of the moving camp, while their Master Lords ride in stately ease, oblivious of all care or responsibility for the drudgery of the camp. All the labor among the Indians, except the chase, is performed by the squaws. They do everything: pitch the tent, move the camp, cut the wood, bring the water, dry the meat, dress the pelts, cook the meals, and when the repast is ready, first serve their Masters, contenting themselves with the scanty refuse that may be left.

Here around Benton, the Blackfeet nation of Indians, composed of the most powerful and warlike tribes of the mountains (save perhaps the Sioux), had their ranges, and pursued the chase unmolested, until the discovery of gold attracted into their hunting grounds the pale faces of their great father, whose presence was, as it always has been, the bane of the Indian in more ways than one.

In October, 1865, in company with the secretary and acting governor of the territory, with an armed escort, the writer started from Helena on horseback for Benton, 140 miles distant (visiting the Missouri falls on the way), to help the Indian agent make a treaty with the Indians, and witness the distribution of their annuities. Three log cabins, occupied by French half-breeds, and one occupied by an American living with two squaw wives of different tribes, were the only stationary evidences of civilized life that we saw at that time.

At Benton we met about 7,500 Indians, composed of the Blackfeet, Blood, Piegans, Gros Ventres, and Mountain Crows, to make a treaty with them, by which they were to relinquish to the government the country then being overrun by the whites. The Indians claimed all of that country as theirs, and the government had guaranteed them protection from intrusion by the whites. Indians were exasperated, and whites were lawless. Human life was unsafe and cheap on both sides. A good opportunity for skill in marksmanship with either the

rifle or bow and arrow was generally rewarded with bloody trophies. The Indians were sinned against as well as sinning. Whites would murder whites for plunder, scalp and mutilate their victims, and then report it as an Indian massacre, to be followed by similar outrages by the whites upon the Indians.

We made a treaty, by which the Indians were to give up their coveted lands, the land of their fathers—the gamiest country in the world, and go into a reservation on the borders of the British Possessions, and we distributed to them about \$7,500 in annuities, one dollar for each Indian, squaw, and papoose. These annuities consisted of dry goods, groceries, hardware, etc., suitable to the necessities, wants, and desires of the Indian.

During my three or four weeks stay there, before the treaty was signed and goods distributed, I saw Indian character in its fullest development, in nearly all its phases. Tribal chiefs in gay attire, in war paint with eagle feathers and wampum, with necklaces of polished bear claws and wolf teeth, that glistened in the sun and rattled with their movements, with bows and arrows, with tomahawks, scalping knives and trophies of war, saw them on the war-path, heard the war whoop, saw them in the war dance, saw them in the pow-wow around their dead brave, saw them in the burial ceremony, around the council fires, in the wigwam, on the field, in the chase, in their ceremonial rights to the Great Spirit, in their hunger and in their feasts, have smoked with them the pipe of peace, and confronted them with weapons of warfare in the hour of danger, and I declare, that in every condition of their nomadic life, the human mind cannot escape the conviction that in their native state they are a degraded, indolent, treacherous race, with no manly attributes of character worthy of poetry, song, or tradition.

Over and against this estimate of their character something should be placed to their credit. This was their own country, the land of their fathers, where sleep their brave dead. The Great Spirit had presided over their councils, and had given them an abundance of game at all seasons of the year. Success attended the chase. Horses, dogs, and papooses multiplied to

the tribes; they were happy and contented in their seclusion, and prosperous in their ways. But the Chinese walls of protection were broken down, men poured into their country by the thousands from all directions:

“They came as the winds come
When forests are rended;
They came as the waves come
When vessels are stranded,”

and they felt the situation keenly. The hand writing to them was on the wall. Beyond the realms where the lightnings flash and thunders roll, the shining stars shot the shadows of their fate athwart the heavens, and they read their doom in the evening sky, and comprehended the reality, amid the stirring scenes before them.

Forty steamers, that season, unloaded men and merchandise at Benton. Ponderous trains of merchandise and strange devices of machinery were moving across the country, cities were springing up as if by magic—the government was there with its officers collecting its revenues and enforcing its laws; game was unmercifully slaughtered and frightened from its ranges; a new order of strange proceedings to the Indian was being established in their midst, and he felt that his occupation was gone, and it was gone forever.

A recent letter from one of the principal mercantile firms at Benton, informs me:—

“That as late as the years 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1877, there were annually shipped from Benton, 80,000 buffalo robes; 15,000 to 20,000 mountain wolf skins, and 100 to 150 tons of deer and antelope skins, realizing over \$500,000.

After 1879 the number dwindled rapidly till 1884, when hardly 1,000 robes were brought to market; and now there is not one buffalo left, and to extinguish the last vestage of them, the white man is now gathering from the plains the dried bones, and shipping them to bone mills, to be ground into fertilizers.”

With the loss of game to the Indians, came also the loss of profits to the merchants. The old trading post of the American Fur Company at Benton, with its quarter of a century of thrilling history, has been abandoned—its walls are fallen to

decay—the bats nest in security upon shelves where have rested from time to time millions of dollars in furs, and the hoot of the owl breaks the silence of the midnight hour, where once echoed the busy tread of commerce.

The game is gone, and the Indian is going. His proud spirit is broken—his erect stalwart form is bending to the shadows of inevitable fate—his step trembles upon the threshold—he is passing away before the march of civilization, like dissolving snows from the breath of morning, and the “places that now know him, will soon know him no more forever.” Oh! how the waves of civilization have crowded them back from sea-girt shores to the rivers—from the rivers to the plains—from the plains to the mountains—from the mountains to the shadow land beyond the cycles of time.

Poor wards of the nation, deceived, defrauded, cheated by the Government, its officers, and people, they have gone down beneath their wrongs, and like the buffalo will soon be extinct. The problem of dealing with these poor people, now but remnants of once powerful tribes, is a humane one, and the government cannot too promptly awake to its importance, and with a liberal hand, lighten the shadows and avert the sorrows that environ them.

The relation of husband and wife among the Indians, is that of autocrat and servant. An Indian suing for the hand of a comely squaw, has a poor chance of success, unless bravery has attended him in the chase, or in prowess of warfare; and even then, he oft has to gauge his desires by the number of horses he can give the father in exchange for his daughter, the horse being to the Indian the standard of relative values, the same as stocks and bonds in civilized life.

As to faithfulness to their marriage vows, statistics give no data. The rules and laws of the tribe discriminate largely in favor of the male. The wife and daughter so to speak are owned by the husband and father. If the wife is overtaken in violation of one of the commandments without the consent of her husband (and such consent is often given and urged by the husband as a mark of favor), if she escape punishment by death, her face is often disfigured for life, and she is then banished from her husband's tent forever. I have never seen

such disfigurement upon the faces of the males, but such absence should not be construed as freedom from similar indulgence.

Mormon doctrines, to some extent, find favor among the chiefs and high-toned bucks of the tribe, although I never heard that they claimed any special revelation from the spirit land enforcing it as a religious obligation.

Some Indian tribes bury or dispose of their dead by elevating their bodies, wrapped in robes or blankets, upon a scaffolding of poles, about six feet from the ground, above the reach of wolves and beasts of prey. These remain sacred and are never disturbed by Indian hands, even though the otherwise coveted tribal ornaments buried with them drop upon the ground.

Each tribe has its head and lesser chiefs, who rule the policy of the tribe with more rigor than the governor and statutes do their constituencies in the States.

I have spoken of the Indian in their nomadic state, and not in their enforced colonization upon reservations, where they are kept in subjection by the power of our government. The difference between the two conditions, is like that of the tiger in the jungles, and the tiger caged for exhibition in the menagerie.

IN CLIMATIC DIVISION,

Montana compares with the belt of States east of the Mississippi River between the Ohio River and the Lakes, with a mean annual temperature at Benton, in the northerly part of the territory, of four degrees warmer than at Chicago.

Observations made by government officials at Helena for a series of years, revealed an average of 294 fair days each year, just 100 more than the average at Boston, while Buffalo and Chicago had but 170 each.

It is a mistaken idea, that the further north we go, the colder it grows, and the soil becomes correspondingly less productive. The whole of England, Wales, Scotland, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, and some of the most beautiful portions of France lie north of the northern boundary of Montana.

Deer Lodge valley is in the same latitude as Venice, and Montana's northerly boundary should not be deemed so freezingly

near the Arctic Seas, when we remember that it is on the same latitude as Paris. Climatic lines established by instrumental tests through a series of years, show that the temperature of the Bitter Root valley in western Montana, on the 46 degree of latitude, is the same as that of Philadelphia on the 41st.

The snow-fall, except on the mountains, is less than in New England, New York, and the belt of States north of the Ohio river above referred to.

In Deer Lodge valley, west of the mountains, after twenty years of careful observation, the fact was revealed, that in only two years did the snow-fall exceed four inches in depth at any one time, and then it quickly melted.

At Helena, which is about 1000 feet higher than some of the valleys, and of course somewhat colder, the average annual temperature for a number of years, was $44\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, while at Albany it was 48 at the same time.

The report at the U. S. Signal Station at Virginia City, which has an altitude of 5713 feet above sea-level, shows that with but one exception, the lowest temperature recorded in six years, was 19 degrees below zero, while in the States named, the thermometer during the same period frequently sank below 30.

The Missouri river, above the falls, invariably opens about one month earlier than at Omaha, about 500 miles farther south.

The altitudes and snow falls in Montana are less than in Wyoming and Colorado from 500 to 1,000 miles directly south.

THE SEASONS

are substantially divided into summer and winter; summer beginning in April and ending in November, when winter sets in and holds sway till April again. Some years, however, icy formations and frosty coverlids delay their coming till near January.

During the early summer months the hill-sides and valleys are decked with beautiful flowers of great variety, and in color as delicate as the tints and shadings of the rainbow. I have never seen anything in the whole floral kingdom exceeding their beauty, though I think them less fragrant than those

which deck New England fields and beautify New England homes.

THE AIR

is dry, pure, invigorating and healthful. No fatal epidemic has ever visited Montana, and the cholera will never frighten her people from their mountain homes.

The most common form of disease is a slow bilious fever, easily managed, and seldom fatal. Persons of consumptive tendencies, where disease has not already made fatal progress, experience relief and cure; every breath of the pure, invigorating air, perfumed with the aroma of pine and spruce, is a conscious inhalation of new life and strength. A haunch of venison, hoisted upon a pole in a mid-summer day, will dry and cure sweet without salt or smoke.

ITS PASTURAGE.

Cattle feed and fatten every month in the year upon native grass. Finer beef I never saw in eastern markets at Christmas and New Year's than hangs in Montana markets every month in the year, fattened exclusively upon native grass. It is a well recognized fact, that Montana beef, in Chicago and St. Louis markets, brings from one to two cents a pound higher price than beef from any other state or territory, not excepting the blue grass region of Kentucky.

Cattle-men understanding this fact, drive their herds from Texas and other southern localities into Montana, to fatten upon its pastures before taking them to market.

For sweet, tender, juicy, and delicate flavored mutton, Montana has no rival, and horses thrive equally well upon its native grass. Indian tribes counted their horses by thousands, not one of which ever saw a stack of hay or sheaf of grain. In the early days of my residence there, stage-horses made their daily trips over different stage routes, as rapidly in point of time and distance, as used to be made in stage-going days between New York and Boston, without feeding hay or grain, or stabling the horses summer or winter. As soon as the coach arrived at a station the harnesses were stripped off, the horses turned loose to pick their living—another team hitched up to go to the next

station, and so the teams went back and forth on their daily trips, and they kept in good condition.

With all of these fascinating realities, this marvelous country lay buried in distant seclusion, destitute of the throbbing arteries of ambition and enterprise, till her solitudes were broken by the hand of industry, following the discovery of gold at Bannock in July, 1862. Bannock is in the southwesterly corner of Montana, almost upon the border line between Montana and Idaho.

The next discovery of importance was in Alder Gulch at Virginia City, out of which it is estimated that over twelve million of dollars in placer gold was taken from the sluice boxes alone. These and other discoveries attracted public attention. People rushed there in great numbers, and Congress, at once provided for them a Territorial Government.

Sidney Edgerton, Chief Justice of Idaho, formerly of Ohio, was its first governor. H. L. Hosmer, of Ohio, was appointed Chief Justice; Judge Williston of Pennsylvania, Associate Justice of Dakota, was transferred to Montana; Mr. Neeley, nephew and private secretary of Senator Grimes of Iowa, was Attorney General; and George M. Pinney of Wisconsin, United States Marshal.

Appointees at once made preparation to leave for their distant and almost unknown fields of labor. Two routes were open to them for choice, both through a country filled with hostile Indians; one over the old Mormon trail from Omaha to Salt Lake, a distance of about 1,100 miles, and then several hundred miles northward to their destination—the other up the Missouri river.

They rendezvous at Omaha on the river, and there decide upon the overland route. They purchase their outfit, with three months provisions for the journey, join an emigrant train and start, arriving in Montana in October, 1864.

They found a large population there, among it vile robbers, murderers, thieves, and gamblers, who had gone there for plunder. Gold they would have at any cost, and human life was a small obstacle in their way of getting it. Crime was rampant with no laws or courts for its restraint.

But among this rough, lawless element, were as brave, true men as ever faced danger or met duty. Out of dire necessity they organized themselves into a

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE

for protection, and for a time it was a question which would be cleaned out first, the committee or the banditti. It was a trying crisis for the future of the Territory. Vile men and bad women, long emancipated from the restraints of home, and the refining influence of virtuous society, who had followed camp life on the Pacific slope as long as it was safe for them to remain there, had come to Montana in full force, and full of wicked plots and dark deeds.

This committee, hardly knowing whom to invite in or exclude from its councils, with resolute purpose, with physical bravery and moral courage that would have crowned them martyrs at the stake in any age of the world, went forward with their work. Detective agencies were sent out, the net-work was woven, and at a given signal, the net was sprung, criminals were arrested and brought in from different points to a designated place, and there charged with crime, a trial was had, and five of them were hung at one time. This was the most important trial, and faithful day's work ever done in the Territory. Other similar arrests, trials, convictions, and executions were had, sometimes one, two, and three executions at a time, till between the 21st day of December, 1863, and the 3rd day of February, 1864, a little over one month, at Virginia City and Bannock 24 of these outlaws, including the sheriff and two of his deputies, were hung by the Vigilantes; and eight others, including two attorneys who had defended the criminals at the trial, were banished from the Territory. Execution was speedy, usually within an hour after conviction. After every execution, good people breathed freer; that is, those who could breath at all, for it was found at the trials by proof, confession, and otherwise, that these vile miscreants had murdered in cold blood for plunder 102 people in Montana. Other similar murders were committed, but the red-handed assassins escaped detection.

These trials were before a Vigilante jury, presided over with dignity and decorum, with a conscientious regard for the rights of the innocent, as well as stern justice for the guilty. If on trial, suspicion was strong but evidence weak, the accused was given so many hours to leave the Territory, and if he did not leave within the time limited, he never left at all.

No one once warned waited for a second call, and he asked for no days of grace to the time limited. The history of the Vigilance Committee in Montana is so incorporated into its early history, that I feel justified in alluding to it, as one of the necessary forces used to eradicate a greater evil. It will be remembered, that at the time of this active work of the Vigilantes, there was not an organized court in the limits of the Territory, and not one east between the Rocky mountains and Yankton, in Dakota, 1,000 miles distant.

On the 14th of March, 1865, just one month to a day before the assassination of President Lincoln, I received from him my commission as one of the three United States Judges for Montana. Accepting the appointment, I began preparation for starting. I could gain but little information, by correspondence or inquiry, as to the condition of affairs in the Territory, where I should be located when there, or the best way to go. Deciding upon the river route, I shipped my library to St. Louis, taking a steamer there May 15th, 1865. It took us over forty days to reach Benton, and fifty-three to reach Helena.

Passing Yankton, in the lower corner of Dakota, we entered a country filled with hostile Indians. Military forts along the river were besieged by the redskins, and their commanders tried to impress upon the captain of our boat the perils of the trip, and Col. Reeves, at Fort Rice, showed us a poisoned arrow taken from the body of one of his soldiers who had died that day in great agony from its effects.

The pilot house of our boat was sheathed with boiler iron, and other precautions taken for safety in case of attack. There was no security in traveling through the Indian country at that date except in large, well-armed parties, and even then, cattle and mule trains were frequently stampeded by the bold dash and dreaded war-whoop of the Indians, who swept down like an evil spirit of the winds, to help themselves to the scalps of the drivers, and plunder from the trains.

Many to this day remember how frequently the coaches on the over-land-route were attacked by the Indians, and how thrillingly graphic were the scenes described by those who escaped the peril.

On our way up the river we encountered vast herds of buffalo, moving from southern to northern feeding grounds. The plains on either side of the river were literally covered with them as far as the eye could reach. They came to the river-bank, and plunged into the sweeping floods regardless of fear, and swam for the opposite shore like veterans in their native element. Such a sight will never again be witnessed by mortal eyes. The river was full of them; so full that we were obliged to stop the steamer to avoid being swamped by them. One stalwart fellow became entangled in the wheel of the steamer, and in his efforts for release ripped out some of the buckets of the wheel, necessitating repairs. We lassoed some of the fat heifers and calves and killed them on the boat for fresh meat. The country was full of buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, and other game, and many was the lucky shot that supplied our larder with game on our way up.

Reaching Benton, we took a mule train for Helena, or Last Chance Gulch, as it was then called (a name given it because it was discovered late in the preceding fall), arriving there Sunday, July 8th, 1865.

This was a lively town. Five thousand people were there. Streets were blockaded with men and merchandise; ox trains, mule trains, and pack trains surrounded the town, waiting a chance to unload. The saw and hammer were busy in the putting up of storehouses, cabins, and in constructing sluice boxes for the washing out of gold, which was found in nearly every rod of its valley soil.

Auctioneers were crying their wares, trade was lively, saloons crowded, hurdygurdy dance-houses in full blast; wild mustang horses, never before bridled or saddled, with Mexican riders upon their backs, whereon man never sat before, were running and jumping and kicking and bucking to unhorse their riders, much to the amusement of the jeering crowd, and presenting a scene as exciting as a Spanish bull fight.

There was also suspended to the limb of a tree a man hung by the Vigilance Committee the night before, which was the eighth specimen of similar fruit encased in leather boots that tree had borne in so many months.

Saturday nights and Sunday mornings miners would come into town with their week's wages, and they would drink, dance, and gamble, and gamble, dance, and drink till their money was gone, and then go back to camp after the excitement of the day was over, completely "strapped," to work another week, and then renew the folly at its close. Is it any wonder, then, that such indulgence, under such influences, should blossom into crime?

The disbanding of Price's army in Missouri brought to the territory a rough, restless element from that source, and although courts had been organized ready for business in two districts, the Vigilantes continued their work. Now and then a man would be found hanging by the neck at a good place for observation, with a label upon upon his back, "Road Agent," and that was all the explanation ever given. "Road Agent" was a mountain phrase to designate a highway robber or perpetrator of kindred crimes.

At a conference with the other judges, I spoke of this mode of life-taking, and insisted that such cases should be noticed by the courts. One of the judges, who understood the necessity of sure, speedy work with criminals, said for the present he was content to let the Vigilantes go on; they could attend to this branch of jurisprudence cheaper, quicker, and better than it could be done in the courts—besides we had no secure jails in which to confine criminals.

The other judge coincided with him, and said: "If you attempt to try one of these 'Road Agents' in the courts, his comrades will get him clear, or if he should be convicted, the lives of the witnesses who testify against him, and of the judge who sentences him, will not be worth the shoes they wear."

My court opened the first week in August, 1865. In my charge to the grand jury, I took occasion to say that the temple of justice was that day opened for the first time in that district for the trial of civil and criminal causes, and that, however satisfactory an excuse there might hitherto have been for secret trials, and midnight executions by impulsive, irresponsible persons, no such necessity existed any longer; and that all such proceedings must now be left to the courts.

My next term opened in December, 1865. A murder had just been committed. Through the vigilance of the court-officers the murderer was arrested and held for trial in the court. A rescue and summary punishment of the prisoner was threatened. The officers of the court (the jail not being very secure) guarded the prisoner to prevent escape or rescue. At night the prisoner was taken from the jail to the court room, where it was warm and comfortable for the officers on duty; one leg of the prisoner was shackled and secured to a staple in the floor. The officers, well armed, remained on duty through the night in the room, while a trusty sentinel patrolled outside to prevent surprise. This was more agreeable to the prisoner who was afraid of rescue and summary punishment, than pleasant to his keepers. No braver officers ever lived than the marshal and his deputies, Neil Howie, John Featherstone, and J. X. Biedler, and it gives me personal pleasure to accord to them the merit of having contributed largely to the establishment of order and good government over the discordant elements in the territory.

The grand jury was in attendance, and I charged them upon the work before them, and upon such other matters as might be the subject of inquiry if occasion should arise during the term. They found a true bill against the prisoner and I excused their further attendance upon the court for a week, at which time they were again to appear in court without further summons or notice. The prisoner was put upon trial for the offence charged in the indictment. The officers guarded him day and night. The court room was packed during the whole trial, the Vigilantes were said to be largely represented. The verdict of the Jury was murder in the second degree, which was satisfactory to the court, and the community; no appeal was taken. Sentence was passed, and in less than thirty days from the commission of the homicide, the prisoner was serving out the penalty in the territorial prison at Virginia City.

Thomas F. Meagher, Secretary and acting Governor of the Territory at the time, while under the influence of an unfortunate habit, pardoned and set the prisoner at liberty! On being released from prison, the man went back to Helena, swearing revenge upon the witnesses who had testified against him. Arriving at Helena about 9 o'clock in the evening, he was im-

mediately surrounded by the Vigilantes and was hanged at 10 o'clock, with the pardon in his pocket.

This was the 9th specimen of kindred fruit that famous hang-man's tree at Helena had borne in one year. They all went up with their boots on; and as death found them, so the grave covered them.

This trial in the courts for murder was the first ever held in the territory, and it marked a new era in its jurisprudence. No further threats of rescue were heard during all the after years of my judicial administration there. After I left Montana, I learned that four other persons were hung upon that famous tree by the Vigilantes, thirteen in all, when a clergyman, ostensibly to reform the morals of the community, cut the tree down, and when it was safely housed, peddled it out, for canes, and that tree became as famous for the number of canes it produced, as it had been, for the number of persons that had cast their last look up among its branches, before testing the strength of its fibers at the end of a rope.

From 24 to 36 hours of good hanging was generally considered long enough to warrant a certificate that life was extinct, and the body ready for burial.

THE MONTANA BAR

was composed in the main of well educated, good lawyers, and accomplished gentlemen, some of whom had held judicial positions in the States before going there. They were loyal to their profession, to the courts and the commonwealth, and their influence did much to bring order out of chaos, and establish good government for the people.

The machinery of civil government had now come into good working order. Green Clay Smith had arrived as Governor; Secretary Meagher in a fit of delirium had fallen into the Missouri river, and its murky floods swept his body out of sight forever. The three co-ordinate branches of civil government were in harmony for the future glory of the Territory. Emigration of families of the better class came there for future homes. Fond wives and devoted mothers had said in the language of Ruth: "Whither thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

The presence of virtuous women inspired rough miners with respect, and their gentle admonitions to the wayward prodigal were like merciful visitations to the doomed. Missionary work was commenced, churches were built and schools opened. Ten thousand people gathered into Helena, and good society blessed the land. All the throbbing impulses of a prosperous commonwealth beat in harmony for its future glory. Agriculture, commerce, arts, and sciences began to flourish. Harvests bountiful and rich gladdened the valleys; flocks and herds multiplied, and gold and silver rewarded industry at the mines.

I cannot give the exact amount of gold and silver taken from Montana since its organization to the present. From 1864 to December 31, 1878, there was collected for the United States Revenue department \$732,394.68.

The report of the Director of the Mint at Philadelphia to the Secretary of the Treasury, giving an account of all the gold and silver deposited at the mints and assay offices of the United States for coinage, from all the gold and silver-producing States and Territories, twenty-eight in number, since the organization of each to the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1885, credits Montana with \$67,792,617.27, for coinage alone.

A tabulated report, compiled by the Commissioner of States and Territories to the Secretary of the Treasury, year 1884, page 286, gives the amount of the placer-gold of Montana taken from 1864 to 1884 at \$150,000,000.

The printed annual statements of Wells, Fargo Express Company, dated January 1st, 1885, for the year 1884, gives an account of the gold and silver shipped by them from Montana in the year 1884, at \$11,862,000. Their like statement for the year 1885 credits Montana with \$14,224,572; year 1886 \$20,840,000; 1887 \$25,483,275.

To these amounts should be added what goes out of the territory in other ways and channels besides those of Wells, Fargo Express Company. Governor Hauser of Montana, President of the National Bank at Helena, and largely interested in mining, estimated before a Congressional committee, the output of the mines there in 1886, at \$30,000,000, of which \$10,000,000 went directly to Europe.

From these separate data and sources of information, may be gathered an idea of the marvelous mineral wealth in Montana. From the best estimate I can form after careful examination, I place the product of gold and silver taken from Montana between 1864 and January 1, 1889, at from \$300,000,000 to \$325,000,000. Rich in gold and silver, it is also rich in copper, lead, iron, and coal.

With the opening of railroads, the introduction of improved machinery crushing the gold and silver ores, the facilities for mining and saving the products, we may expect a large increase from the mines there in the years to come.

Pure gold is worth \$19.20 per ounce, or \$230.40 per pound. Coin gold is worth \$18.00 per ounce, or \$216.00 a pound, the difference being in short weight, and alloy used to harden the coin.

During my early residence there, gold dust was the circulating medium, and contracts were made and purchases settled for in this commodity. Each place of business had its little scales where balances were adjusted. In the saloons where whiskey was sold at 30 cents a drink, the beam of the scales went down with the weight of gold as rapidly as the whiskey went down the throats of the drinkers. It was easy to tell which had the advantage in this exchange. Sometimes a looker-on, seeing the size of the drinks, would conclude that the drinker thought himself a long way ahead in the exchange, and the oftener he drank the more sure he became that such was the fact.

MONTANA IS INVITING.

The power and dread of the Indian is gone. Cattle, horses, and sheep roam in fatness and contentment upon the hills and in the valleys. Christian homes dot the landscape, golden harvests gladden the fields, old routes of travel are improved and safe. The Union Pacific Railroad with its branches reach up into the Territory for its commerce, with palace cars for comfortable travel. The Northern Pacific Railroad is completed, running through Helena, the capital of the Territory, and on to the Pacific Ocean. So that now we can take the cars in New England, and with but few changes ride to the

gold fields and silver mines of Montana with ease and comfort, visiting the Yellowstone Park, nature's wonderland, unequaled in marvelous natural wonders on the globe. Churches are well filled on the Sabbath, schools are provided with accomplished teachers, society is good and life as secure there as in cities in the States.

The population of Montana is estimated at 140,000, which with their natural increase, supplemented with the emigration pouring into the territory, are rapidly swelling its numbers; and

THIS IS MONTANA,

fair in proportions, vigorous in growth, athletic in development. What shall be her future? Standing as we do at the bright morning of her existence, it is proper not only to contemplate the brightness of her rising, but to anticipate the glories that shall mingle in her noonday splendor. Her years to come shall be marked with a teeming population—a vigorous, full development of all the agencies that shall make her a happy, prosperous commonwealth, whose representative hands shall soon help guide the destinies of the republic in the councils of the nation; and if the liberties of the people become engulfed beneath the surging waves of political strife, her mountain homes shall preserve their charter till the storm is passed, and then hand it down to a ransomed people whose God is the Lord.

L. E. MUNSON.

ARTICLE III.—THE MEDICAL PROFESSION, THE MEDICAL SECTS, AND THE LAW.*

Ladies and Gentlemen :

I STAND here wondering, wondering that you have invited me to address you, and that I have had the audacity to accept your flattery. Had I known that so famous and really great an orator as Mr. Chauncey Depew was to follow me this afternoon my courage would have failed me ; but perhaps it is fitting after all,—for I have noticed in the far-off Dakota Highlands, where the sun is most unrelenting in the intensity of his splendor, that the twilight which ushers in the master of the day is grayest, coldest, most colorless.

Many, perhaps all of you, have knowledge of Sir Joseph Fayrer,—great, as he is, among the great doctors of England. Led by circumstances in his early manhood to India, the stripling soon became famous, not merely for his medical skill, but for the imperturbability, the successful intelligence, with which he faced in the jungle the Bengal tiger, or in the trenches or street mêlée the merciless rage of the rebellious Sepoy. Thus it came to pass that when the Prince of Wales was about to visit India and some one was wanted who had the moral courage to give positive direction to his wanderings, and physical courage to thrust himself, if need be, between the Prince and the Mohammedan fanatic, striving to reach paradise through assassination,—that the future Sir Joseph was selected. At once in the eyes of the English nation his greatness became colossal ;—had he not sat in the very presence, aye, for a season had he not ruled the coming king ? Some years since I chanced to meet at a reception a dignitary of the church of England, who, speaking to me of Sir Joseph Fayrer and his rise to power, said with truly British

* The Annual Address in Medicine at Yale University, delivered in Battell Chapel, June 25, 1889, by H. C. Wood, M.D., LL.D. (Yale), Professor in the University of Pennsylvania.

emphasis: "Indeed he had wonderful luck; you know he was nothing but a medical man." And so I come before you to-day, nothing but "a medical man," having neither wit, nor words, nor worth, action nor utterance, nor the power of speech to stir men's blood. If mayhap in any way I can interest or instruct you, it must be by selecting some topic in which we have a common interest, but concerning which I have special knowledge. I have, therefore, ventured to call your attention to the condition of the medical profession in the United States, and the pressing need there is for legislation concerning it. It is hardly necessary for me to waste the moments in enforcing the truism that medical science is now capable of accomplishing good by the relief of pain, by the shortening of the time of disability, and occasionally by the actual saving of life. I may, however, be pardoned mentioning one fact demonstrated by the last census. The country woman, by her superior physical strength and her isolation, is better prepared for maternity than is her sister in the city; and yet the census shows that the mortality of child-bearing in the country is 10 per cent. greater than in the city, a result whose explanation seems to be found in the fact that medical aid is reached more slowly in the country than in the city, and that there is a larger proportion of improperly educated physicians in the country than in the town.

The American medical profession has in it a multitude of rightly educated physicians, but it comprises also an enormous number who are but partially educated in their profession. Of all places in the universe,—in America there are doctors and doctors.

The American medical profession cannot be in any degree held responsible for its condition, not merely because it has no power over its own members after they have entered, but especially because it has no control over the gates through which men flock into it. In some States, the law allows any one to set up as a doctor who wishes; whilst where there is any law regulating the mode of entrance into the profession,—such law usually puts the power of granting the right to practice into the hands of the medical college. To be sure the medical college is nominally required to examine the candidates and to shut out the unfit. Almost any small group of physicians can,

however, constitute themselves a medical school, and conduct their examinations so privately that no outsiders can know whether these trials be substance or shadow. The national vice, the imperative desire to get on in the immediate present, fills the land with persons who wish to get the right to practice medicine at the lowest outlay in money, time, and labor. For these candidates, the schools bid one against the other; and so the standard falls lower and lower; medical education becomes a farce, and the doors of entrance to practice stand wide open to any one who can raise a few hundred dollars.

It is but a few years since, in the University of Michigan, a State institution supported by taxation, not subject, therefore, to the pressure of a struggling poverty,—only two years of study were required for graduation in medicine; though he who wished to become an apothecary was forced to apply himself for three full years; this time the servant was above his lord, the lesser more than the greater.

At the recent examination for the Army Board, of thirty doctors who had been picked out from among the best graduates and had been especially prepared for the army examination,—only two reached the required standard. I believe myself that not 20 per cent. of the graduates of medicine in America could pass the State examination required in Germany for license to practice. Humiliating though it be, yet it is true that an American Medical Diploma has in itself no meaning, and that it will never be a true certificate of technical knowledge and education until it is supplemented by the law.

I shall not weary you at this time with any detailed discussion of the laws which would be suitable for the circumstances in which we find ourselves in this republic, but shall try simply to throw some light upon the chief difficulty in the way of practical legislation,—namely the existence of the so called sects of medicine. The practical legislator sees the American medical profession apparently made up of warring sects, each claiming to hold the truth, each jealous of the other; and he drops the whole subject, because it seems to him impossible to reconcile these differences, and to make a law which shall be at once satisfactory and just; or, as in Pennsylvania, by grasping at the shadow of justice he misses the substance; and he

places or attempts to place the interests of six thousand regular physicians under the control of seven hundred so-called irregular doctors. He gives or attempts to give legal acknowledgment to the existence of so-called schools of medicine ; whereas the law ought never to recognize the existence of medical sects, because they are accidents of the day and cannot be permanent. Error or half truths may for a time be mistaken for realities, but must be only for a time. Indeed, at present, practitioners of medicine are divided simply into two great camps or bodies. On the one side are those physicians who are generally known as regulars, allopaths, or old-school doctors ; on the other side are the various sects of medicine, homœopaths, eclectics, with a miscellaneous rabble beneath them of Christian scientists, faith cure, and oxygen quacks, electrical specialists, and so on, and so on. The regular profession of medicine is not a sect, it does not confess allegiance to any one dominant principle ; it refuses to believe in any single definite therapeutic dogma ; it strives simply in every possible way by the aid of science and experience to help the sick. The sects of medicine, however, are guided or claim to be guided by certain fixed principles which they worship as therapeutic laws. They are of necessity dogmatic and exclusive ; they deserve and are proud to be known by titles which savor in themselves of exclusivism. Narrow and dogmatic in adherence to alleged principles, they must perish or become absolutely dominant according as these principles shall prove to be false or true.

The code of ethics, published by the American Medical Association is to the regular physician what the creed is to the churchman ;—the only binding clause which it contains restricting the freedom of belief or practice says,—“ But no one can be considered a regular practitioner, or a fit associate in consultation, whose practice is based upon exclusive dogma, the rejection of the accumulated experience of the profession, and of the aids actually furnished by anatomy, physiology, pathology, and organic chemistry.”

The regular profession rejects homœopathy, eclecticism, allopathy, and all other “ pathies,” because they are narrow, and leaves absolutely to the judgment of the individual practitioner the method in which he shall treat the individual case of dis-

ease before him,—claiming only that the practitioner shall not bind himself within the narrow hoops of an exclusive dogma.

Of the various sects of medicine, the only one which by its numbers and influence challenges our attention is the homœopathic. The essential doctrines of Hahnemannism were originally three. The first of these taught that chronic disease is the result of a general poisoning of the system by a humor, which, when it finds its way to the surface causes the itch. Microscopic investigation, and the consequent discovery of the itch insect, long since gave to this theory its quietus.

The second doctrine of homœopathy, which still survives to some extent, inculcates, not merely that certain substances are indefinitely active in exceedingly small doses; but that a substance like chalk which is in large doses inert, becomes, under the influence of trituration and dilution possessed of intensely active properties, as though there were liberated from it a spirit of healing which had been imprisoned in its material grossness. More than this Hahnemann taught that it was possible by the mere violence of the trituration to potentise almost to infinity. In his Lesser Writings he says,—“If we wish, for example, to attenuate a drop of the juice of Sundew to the thirtieth degree, but shake each of the bottles with twenty or more succussions from a powerful arm, in the hand of which the bottle is held, in that case this medicine which I have discovered, the specific remedy for the frightful epidemic, whooping cough of children, will have become so powerful in the fifteenth attenuation (spiritualized), that a drop of it given in a teaspoonful of water would endanger the life of such child; whereas, if each dilution bottle were shaken but twice (with two strokes of the arm), and prepared in this manner up to the thirtieth attenuation, a sugar globule, the size of a poppy seed, moistened with the last attenuation, cures this terrible disease (whooping cough) with this single dose, without endangering the health of the child in the slightest degree.” In other words Hahnemann taught that the activity of a medicine depended upon the number of times it had been shaken, and that medical inertness by excessive shaking may become converted into almightiness. Remembering the numbers of the followers of Hahnemann, surely the bitterness of Carlyle—

when he says "Where ten men are gathered together there are nine fools,"—seems justified.

It is the third doctrine of Hahnemann which has been and still is the rallying point of his followers, and which is claimed to be the fundamental truth of his teachings;—it is the so-called law of *similia similibus curantur*; in accordance with which a symptom produced by a disease is to be cured by a small dose of a remedy, which, when given freely to a healthy man, will cause the same symptom. Strange is it not that this alleged law which has made immortal the name of Hahnemann was not originally framed by him, but is plainly stated in the works of that really great man,—Hippocrates? For 2300 years this generalization has survived; it must possess some peculiar vitality, some measure of truth and I myself believe that as a rule of practice it will at times lead to a good result. As illustrating the subject let me suppose a case of vomiting. Ipecacuana when given in large doses will cause vomiting, but under certain circumstances when administered in minute quantity it will relieve vomiting. Witnessing such administration and such triumph, the bystander cries,—“Great is *similia similibus curantur*, and Hahnemann is its prophet.” But a second case of vomiting appears which is increased by ipecacuana and is relieved by opium, which does not vomit when given to the normal man in large doses, but makes him insusceptible to the action of emetics. Now the upholder of the doctrine of *dissimilia dissimilibus curantur*, cries,—“Behold I have the truth,—the remedy which produces the opposite to the symptom is the remedy to relieve the symptom.

It is plain that neither in homœopathy or allopathy, in the doctrine of similars or in the doctrine of dissimilars, is there the whole truth. A law of nature has no exception, and if exceptions be found to an alleged law, it is plain that the law is only an allegation and not a reality. If we were to find that at times weight disappears, that objects, not under the influence of some opposing force or resistance, fail to fall to the earth,—then we would know that the Newtonian generalization of the attraction of gravity was not a law of nature. Neither allopathic or homœopathic doctrines are laws,—they are mere expressions of coincidences, each of them base coin gilded

with just sufficient of truth to pass current with the ignorant and unwary. Symptoms are the mere surface play of disease, marking only with great uncertainty the currents, whirlpools, and rocks that lie hidden far underneath. Symptoms apparently the same may be the outcome of entirely different bodily conditions.

Modern science as applied to the treatment of disease attempts not simply to deal with symptoms, but to interpret them so as to get beneath to the conditions which are their underlying causes. Take the cases of vomiting just spoken of: one man vomits because the stomach is in a condition of depression, and a stimulant like ipecacuana relieves the vomiting by removing the cause, i. e., the depression; another patient vomits from irritation of the stomach, and he is made worse by an irritant like ipecacuana, but is relieved by a substance like opium, which is soothing and numbing.

Time presses. I cannot undertake to-day to expose with any fullness the fallacies of homœopathy; merely would I give you a glimpse of their incompleteness, their falsity, their absurdity. When, however, we have demonstrated the lack of truth in these doctrines, we are invariably met by two arguments. The first of these is that which is expressed in the old proverb,—“Praise the bridge that carried you over.” Undoubtedly thousands of sick have recovered when the angel of ministration has had its wings covered with homœopathic plumes. I have already stated, however, that sometimes the so-called law of similars is a successful theory for work. But far more potent than this is the fact that in most acute diseases the natural tendency is toward recovery, so that the most intelligent physician often finds himself at fault in attempting to decide upon impartial review of a case how much has been *post hoc* and how much has been *proctor hoc*; how far the recovery has been brought about through the action of the remedies which have been given, or whether perchance it may not have occurred in spite of these remedies.

Some years since in the smoking cabin of a trans-Atlantic liner I was tormented by a homœopathic believer who wanted to know why this, and that, and the other case, was cured by homœopathy;—when a little wizen-faced Frenchman, who could

scarcely be seen through the denseness of the nicotine fumes, said,—“That reminds me of a story.” And then he proceeded to say that in his native village when the shoemaker fell ill of a fever, the village school master said to the shoemaker’s wife, —“Give your husband pork and cabbage to eat, and he will get well of the fever.” The pork and cabbage were taken in mass and the fever passed away. In the course of a few months the ring of the blacksmith’s sledge upon the anvil was quiet, and the sympathizing shoemaker soon found that the cause was a fever which had attacked the blacksmith. “Pork and cabbage,” cried the shoemaker in the ears of the blacksmith’s wife, “cures fever,—it cured me.” And so the pork and cabbage were given to the blacksmith, who in a few hours yielded up the ghost. The shoemaker lifted up his hands in astonishment when he beheld the emblems of mourning hanging over the door. Taking out his note book he read.—“Yes, yes, here it is,—‘pork and cabbage cures fever’—right, but the blacksmith died.” Suddenly he cried, as the sunlight of assurance chased from his face the cloud of perplexity, “I have it now,—pork and cabbage cures shoemakers, but kills blacksmiths.” The pork and cabbage system of practice of medicine has been world-wide, and still is but too often triumphant.

The second argument for the upholding of homœopathy is its alleged success. If this theory be false, why has it obtained power over the minds of so many men, and why do its followers multiply? It would be easy to answer such questions by calling attention to the wide domain of quackery, ignorance, and humbug in practical medicine; but other forms of irregular practice, other asserted therapeutic laws, although for awhile they may have held powerful sway, have been but short lived; and I confess to feeling that the apparent permanency of homœopathy is the one forcible argument which has been advanced in its favor, and requires to be answered by the opponents of the system.

The causes of the first success of homœopathy are not far to seek. The regular medical practice of the day by its violence not rarely aided in causing the fatal result. The homœopathic practitioner, administering medicines only in in-

finitesimal doses, left nature to itself, and claimed as his own triumph the superior result which was, in verity, simply the outcome of letting things alone. I have not time to illustrate this point in detail, or to quote from reports of cases showing how the sick room of the period often resembled a slaughter house.

Let me, however, make one or two illustrations. In the year 1792 the pulse of Europe stood still at the news that the Emperor, Leopold II. of Austria, the peacemaker of the century, was dead. The account of his illness published shortly afterward showed that he had suffered from a purulent pleurisy,—a disease always attended with feebleness and exhaustion,—and yet in the course of thirty-six hours he had been freely bled four times and had expired shortly after the last venesection. Hahnemann challenged the physicians to justify themselves,—and the verdict of to-day must be that he was right, and that Leopold's death was hastened, if not absolutely produced, by the excessive loss of blood.

Greatest of American physicians in the latter part of the last century, signer of the Declaration of Independence, foremost among patriots and wise men of his day, was Benjamin Rush; and he tells us that in the months of February and March, 1781, he cured a Methodist minister of consumption by taking from him eight pints of blood in the course of six weeks; that another case he cured by removing five pints in two weeks; but that a Mr. Tracy, of Connecticut, being an obstinate case of consumption, was only relieved by being bled eighty-five times in six months. If I could give you the history of bleeding, cupping, blistering, purgation, and other depleting remedies, you would wonder, not that the patients treated by the infinitesimalism of homœopathy got well, but that enough of our forefathers survived the physicians of their day to give origin to the nation of the present. The doctor of to-day is scarcely more like the doctor of a hundred years ago than was our Darwinian forefather blushing with shame at the sight of his first tailless offspring, like a Caucasian dandy. In an experience of many thousands cases of disease only three or four times have I seen blood-letting.

In its highest reach, modern medical science achieves far better results than can be obtained by simple nursing, or by the application of the rule of similars to practice. Why then has homœopathy not only rooted itself in the past, but why does it grow in the present? The answer to this is that the alleged prosperity of homœopathy is not a reality, and that where the law requires physicians to be educated the homœopathic system withers.

I have found it difficult to get reliable statistics in regard to the number of homœopathic practitioners in continental Europe, but the best that can be obtained are sufficient to prove conclusively that both in Great Britain and the European continent the system is wasting to its death. Germany was the birth-place of Hahnemannism, but the Homœopathic Medical Directory, published in London, shows that in Germany there are only 218 homœopathic physicians. Recent official statistics prove that in Austria there are 7,183 medical men, of whom only 118 claim any connection with homœopathy, and of these only 44 practice the system exclusively; there are none at all in the Italian districts, and but 19 in Vienna. The Homœopathic Directory already quoted shows that in 1875 there were in Great Britain and Ireland 269 homœopathic practitioners; in 1880 there were 275; in 1883, 260; and in 1889, 256;—an actual decrease in the face of the enormous increase, not only of the general population, but also of the numbers of the regular profession.

For the remainder of Europe the homœopathic statistics are Belgium, 41; France, 97; Denmark, 7; Russia, 71; Italy, 55; Portugal, 2; Spain, 131; Switzerland, 26. Therefore, according to the latest statistics, taken from homœopathic sources, there are on the continent of Europe 1022 practitioners of homœopathy,—this in a population of at least three hundred millions of people. Surely a system which has attained such small proportion as this, and which is distinctly decreasing in its proportionate numbers cannot be said to be on an ascending plane. It is very interesting to note that the largest proportion of homœopathic practitioners according to the population on the continent of Europe, is to be found in Spain,—the one country where the general level of education is the lowest.

he applies his means to the needs by inductive reasoning, by common sense, by the same mental process by which applied science builds bridges, crosses oceans, and alters the face of nature everywhere.

The modern doctor is a man of science, a dynamic engineer whose field is not force in the inorganic world, but force as it manifests itself in the mysterious realm of the living;—he is a child of the nineteenth century. The homœopath is a mediæval survival, clinging to an empiricism which he dignifies as a law, but which at best is only an old and very faulty rule of thumb, of which Prof. Chas. Mohr, a far-famed homœopathist, says: “No rational explanation of the *modus operandi* of a cure under the so-called law had yet been made.” It is a wonder that whilst the records of chemistry, physiology, natural history, electricity, nay, of the whole range of the sciences are filled with the names of doctors well forward in the front rank of the famous, that after long searching, I have not been able to find one homœopathic practitioner holding even a second rate place in science? When Hahnemann flourished the sciences upon which medicine is founded, chemistry, physiology, physics, pathology, etc., practically had no existence: and is it possible that out of such a night of ignorance should come a light so strong that, more potent than Chinese wall, it should for all time blind men to progress and to growth?

No wonder that a homœopathic writer (*United States Medical and Surgical Journal*, January, 1867) after deploring that there are no works on the medical sciences written by homœopaths, declares that homœopathy is a “humiliated beggar to allopathy,” and exclaims “produce—produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God’s name!”

To illustrate the method of modern medicine, take typhoid fever; much study has taught us that this fever has a course which cannot be put aside; that in the majority of cases it tends toward recovery; but that it sometimes kills by the exhaustion which it produces, by the diarrhœa which it causes, or the burning fever that accompanies it, or by various accidents. The doctor, knowing that he can no more cure typhoid fever than the captain of an ocean steamer can cure the coming

storm, tries, not to put aside the storm, but makes tight and trim the barque whose freight is life, and strives to guide it safely through the tempest. The moment he sees the health barometer falling he puts the patient in a state of absolute rest so as to save the last grain of strength, for he knows that the time may come when a hand's breadth shall make the difference between being wrecked on the promontory or scraping by the cruel rocks into the safe harbor of convalescence; by the careful selection of food and the use of local remedies he lessens the intestinal irritation and keeps the diarrhoea in check; by cold he takes out the extreme heat of fever; and so, everywhere watching, he guides his patient safely through; perhaps during the whole course of the disease giving very little medicine, but fearing not in a crisis to support most boldly and vigorously some failing vital function. Above all things modern therapeutics teaches that medicine is to be given only with a clearly defined, definite object, and that very rarely are violent procedures, and excessive perturbations, of service.

Modern medical science, though it has a right to be proud of its achievements, is humble in the thought of its deficiencies; its votaries, living ever in the presence of failure and death, feel most keenly the limitations of their power, and in no other branch of human knowledge is there such strenuous activity, such feverish out-reachings. In the year 1888 about fifteen thousand doctors wrote medical articles, some of which were short, but not a few of which were long; moreover, of the fifteen thousand authors many wrote several papers; not ten per cent. of these memoirs brought direct pecuniary reward to their authors. Does the world know of another mass of technical literature comparable to this?

In its philanthropic deeds, in its large desire to do good, in its intellectual power, in its greatness and its enthusiasm, the medical profession is second to none. Self-interest too yokes itself with scientific and intellectual zeal to urge every member to make new discoveries, new applications, to try new processes, and in every way practically perfect himself. If any "ism" arise, if any new system of practice having aught of plausibility be brought forward, it is at once tested in a thousand sick-rooms. Jaborandi from the South American native; pink root from the

North American Indian; cotton root from the Southern negro; kooso from the Abyssinian barbarian; convallaria from the Russian peasant; cod liver oil from the fish wives of Holland; antipyrin from the German laboratories; veratrum viride from American country practitioners; hyoscine from the hospitals and vivisection post of these United States; from all quarters, from the earth and from the waters under the earth, have we garnered what we possess. In truth the fault of the medical profession of the present day is its too great credulity; its too great readiness to try new things; its excessive willingness to follow any one who cries "Eureka!" Whatsoever of good there has been in Eclecticism, in Hahnemannism, or in bare-faced quackery,—whatsoever of knowledge could be obtained from popular beliefs,—all these have we appropriated. The assertion that the regular profession is hampered by prejudice and bigotry from properly weighing and testing all methods, is an untruth disproven by the whole history of modern medicine. Not a man among us but feels the personal conflict with disease, and snatches at any weapon wherewith to strike the foe. We compass heaven and earth that for one hour we may stay the steps of the ever on-coming conquering death. Hovel and palace, rich land and wilderness, rivers, oceans, continents we search, ignorance and knowledge we question with the anxious eagerness of men whose all is at stake.

Such then, ladies and gentlemen, is modern medicine on the one hand, theories and "ism" on the other; modern medicine always absorbing, always progressing, always and everywhere following out any clue which may offer itself. So sure as knowledge must triumph over ignorance, and science over false beliefs,—so surely will medicine continue onward,—squeezing out of every "ism" whatever of good is in it, assimilating all that is helpful and climbing over failure and success alike to higher and better things. Under such circumstances, for the law to recognize medical theories or medical sects would be monstrous; they are things of to-day, to-morrow to be left far behind. Law is for all time. Rome enthroned upon the hills above the tawny Tiber, ruled the known earth by the physical power of her disciplined phalanxes and their short swords; but progress left these far behind, and to-day a Roman legion would

be driven from the earth by a mere company of soldiers. Though her physical power has long since decayed, Rome still rules the world, because in the greatness of her intellect she recognized that the principles of law are eternal and laid fast hold upon them. Among the nations she first filled herself with the fullness of the thought that law should be an expression of justice, and not a patchwork of expediency for the present.

As plainly to be seen and as fixed as the two great mountain chains which give form and climate to the American continent, are the principles which should underlie medical legislation. These principles are: first, to control the entrance to the profession, so that no man can begin to practice medicine until he is thoroughly acquainted with the fundamental sciences, anatomy, chemistry, pathology, physiology, the natural history of disease, etc., which underlie the art of medicine; second, to allow the man whose education in these sciences has been complete, and who has in consequence received a license to practice medicine, to apply his knowledge to the treatment of disease according to his own best judgment, untrammelled by the law.

Let the medical practitioner be homœopath, allopath, or no path at all—only see to it that he is an educated man.

Ladies and gentlemen, have I wearied you? Has my subject seemed inappropriate? Let this be my apology:—nearly a quarter of a century since, a dying man, brutally murdered by the ignorance and recklessness of a regular practitioner of medicine, said to me, “Doctor, here are my wife and six little children,—with me their livelihood goes out,—in God’s name can’t you save me?” Then and there I registered a mental vow never to rest in this matter until the reform was accomplished, or my voice was silent in the grave. May I mention one further illustration—one out of many? I have seen a man who enjoyed a very large practice in a flourishing country district of Pennsylvania, who had the esteem, not only of the leading citizens of his county, but also of his brother practitioners, and who was strongly endorsed by the president of his county medical society, and yet who could not on examination tell on which side of the body the liver lies, or where the diaphragm is, or what it is used for. The

country bumpkin learns from the pigs he kills in the autumn more anatomy than this man knew.

These things may seem trifling to some of you, but I tell you they are death—death lurking often where least expected. Yesterday the valley of the Conemaugh resounded with the roar of furnace, the clang of iron on iron, and was filled with the prattle of women and children in the homes of twenty thousand busy workers. A moment of terror, a roar of water, a wild wail, fire and flood, and the valley grew still as the valley of death. Then America, stirred to its center, poured out its millions of money with a generosity the history of the world does not parallel. But what of the 8,000 corpses cold and stiff in their mud graves? Dead, because the government had not done its duty—dead, because the government which should have protected its citizens allowed a few rich men with a dam of hay and boughs and earth to hold up 700 millions of tons of water 300 feet above the doomed city—a governmental crime just as peculiarly American as was the sympathetic popular outburst which followed the catastrophe. In the presence of the dead of Conemaugh the nation bows in sorrow; but before God I tell you that it is my belief, founded on the largest experience, that if the dead, who in the last fifty years have been sacrificed in these United States upon the altar of professional ignorance could this day rise before us, the thousands of Conemaugh would be lost in the multitude; silently, heralded by no roar of flood, mourned by no outburst of national remorse or sorrow, one by one they have passed over; a never-ending holocaust to governmental imbecility.

Is it not possible to awaken the people of the United States to the fact that the medical profession holds the lives of men, women, and children in the hollow of its hands; and as is done in every other civilized country, so also in this should the law require that the man at least should be technically educated before such power is committed to his keeping?

ARTICLE IV.—THE GENTLEMAN IN POLITICS.

MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB-KELI KHAN—as many of our readers will doubtless remember—was one of those imaginary characters who figure so charmingly in “Salmagundi;” and whose humorous criticisms on all the current topics of the day—political and social—in the first decade of the present century, delighted our grand-fathers and grand-mothers over their tea-tables, and made the “whim-whams of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.,” immortal in our American literature.

This redoubtable personage, whose formidable name we have here given in full, was the creation, we believe, of the wit of James K. Paulding. He is represented to have been the commander of a ketch belonging to “His Highness, the Bashaw of Tripoli,” which had been captured by an American frigate in an action off Tripoli, and brought as a prize to this country. On its arrival in New York, Mustapha Rub-a-Dub Keli Khan, the officer in chief command, was at once taken up by the leaders of society, and under their guidance he had an opportunity of studying all our American institutions and customs to the very best advantage. The results of his observations he communicated freely by letter to one of his friends at home, Asem Hacchem, “principal slave-driver to the Court of Tripoli;” and these letters in some mysterious manner found their way regularly to the pages of “Salmagundi.” They abound with naïve remarks and whimsical criticisms, very few of which have yet lost their point. Many of the most expressive terms and phrases, also, which are in common use at the present day among us, owe their origin to the inventive ingenuity displayed in his correspondence by this same Tripolitan officer who is supposed to have walked the streets of New York three-quarters of a century ago.

As a specimen of the kind of humor with which his letters abound, we will give very briefly—for the benefit of those who unfortunately are not familiar with “Salmagundi”—some idea of the comments which this devout Mohammedan makes upon

the American method of offering religious worship. He witnessed himself what he attempted to describe. He says that, on arriving in Boston, his attention was attracted by a very conspicuous building which stood on the summit of a high hill. Supposing it to be a religious temple, and desiring to learn what was the nature of the rites celebrated in it, he ascended the long flight of steps which led to the principal entrance. On entering, he found himself in a large rotunda, in which stood a marble statue of the chief divinity of the American people—who is known by the name of "Washington." Around this statue, ran a light railing of wood, which served to keep the worshippers at a respectful distance. But language entirely failed him when he undertook to describe his surprise at what he beheld! He writes to his friend that according to the ceremonial as he saw it, the believer advances to the railing—in his ordinary dress apparently—leans with his elbows upon it, and, while he gazes fixedly upon the statue, proceeds to discharge, again and again, tobacco juice from his mouth on the marble pavement before this representative of divinity. Having done this the required number of times with the utmost gravity, he retires with a look of contentment and self-satisfaction. That this description of the Tripolitan Captain is literally true, the present writer is able to testify. Some years ago, when a college student, he visited in vacation the Athens of America for the first time with a classmate—now a Doctor of Divinity in the city of New York—and the place of all others which those two youths at once sought out was the religious temple immortalized by Mustapha Rub-a-Dub Keli Khan. There they beheld all the rites of worship as they are described in "*Salmagundi*." Possibly, in the lapse of years, in the process of evolution, the rites may have been somewhat varied. At the present day, the tobacco, instead of being masticated, may now perhaps be burned in the mouths of the worshippers, and the smoke may be then blown like incense through their nostrils; or, perhaps this is done interchangeably with the traditional spitting.

Another of the national peculiarities which excited the wonder of Mustapha Rub-a-Dub Keli Khan was the extraordinary license which was allowed to the editors of news-

papers. In his letter to his friend Asem Hacchem, he explains to him that while the American people are a very martial people, they are also at the same time even more distinguished for their devotion to commerce and agriculture. As it was therefore impossible for the great body of industrious citizens to be "incessant brawlers," they have accordingly delegated the whole work of public and private vituperation to a distinct class of men, denominated "editors or slang-whangers," whose business it is "in every town, village, and district, to carry on perpetual warfare." He exclaims, "Oh! my friend, could you but witness the enormities sometimes committed by these tremendous slang-whangers, your very turban would rise in horror and astonishment." The enormity, however, which especially excites his wonder is that these slang-whangers are permitted to "invade even the kitchens of their opponents," that they may there pick up scraps of information with which they may blast their reputation.

We have been reminded again and again, during the past three or four months, of this unsophisticated yet dignified personage—who once charmed the readers of "*Salmagundi*"—and of the "horror" with which he spoke of the "slang-whangers" of his day, as we have seen in certain newspapers a constantly recurring succession of paragraphs in which the personal doings of the present chief magistrate of the American people, and of the members of his Cabinet, have been made the theme of ridicule. We confess that they have awakened our curiosity to know how that Mohammedan gentleman—if he were still alive—would have expressed his opinion with regard to them in his letters to Asem Hacchem. Perhaps he might have suggested to his friend that it really ought not to be a matter of astonishment that a people who could spit tobacco juice at their chief divinity, as an act of religious worship, should also allow writers in their newspapers to discharge the venom of their speech at their chief magistrate, for the amusement of the rabble. Possibly he would also have recalled to the recollection of his friend the fact that the African savage who will risk his life for the fetich whom he holds to be his god, will yet scold him, beat him, and subject him to every indignity. Without doubt a native of Tripoli

would at once understand how this principle of human nature must have its influence on the American people, and would accept it as a satisfactory explanation of the reason that they allow their President to be treated with similar indignities. He would understand this, perhaps, the more readily, as his correspondent would probably proceed to inform him that while such abuse was permitted to American citizens, yet if the subject of a "foreign despot," in any one of the "effete monarchies of Europe," should dare to whisper a hundredth part of what is said so frequently and openly in these newspapers, the wrath of every "mickie" in the land would be at once kindled, and a demand would be made for an immediate apology. Yet, at the same time, men of education and position will allow language to be employed publicly with regard to the President, which certainly they would never themselves use in private, when speaking of any other gentleman.

Now no one objects to intelligent criticism of the public acts of the President of the United States. It is fair that each one of these should be scrutinized, and freely commented upon; but to make his private conduct or private conversation the subject of ridicule is a very different thing. The President of the United States is presumably a gentleman. These newspaper writers have not, we believe, questioned that. But even if he were not, would it not be better policy to treat him as if he were, if for no higher reason than to remind him of the way in which he should deport himself in his high office?

We have seen it stated that this kind of abuse, on which we comment, has characterized only a certain class of newspapers. However this may be, during the present week—July 4th and 5th—we have seen in one of the ablest of the journals published in the City of New York, an account of a private visit which the President was making to a friend—which did not involve in the slightest way any question of public policy—in which he is treated, by the "funny man" of the paper, with a mock civility which is no better than buffoonery! Nearly every gentleman, also, with whom he came in contact during his journey, is treated in the same manner. Now, such abuse of the chief magistrate of the nation is demoralizing in its tendency; and we are confident that no inconsiderable part of

the American people regard it as an offence to decency. How far is this abuse to go? Are we to have the Justices of the Supreme Court at Washington held up as public laughing stocks? There was a time in the history of our country—not very long ago—when the words of a venerable and honored statesman electrified the whole country, and met with a hearty response from every loyal citizen: “If any man attempts to haul down the flag, shoot him on the spot.” The President of the United States represents to every one of us, and to the world, exactly the same interests that are represented by that glorious flag, and we know no reason why he should not be regarded with similar respect. A nation which has any regard for its own honor can no better afford to have the man whom its citizens have chosen to represent its authority and dignity, treated with indignity, than it can afford to have an insult offered to the flag which is but another symbol of its majesty.

We cannot forbear adding another reference to what is at least a plain breach of good manners, exhibited in the paragraphs to which we have referred. In both the two accounts which are given of this same visit which the President of the United States paid to the house of a friend, his host is brought in for a share of the abuse. This gentleman is the editor of a well known newspaper, published in New York, which has a wide circulation. As an editor, he is publicly responsible for all that appears in his paper. But it is surely an impertinence to criticise his private motives, or his private doings in his own house. This gentleman has been in the habit for years of celebrating the birthday of the nation in a manner which is deserving of unqualified commendation. He has invited his neighbors to come together, and has brought persons of character and education to address them on important public themes, and has made the day an occasion for an entertainment of a high literary and patriotic character. We wish that his example might be imitated, and that there might be countless gatherings of the same kind all over the land. He has shown how a great improvement may be made on the common way of “celebrating the Fourth.” Those of us who have got beyond the years of childhood do not usually find that anniversary a specially profitable occasion. The present writer would not, however,

propose that the customary enjoyment of the rising generation on that day should be curtailed in the least. He remembers with exhilaration the joy with which the American boy gives vent to his first ideas of patriotism in the traditional way. Long may it be true that the American boy, in the language attributed to John Adams, shall celebrate the day "with bon-fires and illuminations." But the method of spending "the Fourth" which the gentleman referred to has adopted is, to those who have outgrown Chinese fire-crackers, far more satisfactory.

We do not intend to reproduce here the account given in the *New York Times* of this year's celebration at Roseland Park. It is enough to say that the writer of it charges the host of that occasion with a mean motive in getting up what is characterized as "the greatest show on earth." Furthermore, it is actually said that the grounds were lighted with the identical Chinese lanterns that had been used on former occasions. We would ask, what if this is true? Is the writer of that paragraph in the habit of ordering that his whole dinner set shall be smashed, whenever he has had a dinner party, lest the dishes shall be used a second time? But whether he does or does not, or whether these particular Chinese lanterns were used for the first time or the second time, is not a matter of public interest, or one in which the public have any concern. There are also other pieces of information given that are of a character which shows that they must have been picked up by some one who had "extended his ravages even into the kitchen"—to use the language of Mustapha Rub-a-Dub Keli Khan. Then we are told how much the "rural Yankees" were charged for "red lemonade," and for "red, white, and blue popped-corn balls." Now all this is very poor work indeed for a newspaper that holds a high and honorable position, and whose editors are gentlemen. It may be said that they did not know that such an account was to be published. But it was continued through two papers, and this same style of comment on the private doings of the President has been kept up for weeks. It may be said that in a great house, there must be vessels of honor and vessels of dishonor. But people don't usually put their vessels of dishonor on their front steps. These paragraphs appeared on the

first page of the paper. Now, a gentleman is always a gentleman. There is no such thing as being a gentleman at one hour, and in one place, and a buffoon in another. If a man is not a gentleman always and in all places, he is no gentleman at all.

We are inclined to think that the explanation of the appearance lately of so many abusive paragraphs, in more than one of our ablest newspapers, is to be found in the fact that their editors have been allowing subordinates of no character to write what they think may excite a prejudice against the President among the class of people who are found in the lowest saloons. If this is the correct explanation, we are confident that they have made a mistake. The instincts of the American people are gentlemanly; and will continue to be so, unless they are perverted by a long course of just such buffoonery. Even those who belong to the class to which we have alluded, who very likely may laugh, will yet despise; and the journal which treats them habitually to such comments will lose its influence with them. This class of people are as quick as any other to recognize whether a person who addresses them is a gentleman; and at any important crisis they will be more likely to distrust what is said by one who has only amused them as a mountebank. The principle which Horace laid down, nearly two thousand years ago, was no more true in poetry then, than it is true in "practical politics" now, that the writer who overdoes, in either praise or blame, loses his hold over those whom he would persuade, and finds that they take the opposite side. At all events, if this style of writing is to be kept up, it behoves the editors of these papers to boast no more about the high character of American journalism.

It is said that in the old days, when steam was first applied to navigation, as the time approached for the starting a boat on its accustomed trip, it was the occasion of shouting and swearing, and of a confusion which was little better than that of Bedlam itself. The tradition, however, is that, on Lake Champlain, there was a little craft, which was commanded by a man who was not only every inch a sailor, but a gentleman as well. As such, he knew that efficiency is in no wise dependent on noise or oaths. At the appointed time, he was in the habit of

quietly taking his stand on the bridge of his boat, and there he gave his orders by a simple wave of his hand. Not a word or a sound was heard from officer or from man. The new method introduced by Captain Sherman was hailed all over the land, and his example was speedily everywhere followed; and to-day the great leviathans start punctually for their long journey across the Atlantic so quietly that the moment when they leave their moorings is hardly to be recognized.

The journal to which we have specially alluded has in the past fought many honorable battles. No paper has done more to make it understood throughout the land that the subject of politics is one to which the highest ability and the greatest learning should be devoted. No paper has done more to make the nation feel the importance of having the scholar in politics. We respectfully submit the question whether the *New York Times* may not do a still further service by showing that no man can be successful as a political writer who is not a gentleman—always and everywhere? Can we not have the gentleman as well as the scholar in politics?

WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY.

UNIVERSITY TOPICS.

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT DWIGHT AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

"ASLEEP IN JESUS—BLESSED SLEEP."

THESE opening words of one of the most peaceful and beautiful hymns in our language give fitting expression to the thought which enters every mind, I am sure, as we meet to-day for the burial of our revered and honored friend. The long life, with its bright and joyful morning, and its grand and glorious noon-day, and its rich, fruitful afternoon, and its calm, sweet evening, and its brief dream of the night, has come to its end. The faithful and noble soul has, as we tenderly say, fallen asleep. The earthly house has closed its gateway for the resting-time, and its inmate, like the traveler wearied with his journey, sinks into a gentle slumber—his rest guarded safely by the Divine friend whom he loved, and his thoughts and true life moving on into the brighter light beyond. We call it a sleep, because the form which we saw, and by which the heart and mind were revealed to us, seems to be quietly sleeping. We call it a blessed sleep, because we know who watches over the mortal and immortal part, and keeps all that is committed to him even to the end. But it is a sleep only as we think of it from the earthly side—blessed because the soul which has been in communion with Jesus in the years past is still in communion with him, yet not as if in the visions of the night-season, bright though they may be with an unreal beauty, but with the clear sight of the day-light hours—a living, personal communion with the living friend in his own kingdom. A sleep it is thus, yet not a sleep. A new life rather for the waking soul, rising in its freedom and joy, as it were, out of the gentle slumber into which the kind Father has suffered the tired body to fall. Why should we not rejoice, and say, All is well. The loss to our life and our world, indeed, is a sad one, but the losses

NOTE.—Dr. Woolsey died at New Haven on Monday, July 1, 1889. The funeral services were held on Friday, July 5, at Battell Chapel.

for this life, we may well bear in mind, are gains for the other, and the other world is the one for the abode of the perfected soul. The sleeping here is for the waking there, and the friend who has trusted the Lord Jesus in the long earthly course knows the sleep at the end as a blessed one—a sleep which is a quiet resting on the mortal side, and a restful activity and joy on the immortal side.

We stand to-day at the point where the sleeping and the waking seem to meet—at the ending of the life which we have known, and the beginning of that which we do not know. We say our farewell word when we can move forward no longer on his way with the friend whom we have loved, and we leave him thankfully and hopefully with a guardian and helper and comforter more wise and powerful than we are. We say to each other: He is safe under the Divine care; Rest and peace and joy await him; and we turn backward to our old, familiar life with a new inspiration. But the inspiration comes from the life which is ended. And what do we say of this life, which brings it to us?

When a man of greatness and of goodness dies, there are always two thoughts that enter our minds—the thought of what he did, and what he was. As we follow out the two thoughts in their relation to each other, and thus call to our remembrance the whole career, we bring before ourselves the man in his completeness, and assign him his true place of honor in the world. The right adjustment of all things, as they are seen in both of these spheres, gives us the true estimate of the life, and the verdict of history becomes, in this way, the verdict of wisdom and justice. But there is an order of thought here, as there is everywhere; and the hour of tender feeling waits for the hour of calm reflection before the work is made complete. We speak our sorrowful word of parting first, and our joyful word of benediction, as we see the honored friend of former years pass within the veil, and then we move homeward saying to ourselves and one another, What was he? Afterward, when the parting has gone by and we are in the world once more, we ask the other question, as to what he did; and we make up the sum of his life in this regard with thought, more than with feeling—with admiration, rather than with love alone. It must be so, and should be so, in the case of this venerated friend of ours, in whose honor we are assembled this afternoon. We commit his body to its last rest-

ing place, and his spirit to the blessed God who gave it, rejoicing in what he was. This alone we gratefully and lovingly speak of to-day. On some later day, when the brotherhood of the University may be present here at a fitting season of commemoration, we may pass in review, with satisfaction and thankfulness, what he accomplished for this home of our education and for the world. The words which shall be spoken on that other day, as well as those which we utter to-day—if they worthily describe himself and his work—will show him to have been a man of goodness and greatness ; one of the greatest and best, as I think we may truly say, of our country in our time.

In the sphere of the intellect, Dr. Woolsey was so remarkable that he impressed every intelligent person who knew him. He had strength and vigor of mind, clear apprehension of truth, a penetrating insight which detected at once all falsity and unreality, and a scholar's faculty of acquisition and attainment. He had, also, richness of imagination, much of the poetic sense, large mental grasp, openness to thought in many lines, originality and variety in his ideas and thinking, the ease of a perfectly working mechanism in his mental operations, wonderful power of memory, great facility for accurate learning and accurate statement of what he had learned. His mind was stored with knowledge. He was an independent, honest, earnest thinker, subjecting all knowledge and learning to the true tests. He was suggestive by reason of what he knew and what he thought. He gave forth from the rich stores within himself abundant gifts to help the thought and reflection of others. He always had his thoughts at command, and I have often felt that he must be happier than most men about him because he had so much of interest to think of, and so many things of the present and the past alike to occupy and stir his mind. Though not possessing some of the brilliant gifts of genius which nature, in rare instances, bestows upon men, he was a man of sounder judgment and keener perception oftentimes than such men, because the common sense of an intelligent mind evenly balanced the other powers. For clearness of apprehension, for the wisdom which adapts means to ends, for the ability to guide his thoughts to calm and right conclusions, for the working power of the mind within itself to develop what was fruitful and helpful and valuable and quickening, for the true sincerity and honesty which keep the intellectual faculties within and near the sphere of truth, he was distinguished above most of

the leading men of his time. He commanded respect in every company of men where he found himself by reason of his intelligence, his great mental force, his well-considered views, his wise judgment, and his forceful expression of original thought. As a preacher he exhibited much of this power—and as a teacher also, so far as the possibilities of the case allowed. Those who came into connection with him as students were impressed by his mental characteristics in all these respects, and the nearer they came to his real life the more they were impressed. The influence of his intellectual powers was one of the great forces affecting their own lives.

In the power of the will, Dr. Woolsey had unusual strength. He was born to command. Though of weak, rather than strong physical development, his imperious will gave him an unquestioned authority over other men. As the head of the college he was able to control the body of students by the exercise of this power, even in times of excitement and disorder, and notwithstanding a certain natural timidity he became, by reason of it, fully equal to any emergency. He had the courage of the soldier in the hour of conflict, and the firmness of the wise statesman in times of peace. Among his associates and equals this will-force had a checking and controlling influence oftentimes, even when he was not himself conscious of exerting it. He was ready to ask their views always, and to give them due consideration. But if persuaded that his own view was the right one, he was sufficient for the hour, and was ready to move forward without the support, or against the opinions of others, if necessity compelled him so to do. This power in him was recognized by all who came in contact with him. And yet the energy of his will was exercised as fully in controlling himself, as it was in influencing and guiding others. He subdued himself in a masterful way. He did so more than those who observed his life at a little distance thought that he needed to do. Like many men of the best and most religious households, whose education, like his, was in the earlier part of the century, he had a more exclusive sense of justice with reference to his own inner life, as compared with other things, than he well might have had, and so he was introspective and self-contemplative in a condemnatory way. He saw what he felt to be evils and imperfections in himself, and heroically repressed and subdued them by his will-force. He changed timidity into courage by this means, when the call for it

came, as he himself testified. And he controlled himself as a Christian disciple many times when he thought he was assailed by enemies within, or evils without. We have happily gained something for the peace and joy of our souls by the growing appreciation, in these more recent years, that justice is not everything, or even the first and highest of all things, in human character or the divine government. But the men, whose character had its roots and foundation in the earlier time, had a magnificent will-power which we are in danger of losing. This power had a grand manifestation of itself in our venerated friend's life, and to it was due no small share of that strength of manhood which was so much admired by all.

Dr. Woolsey was a man of tender feeling. There was in him a child-like tenderness and gentleness and trustfulness, which were charming to all who beheld them. I think that those whose acquaintance with him was somewhat intimate must have been surprised, sometimes, when they saw the strong, intellectual, forceful man putting himself under their care for the moment, as it were, and listening like a child to their wisdom or suggestions. He had a tenderness and graciousness, also, in his bearing towards younger men; and, while he could be stern, if the occasion required it, or even could have a cold or severe manner when he was busily occupied, or was preoccupied, he was kindly considerate in his natural bearing. He was a loving man in his inmost heart, and, for myself, I think of him most pleasantly and affectionately, because of the gentle and friendly way in which he so many times talked with me when I called upon him in my earlier years, as well as in the more recent ones. He had a most kindly appreciation of young men, and believed in them. He prayed often, in his morning prayer at college, that they might be wiser and better than their fathers were. His faith went with his prayer. He did not look backward, but forward. He trusted the young men, and was ready to trust the future, under the divine guidance, to their care and keeping. He loved children, and his own children, and played with them. He taught his own children, and read with them, and inspired them with the love of knowledge. When sorrow came to his household, as it did again and again, in the death of his children, his grief was that of a loving father and of a tender-hearted man. I shall never forget his saying to me, just after he heard of the sudden dying of his two daughters in Jerusalem, that it was a sweet thought to him

that they died where Jesus died. He had a childlike trust in God, and loved the Lord Jesus as his elder brother and friend.

He was generous, liberal in thought and feeling, magnanimous, honest, sincere, full of faith and good works, a man of large mind and a large soul. He was of the highest integrity; of the most transparent simplicity; of a truly modest estimate of himself; kindly in his judgment of others, while clearly understanding character; retiring in his disposition, but sufficient for every duty; with humility towards God, and courage in his relations to men. He knew his faults, and manfully resisted them. He grew stronger in his virtues, year by year, and bore witness of them to all observers by his daily life. He was one of those whose character and culture and refinement so manifest the Christian gentleman that their very presence in a city or walking through the streets is an elevating and purifying influence.

In the relations of personal friendship he was confiding, faithful, and sincere. He cherished his friends with much warmth of feeling and held fast to them through the years. He depended on them, gladly took their counsel, opened his heart to those with whom his intimacy was greatest in his times of deepest need, sought their generous indulgence if he ever seemed for a moment to try their feeling, honored them for their works' sake and for their worthiness of his love. His tender regard and friendship for Professor Thacher and for his own successor in office were a constant and most pleasant evidence of his power of affection. His readiness to take lessons for his own life from those much younger than himself, whose character he admired and trusted, was a touching proof of his loving spirit.

As a scholar, Dr. Woolsey was earnest, impartial, learned, truthful. He had a genuine love of learning and a true scholarly mind. The wide range of his scholarship was very conspicuous. He was an authority in classical Greek, in History, and in Political Science. He was an energetic and large-minded student in theology; a preacher of uncommon ability, suggestiveness, and originality; a scholar in the department of New Testament interpretation ranking among the first in the country. He modestly sat at the feet of men whom he thought to know more than himself in special departments, while in reality he had quite as much knowledge as they had, or perchance even more. As a member of the company of New Testament Revisers—those who worked together for eight years in the revising of the English

Version—he seemed to me to be the most fully rounded scholar of them all, fitted to preside among them, as he did, both by reason of his eminent position and of what he was in this sphere of learning. From my earliest days of familiar acquaintance with him as a student, in the years immediately following my college graduation, he has always more fully realized my ideal of a true, large, liberal scholar—enriched by scholarship, but greater in himself than in his learning—than any man whom I have ever known.

As a teacher, he had the best powers, with the exception of that one which is the rarest of all gifts among teachers—a peculiar blessing granted to some men, but denied to most, even where the other gifts are greatest,—magnetic power. He had the inspiring influence of his personal example as a student; the power which comes from accuracy and from the love of knowledge for its own sake; the impulse which the teacher gives by his own honesty in investigation, by the respect awakened for his attainments, by his manly demand for faithful work, by his abhorrence of all deceit and half-fulfilled duty, by his placing of character above all things else and showing the bearing of true learning upon character. He was himself an inspiration in the student community, because he was an honest, truthful scholar, as he was an honest, truthful man.

But if we speak of him as a scholar and teacher, we are brought near the sphere of what he did, and the story of this must be deferred to another and, perchance, more fitting occasion. We are now thinking of what he was. Much more, indeed, might be said in answer to this question, but enough has been already spoken, I trust, to recall the man as we knew him. It is pleasant to think that we know what his manhood was better than any one can tell us. His personality is stamped upon our minds and characters. Those who met him as his pupils have his influence in themselves—an ever-abiding possession—an ever-realized power.

But the Christian life was to him the life of all life, and we may not pass this hour without a word as to what he was as a Christian disciple. He was a true Christian disciple. This we have none of us ever doubted, for the character was too pure and elevated and holy and Christ-like to make it possible for doubt to enter our minds. He might have doubted, when he depreciated himself and thought of the ideal standard, but we

death and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life. Help them to trust in Him who, when He left the earth, went to prepare mansions for His followers, that where He is, they might be, also. May we be assured, with the Apostle, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, seeing that it hath pleased Thee to bring to an end the mortal life of thine aged servant, and to release him from his infirmities and sufferings, we give thanks to Thee for all those qualities of mind and character which called forth our veneration and love, and for all the good which, during this long succession of years, Thou hast enabled him to do in the world. For the way in which Thou hast led him from the beginning; for the guiding hand of thy Providence, and the precious gifts of thy Grace; for the opportunities afforded him to acquire knowledge; for his early consecration to Thee and his life-long devotion to thy service; that he was called to teach in this Institution, and then to preside over it and to conduct its affairs; for his earnest fidelity to every trust, his righteous abhorrence of evil-doing, his fearless performance of duty, his manifold labors in the cause of learning and religion, we render to Thee our humble and hearty thanks,—most of all rejoicing that in simplicity and godly sincerity he had his conversation in the world, and more abundantly to us-ward. We bless Thee that this day of mourning is a day of gratitude and of praise. And now that he is gone from among us, may the Holy Spirit be present with all who are nearly affected by this act of thy Providence, to teach and to console, and to impress on the heart the lessons to be learned from it. Enter, we pray Thee, the household of which he was the head. Bless with all grace and consolation the wife and daughter who have ministered to him in the weakness of his declining years. We beseech Thee to comfort and strengthen them, and to grant unto them peace from above. Regard in mercy all his children, whether present or absent, and all others who were bound to him by ties of kindred or family connection. May they receive in abundant measure the blessing pronounced upon those that mourn, even the Lord's promise of comfort. We remember in our prayers the sons of the College, far and near, who in times past have sat at his feet,—whose thoughts will

come back to this place and to him whose voice and example have been a guide and an inspiration in all their subsequent life. May the recollection of their revered Teacher ever continue to inspirit them to conscientious and noble conduct, and to unselfish Christian exertions in behalf of their fellow-men. The Lord be near to the immediate successor of our departed friend in the office of President in this Institution, and help him to bear every burden of sorrow and affliction. We beseech Thee to sanctify this event to the spiritual good of all who hold offices of government and instruction in this University. May we keep in mind the supplication which was offered here so often and so fervently by him who has left us, that all instruction may be leavened with the spirit of religion,—the spirit of reverence and faith, and the sense of responsibility to God. Here, in all departments of this ancient seat of learning, among teachers and pupils, may the elevating effect of his teaching and his life forever abide. May we be admonished that we are sojourners on the earth, even as our fathers were. Help us, O God, to live as strangers and pilgrims, looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker Thou art.

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity, we give thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. And we beseech Thee, that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory ; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

BROWNELL'S "FRENCH TRAITS."*—In the charming preface to "The Marble Faun,"—as characteristic and perfect an example of the author's style and spirit as can anywhere be found—Hawthorne says of himself: "He has lived too long abroad not to be aware that a foreigner seldom acquires that knowledge of a country at once flexible and profound, which may justify him in endeavoring to idealize its traits." Though this was said in connection with his disavowal of an attempt in that work at "a portraiture of Italian manners and character," the remark is equally true of the difficulty of catching and truly presenting, by analysis and description, the traits of a foreign people. *Coelum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt*. In writing history or in painting contemporaneous foreign manners and character, nothing is rarer than the capacity for pure objectivity. But objectivity alone will not secure the best result. A sympathetic spirit—a spirit which finds interest in all things human, not the spirit which comes of prepossessions of education or prejudices of habit—is indispensable.

The book before us is a fine example of what these qualities can produce when united with admirable literary skill. It is within our knowledge that Mr. Brownell has observed and studied what he here writes of, with prolonged and conscientious fidelity, and we think he has also brought to his task the faculty of seeing things as they are, and of judging them by the just measure of impartial sympathy. Insight, clear and penetrative vision, are the qualities which distinguish this piece of work.

It is not comparatively important that one should agree with the conclusions or generalizations of such an observer. His facts—his record and report of what he sees—cannot but be valuable. When to this is added, as here, the charm of a sound and adequate literary style, we have a result which adds a substantial

* *French Traits*. An Essay in Comparative Criticism, by W. C. BROWNELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1889.

contribution to our knowledge as well as enjoyment. We do not mean that Mr. Brownell's facts or report may not be impeached or contradicted by other observers of equal intelligence and impartiality. The things of which he treats are moral, not physical. Logical or physical demonstration is not possible in such matters. Different eyes see different sights and each may see truly. Illusions too are possible to the most honest observers. Coleridge had no doubt Dr. Johnson saw the Cock-Lane ghost, and no doubt that there was no ghost there to be seen. No one can doubt Mr. Brownell has seen what he reports or that he saw what was well worth reporting.

The book has ten chapters, and each is well differentiated from the others. The chapters on "The Social Instinct," "Morality," "Women," and "Democracy," seem to us the most valuable and distinctive. The former chapter is the true *pièce de résistance* of the volume. Noting the contrast, unexampled elsewhere, between the achievements, manners and life of France in the centuries before Louis XIV. and those of to-day, "the contrast between her actual self and her monuments," Mr. Brownell finds that this contrast is explained by the constant presence and power of one characteristic French trait,—what he well calls "the social instinct." "French history," he observes, "is the history of this instinct." He finds a close spiritual identity between the successive periods of French history which bear so great apparent dissimilarities. Quoting Gambetta's remark: "There are no questions but *social* questions;" he concludes, "The apothegm formulates the spiritual instinct of France since the days of her national beginnings. It formulates also, I think, the instinct of the future. That is why France is so inexhaustibly interesting, because in one way or another she, far more than any other *nation*, has represented the aspirations of civilization, because she has always sought development in common, and because in this respect the ideal she has always followed is the ideal of the future." Such observations are fundamental, and if correct, are an explanation which explains.

The average American, who has been in the habit of regarding French character and manners through the media of ordinary reporters, will find much in Mr. Brownell's chapters on "Morality" and "Women" to give him pause and to teach him that swift or sweeping judgments on such questions are not wise. "Morality," says our author, "is indeed a fundamental matter,

and French morality differs fundamentally from our own. But this is only the more reason for replacing censoriousness by candour in any consideration of it. And the first admission which candour compels us to make is the unfairness of estimating the French moral fibre by *what ours would be if subjected to the same standards and influenced by the same circumstances.*"

Upon these topics, as well as upon the questions of the comparative morality of the French and especially of French women, Mr. Brownell's views are, in our judgment, acute and just; and they are certainly deserving of consideration by all who would think well and justly of the French people.

The longest, if not the most important, chapter, is entitled "Democracy," and is a most keen and vigorous explanation and defence of present French political thought and ideas—defence perhaps against current misconceptions rather than of their soundness or value. The author points out ideality as the distinguishing characteristic of French democracy. "Democracy is a creed, that is to say, with the French—a positive cult rather than a working principle, a standard, general test of particular measures." . . . Our democracy is a working hypothesis, establishing the lines through which national and individual character may work out their salvation. French democracy is a positive and highly differentiated system, designed for direct and active agency in the securing of social well-being and political progress."

Mr. Brownell's view of recent phases of French domestic politics, seems to be well expressed in M. Floquet's remark, which he quotes: "The internal quarrels which seem so profoundly to disturb and distract us are not, as Europe may assume, the result of an anemic fever, but on the contrary, a proof of superabundant vitality, and, so to say, a passing convulsion of political growth." Differing or agreeing, as one may, with Mr. Brownell on this topic, one cannot fail to find great light and value in his discussion.

The remaining chapters are marked by the same qualities of close study and observation, acute analysis and clear statement. The book is not in any sense a plea for France or French thought or French manners; it is a sober effort to report these things truly—an effort which no one who would know this fascinating and noble country and people and judge them impartially can afford to overlook.

D. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY.*—This substantial volume of over five hundred pages is the first fruits of Prof. Rogers's occupation of the Chair of Political Economy at Oxford, where he succeeded the late Bonamy Price. The title chosen for these lectures is somewhat misleading, for it betokens a more analytical and systematic treatise than we have. The contents of the volume may be best described as economic illustrations of history, or historical events and conditions in the light of the economic phenomena of the time. The style is discursive and anecdotal and not rarely somewhat bumptious in tone. One or two examples of the latter characteristic may be given: "I have always regretted that in this place the authorized instructor in ecclesiastical history rarely travels beyond the first four centuries of our era, and as far as I can learn rarely gives a satisfactory exposition of what occurred in that time." "The political economist of the later school has thoroughly carried out in his own person the economical law which he sees to be at the bottom of all industrial progress, that of obtaining the largest possible result at the least cost of labor. He has, therefore, rarely been at the pains of verifying his conclusions by the evidence of facts." The kind of light Prof. Rogers throws upon political movements may be shown by one or two examples. We are told that the "Independents were the principal founders of the Bank of England;" that "in European history, discontent with existing religious institutions, and the acceptance of heresy on speculative topics, have always been characteristic of manufacturing regions." Examples are given and later we are told that in Norfolk for a long time "a weaver was the familiar synonym for a heretic." Prof. Rogers' vivacity of style and his realistic treatment are well exhibited in the following: "The practice of buccaneering (for a time the polite equivalent of piracy), especially among the Spanish possessions in the New World, was long a favorite field of energy. Paterson, the reputed founder of the Bank of England, is sometimes said to have been a missionary in the Antilles, sometimes described as a pirate, and it has been suggested he was probably both by turns. Long after Paterson, an English clergyman, who rose to be Archbishop of York, is said to have

* *The Economic Interpretation of History.* (Lectures delivered in Worcester College Hall, Oxford, 1887-8.) By JAMES E. THEOBOLD ROGERS, professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

pursued the lucrative and invigorating calling of a buccaneer in his earlier days. So it was said of Archbishop Blackburn in his life time, and I never heard that this dignified prelate resented, much less the refuted, the charge against him." In a few cases Prof. Rogers' memory has played him false, as where he says "the Bull of Borgia, under which all the world to the west of the Atlantic was bestowed upon Spain, all the east on Portugal." The real grants of the Bull could have been accurately stated in a few words. On page 294 the Morrill tariff is spoken of as carried through Congress "as the price, it may be feared, of that gentleman's allegiance," and on page 384, "the protectionist tariff of Mr. Morrill was in great part, as I have heard alleged by eminent American statesmen, as the price paid for the allegiance of the manufacturing East. I have been told this so unanimously and so uniformly that I cannot doubt it!" One may be sure that Prof. Rogers was never told any such thing by any "eminent American statesman." The sentence is a confused recollection of some statement to the effect that a protection plank was adopted for the Republican platform in 1860 to secure Pennsylvania for the Republican party. The first sentence (p. 294) baffles explanation. There are more misprints than there should be: On page 10 we find Nurenberg and Burges (Bruges), on page 48 Straduarius for Stradivarius, page 40 Custo for Custos, on page 52 two "ofs" are omitted and on page xii. line fourth from bottom a "not." Prof. Rogers' unrivalled knowledge of Mediæval English life has enabled him to strew his pages with a great variety of interesting and more or less recondite facts of importance alike to the economist and the historical student. This volume with his "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," present in a convenient and interesting form the cream of the results of his vast researches recorded in his "Agriculture and Prices."

EDWARD G. BOURNE.

GREEN'S HEBREW GRAMMAR.*—For many years the Hebrew Grammar of Professor Green has justly been regarded as one of the most valuable helps for students entering upon the study of the original language of the Old Testament. It now appears in a new edition enlarged by nearly seventy pages, and with a much

* *A Grammar of the Hebrew Language.* By WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J. New edition. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1889. 8vo, pp. 418.

fuller and more thorough treatment of the part relating to Syntax, which greatly increases its value. Not only to beginners, but to those who have gained some familiarity with Hebrew and wish to advance beyond a running acquaintance with the text of the Old Testament, such a scholarly presentation of the structure of the language, and its peculiar features, on established philological principles, will be found to be of unquestionable service. No one can fail to recognize the carefulness and clearness of statement which characterize the work throughout.

To advanced scholars, the position of the author on the difficult question of the Hebrew tenses will be of special interest. After having been obliged, as a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee, to struggle with all the phenomena which present themselves in biblical Hebrew, he finds himself unable to accept the theory now generally held, that the essential ideas connected with the tenses are those of completion or non-completion as connected with an action, and still prefers the old terms, perfect and future. The reasons he presents are certainly worthy of consideration, and the prominence he gives to the subjective or "ideal position taken in thought by the speaker as determining the text" would certainly accord with many of the phenomena. Still the question remains: on what fundamental principle were the tenses of the Hebrew verb constructed? Were they originally and essentially designations of time, and is this the key to their interpretation? On this point, on which the whole controversy hinges, it is only fair that the author should be allowed to state his own position. "It is," he says, "very improbable *a priori* that a language should have no method of denoting time except the indirect one which this new theory [of the completed, or non-completed, as explaining the use of the tenses] supposes, and no forms which in their original and native import are intended for its expression. The time of an action is and must always have been regarded as so important a part of what is to be stated about it, that the strong antecedent presumption is that some direct provision must have been made for its notation." This is certainly plausible and at first view unanswerable; but its whole force lies in the quiet assumption that what we are familiar with in Greek and Latin, and the Indo-European languages generally, in the construction of the tenses as indicating time, must somehow be taken as expressing the primitive idea. Can this be safely assumed? Without taking any dogmatic position in regard to

the origin of language, there are some facts directly opposed to it. The first is that verbs represent in their primary sense activity, and as such simply picture an action and do nothing more. The question of time is an after-thought, to be inferred when necessary from the connection or from adverbs or other particles or qualifying clauses. It is on this principle that the sign language of deaf-mutes is constructed, which consists of simple pictures of actions and things, and when necessary only, indicates the past or the future, as something lying back or extending forward.

In the next place, among spoken languages, the Chinese not only for the most part dispenses with all indications of time in the verb, but when obliged to indicate it, resorts to the very conception of completion, or non-completion, which accords with the most generally accepted theory of the Hebrew verb. The testimony of Gabelentz (*Chineische Grammatik*, 1880, p. 378) on this point is clear and distinct. "The Chinese," he says, "has no special forms for the tenses of the verb. The limitations of time are ordinarily understood simply from the circumstances and connection. In narratives and descriptions of the past and the present and predictions of the future, there is no need, as a rule, of designating the tense of the verb, because it is indicated by the particular time mentioned, or the persons or things spoken of. But when a preterite or future in our sense is to be expressed, the Chinese employs modal forms; the past is represented as ended, broken off, etc., the future as designed, in progress, necessary, and the like." The alleged *a priori* presumption, therefore, of an original time-idea as represented by the Hebrew tenses must be regarded as doubtful, while the further considerations adduced by Professor Green in favor of his position are not conclusive and certainly admit of a decision different from his own. It is possible that better terms than "perfect" and "imperfect" might be found to express the fundamental ideas of completion and non-completion, but the author candidly admits that "these names properly defined and understood correspond in a striking manner with certain marked uses of these tenses and their employment has much to recommend it."

GEORGE E. DAY.

Summer Schools NINTH YEAR

Announcements for the Summer of **1889**

OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF Hebrew

* * * * *

I. SCHOOLS.*—DATES.—PLACES.

1. NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL, May 21-June 11.....Yale Divinity School, New Haven, Conn.
2. PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL, June 12-July 8.....Protest. Epis. Div. School, West Philadelphia, Pa.
3. FIRST CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL, July 6-26.....Chautauqua, N. Y.
4. SECOND CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL, July 26-Aug. 15.....Chautauqua, N. Y.
5. CHICAGO SCHOOL, Aug. 15-Sept. 4.....Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston (near Chicago), Ill.

II. COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

Remark 1. Each School will continue three weeks: this makes it possible to avoid overlapping; it also enables men who so desire to attend two or even more schools.

Remark 2. The Principal will be in attendance at each of the five schools, from the first hour to the last.

I. Hebrew Courses: These will be practically the same in all the schools.

1) *For Beginners*, (a) Mastery of Gen. I.-III., (b) gram. principles, (c) memorizing of words and critical analysis of text. *Three hours a day.*

2) *For Reviewers*, (a) Mastery of Gen. III.-VIII., (b) review of elementary principles and more advanced gram. work, (c) memorizing of words and sight-reading. *Three hours a day.*

3) *For Progressive Class*, (a) Critical translation of Judges or 1 Samuel, with study of accents, forms and constructions; (b) the fundamental principles of the language, especially the vowel-system; (c) sight-reading (with memorizing of words) in Exodus, Deuteronomy, Kings.

4) *For Advanced Class*, (a) Critical Study of (1) Isaiah XL.-LXVI. (at New England School), (2) the Book of Job (at Philadelphia), (3) Joel, Amos and Hosea (1st Chautauqua School), (4) Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi (2d Chautauqua School), (5) Isaiah XL.-LXVI. (at Chicago); (b) the study of syntax; (c) sight-reading in Jeremiah and selected Psalms.

II. Cognate Courses: (a) Assyrian for beginners; (b) Assyrian for advanced students; (c) Arabic for beginners; (d) Arabic for advanced students; (e) Aramaic; (f) Syriac; (g) Ethiopic; but no class in a cognate language will be organized in any School, unless four applications for such class be received by the Principal thirty days before the opening of the particular school for which application is made.

III. INSTRUCTORS.

Arrangements have thus far been completed with the following gentlemen:

CHAS. RUFUS BROWN, Ph. D., Newton Centre, Mass.

S. BURNHAM, D. D., Hamilton, N. Y.

GEO. S. BURROUGHS, Ph. D., Amherst, Mass.

A. S. CARRIER, M. A., Chicago, Ill.

C. E. CRANDALL, M. A., New Haven, Conn.

EDWARD L. CURTIS, Ph. D., Chicago, Ill.

GEO. S. GOODSPEED, M. A., New Haven, Conn.

RICHARD J. GOTTHEIL, Ph. D., New York City.

WM. B. HARPER, Ph. D., New Haven, Conn.

CHAS. HORSWELL, Evanston, Ill.

MORRIS K. JASTROW, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN G. LANING, D. D., New Brunswick, N. J.

WALLACE W. LOVEJOY, Philadelphia, Pa.

D. A. MCLENAHAN, D. D., Allegheny City, Pa.

FRANK K. SANDERS, M. A., New Haven, Conn.

BARNARD C. TAYLOR, M. A., Chester, Pa.

M. S. TERRY, D. D., Evanston, Ill.

REVERE F. WEIDNER, D. D., Rock Island, Ill.

IV. EXPENSES.

Board and room may be had at the various schools at prices ranging from \$3.50 per week upwards. Full details concerning cost of boarding at each school will be given in the descriptive pamphlet. The tuition fee will be eight dollars.

V. IN GENERAL.

(1) Each school will begin at 9 A. M. of the day appointed; attendance upon the work of the first hour is essential.

(2) A detailed statement of the classes, instruction, expenses, etc., in each school will be published April 10, and may be obtained by addressing the Principal of Schools,

WILLIAM R. HARPER,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

* Final arrangements have not, in the case of every item, been made. There is, therefore, a possibility that some slight changes may be made from the details here announced.

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Dr. G. H. LEACH, Cairo, Ill., says: "Of great power in dyspepsia, and nervous prostration."

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NEW ENGLANDER

AND

YALE REVIEW.

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SEPTEMBER, 1889.

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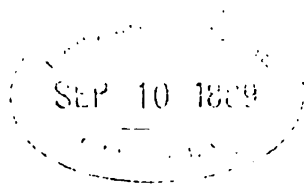
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NEW ENGLANDER

AND

YALE REVIEW.

No. CCXXXIV.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

ARTICLE I.—A STUDY IN HEREDITY: THE POMEROYS IN AMERICA.

FOR our special purpose, the first item of American history is the landing of Eltweed Pomeroy at Dorchester, now a part of Boston. It is understood that he came from England, one of a party of Puritans, in the ship *John and Mary*, landing in March, 1630. He was by trade a blacksmith, as were his sons and grandsons, with few exceptions, and for several generations. Some reports have it that Eltweed was accompanied by a brother Eldad. Later conclusions are that Eldad was son of Eltweed, and born perhaps in Dorchester. Eltweed remained for several years in Dorchester, taking a prominent part in organizing the first or provisional government, and was a man of some means, and of good standing. In 1637, he removed for permanent settlement to Windsor, Connecticut, going, it is supposed, by that terrible journey through the wilderness.

Here, we at once desire to know something of the previous history of this Pomeroy progenitor. But we must confess that there is nothing to be told. At an early period the family had been conspicuous in England. Ralph de Pomerai came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, took an active part in the conquest, and was ennobled for his services. Some of his descendants were for generations among the titled nobility, and one such branch still survives in Ireland. If any record has ever been compiled of the other Pomeroy families in England, no knowledge of it has come to the writer.

We do not know what part of England was Eltweed's home. Doubtless well directed explorations would clear up the mystery, but those heretofore made have been unsuccessful. Except a few names, we have no details of the immediate ancestors previous to the emigration. We not only do not know their residence, but we do not know their occupation (unless we may infer it from that of Eltweed), nor do we know anything of their social position, or public, or private relations. What were the forces, the processes, the struggles, the discipline that bridged the interval between the aristocratic British history, and the hardy Puritan mechanic, a leader on his landing at Dorchester, and transmitting an unusual vital force for several generations—these are matters of transcendent interest.

The Pomeroy character as brought to America was eminently that of the English Puritans with some noticeable peculiarities in degree and intensity. It has been said of the family "they were men of liberal and independent minds determined to preserve their civil and religious freedom." Even among their Puritan associates they were especially stable, earnest, and upright men. The resulting individuality was unusual and hence is the more instructive in the study of Heredity. It must have depended on definite moulding influences carried on and transmitted through many generations. Enquiring as to these forces we offer some suggestions, as topics worthy of extended research.

There are two Pomeroy peculiarities which have been long recognized. Adding a third, the attempt will now be made to present a connected view of them drawn from personal observation and the study of the family history. Our deductions

are submitted under three catch-words: first, *ability*; second, *force*; third, *sympathy*. Were we examining a steamer we might notice: (1) its dimensions, (2) its engines, (3) its equipment. Or if it were a projectile, we distinguish its weight, its velocity, and its direction; and thus a three-fold division is used to elucidate our conception of the Pomeroy character. We propose to show what are its elements, and hope to obtain glimpses of how these have been sometimes modified by marriage with other families.

The most obvious or at least the most generally recognized Pomeroy trait is *executive ability*—the power of doing things. This in the most definite form would seem to be physical or mechanical ability. It may include the performance of anything requiring strength, skill, or dexterity. By further extension the term becomes much more comprehensive and less definite. Primarily it is not a logical quality. It may not include the power to reason and explain the matter. It is not didactic. Neither is it imaginative. It pertains to the *concrete* rather than the *abstract*. The typical Pomeroy does not make a good teacher. An influence received from some other quarter, as for instance, the blood of a Strong, a Sheldon, or a Dwight has proved itself however most effective in that direction. One reason that they do not make teachers is that they see through a process too quickly. They lose sight of the intermediate steps, and cannot explain them to another. Many a Pomeroy woman finds it easier to do something in her kitchen than to explain the process to her servant. She may show how a thing is done, but she cannot state the process in words.

The peculiar faculty of the Pomeroy is not the result of training and hardly of perceptible voluntary effort in the individual. Their powers are due to an inherited capacity from ancestry more or less remote, developed for generations under some unconscious cerebration. This is as inexplicable as the mathematical or the memorizing powers which sometimes astonish the world, coming without study and exerted without apparent effort. Doubtless there is included a power of concentration which others cannot realize. Benjamin Pomeroy of the sixth generation was a lawyer of many years' practice. He had the confidence of the community in his

judgment and held important offices of trust and responsibility. But he was conscious of powers for which his law practice gave him no scope. He had a taste for mechanical execution, and as a pastime between his professional duties undertook the construction of difficult public works—the more difficult the better he liked them. The chief of the United States Topographical Engineers was a friend of Mr. Pomeroy and repeatedly consulted him in emergencies wherein his extraordinary capacity was made useful to the government. By him were constructed on the Atlantic coast beacons and various structures, in circumstances that had baffled previous attempts.

The history of the Pomeroy family furnishes many examples of special capacity beyond the ordinary results of education. How far back might be found the origin of this inherited ability is beyond conjecture. Certain it is that Eltweed Pomeroy and his immediate descendants had these characteristics. They were nominally blacksmiths, but in an age before machinery had taken the place of handicraft, this meant more than now. In the settlement of new towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut the Pomeroy were welcomed artisans. Large grants of land were awarded to them to induce them to settle and carry on their business. They were the gunsmiths in their several locations. In the French and Indian wars the Pomeroy guns were in great demand. In that of the Revolution they were indispensable. Long before the United States had a national armory, the private armories of the Pomeroy were famous. We are told that the anvil of Eltweed Pomeroy was drawn on a hand-sled from Windsor to Northampton. That anvil is still preserved as a treasured relic by some of his Pittsfield descendants in the family of Lemuel Pomeroy.

It is noticeable that if the Pomeroy realized the importance of their work they seem to have lacked the power, or the time, to embody their conceptions in words. Working as the first gunsmiths in the country at a period when the wild beast and the savage made the gun a necessity, they left no records of their thoughts and feelings. There was no historian among them even by marriage until George Bancroft married Sarah Hopkins Dwight, grand-daughter of Mary Pomeroy of the fifth generation. Under hard work for successive generations

there had been secured and transmitted a physical basis—a capacity for execution. It was necessary to graft this with other stock to obtain the variety of gifts needed in our day in the public service. And thus in various channels the Pomeroy executive ability may furnish the power that was originally developed in their workshops. The fact that the *descendants* of Eltweed have so conspicuously maintained this power beyond the average of their Puritan contemporaries can only be accounted for on the supposition that the *ancestors* of Eltweed for many generations had been passing through some training whereby the power of action had been developing and the speculative powers had been comparatively dormant.

A second trait which characterizes the Pomeroy is designated as *force of character*. In seeking to comprehend more definitely what this means as applied to the family, we think it will be found to be a naturally strong will power, and this in turn depending, presumably, on unusual firmness (or other quality) of some part of the brain too recondite for our study. This special force or trait of character includes unusual persistence, in whatever is to be done. It may at times approach stubbornness. A friend of the pioneer manufacturer of Pittsfield said of him: "There would at times be no living with Mr. Lemuel Pomeroy if he were not always right." The Pomeroy may spend years to gain a point in which principle is involved. One of them speaking of his kinsman said: "He will spend five dollars to circumvent a man who would cheat him out of five cents." The Pomeroy will have his own way if possible. If he is flexible, it must be that he draws his blood largely from a different source.

This strong will power is very inspiring and sustaining under difficulties. Of all men the Pomeroy has the courage of his convictions. For the most part they have been leading men in the towns where they have resided, independent in opinion, frequently on the side least popular in politics and in other matters under discussion. They have not been dreamers, or poets, or orators, or reporters, though under other names their blood may presumably have given motive power in such cases.

The *two* traits of character thus considered may depend on a single cause or principle—the *seeing things definitely—in the*

concrete. They are notably masculine traits, being more common and conspicuous in men though by no means lacking in Pomeroy women. To what extent they are due to occupation and how far the original selection of occupation followed an already natural aptitude are matters quite beyond us.

In this kinship there have been many instances of men showing these traits of character in whatever circumstances their lives were cast. Some of them, poor boys, at an early age supporting themselves and entering upon lines of work wherein they reached eminence and wealth, manifesting such sterling qualities as to attain high positions of honor and trust. Examples can be merely enumerated: Noah Pomeroy, of Meriden, Conn.; Elisha Minor Pomeroy, of Wallingford; Charles S. Pomeroy, of Washington, D. C., formerly member of Congress from Iowa; Samuel C. Pomeroy, formerly United States Senator from Kansas; Theodore Medad Pomeroy, formerly member of Congress from New York State; Major George Pomeroy, of Utica, New York. This list might be indefinitely extended.* We quote at more length a notice of Col. Seth Pomeroy, of Northampton, Mass. He illustrated in an eminent degree the family traits. The circumstances of his life were favorable for their display, and he had connections able to appreciate his qualities and to place accounts of them on record.

"Seth Pomeroy, born in Northampton, Mass., 20 May, 1706, died in Peekskill, N. Y., Feb., 1777. He was an ingenious and skillful mechanic and followed the trade of gunsmith. Early in life he entered the military service of the Colony and in 1744 he held the rank of Captain. At the capture of Louisburg in 1745 he was a Major and had charge of more than twenty smiths who were engaged in drilling captured cannon. In 1755 he was Lieutenant Colonel of Ephraim Williams's regiment. On the latter's death he succeeded to the command of the force that defeated the French and Indians under Baron Dieskau, and his regiment was the one that suffered most in gaining the victory of Lake George. Col. Pomeroy was an ardent patriot, and in 1774-5 served as delegate to the Provincial Congress by which he was elected a general officer in October, 1774, and Brigadier General in 1775. At the beginning of the Revolutionary war he presented himself as a volunteer in the camp of Gen. Artemas Ward, at Cambridge, Mass., from whom he

* It is hoped that the study of the family history now in progress will include a large amount of such material with corresponding genealogical detail.

borrowed a horse on hearing the artillery at Bunker Hill, and taking a musket set off at full speed for Charlestown. Reaching the Neck and finding it enfiladed by a heavy fire from the 'Glasgow' ship of war, he began to be alarmed, not for his own safety, but for that of General Ward's horse. Too honest to expose the borrowed steed to the 'pelting of the pitiless storm,' and too bold to shrink, he delivered the horse to a sentry, shouldered his gun and marched on foot across the Neck. On reaching the hill he took a station at the rail fence in the hottest of the battle. He was soon recognized by the men, and his name rang with shouts along the line. A few days later he received the appointment of senior Brigadier General among the eight that were named by Congress, but as this action caused some difficulty in the adjustment of rank, he declined it and soon after retired to his farm. During 1776 when New Jersey was overrun by the British, he headed a force of militia from his neighborhood and marched to the rescue of Washington. He reached the Hudson river but never returned."—*Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography*.

The third characteristic Pomeroy trait is the *capacity of sympathy*. This is not merely pity or commiseration at the distresses of others. It is not mere kindness of heart, a sentimental or abstract emotion. It is not something acquired by *individual* religious experience, though it may be quickened and directed thereby. It is a natural inheritance inwrought in the very being, various in its manifestations and composite in its structure. It is part of the habit of concrete thinking—the *giving the mind to the reality of things*. It includes the feeling as others feel—an appreciation of the moods of others—an intelligent apprehension of their thoughts. The apostle must have had such a type to draw from when writing the repeated injunction, "be of the same mind one with another."

This power of sympathy has many opposites according to circumstances. It is never selfish, nor suspicious, nor introspective, nor self-assertive—hardly self-conscious. Without exaggeration and without gush it gives utterance to a full heart in the simplicity of truth. To the recipient of its favors it is restful beyond the power of expression. Other women may be or may not be more beautiful or more accomplished or more brilliant, but if they lack this native genius, this instinctive and intuitive capacity, they are not of Pomeroy blood. When a Pomeroy woman dies there are always those to feel they have lost their best friend.

This power of sympathy includes still more. It relates not merely to humanity; it allies one to Nature, and what is *that* but God's manifestation of his sympathy with the human heart?—universal nature, all that is lovable and suggestive. The Pomeroy loves the dumb animal, and his love is reciprocated. Inanimate nature—the fields, the hills, the mountain brook, the sea—the enumeration finds no limit. We must restrict it to grasp the idea—the garden is an indispensable part of the home of the Pomeroy. Rightly is it that his name—*Pomme de Roi*—is identified with one of God's fruits—the fruit of the garden—one form of which holds the first place in the world's history.

When considering the planting of the Pomeroy stock in New England, I spoke of the resulting individuality as unusual. Surely the harmonious blending, the intense masculine traits with the most comprehensive feminine, warrants the statement. How it originated is one of the profound, all-comprehensive questions, of which we can obtain only glimpses. A few suggestions of topics for study are all that can be offered.

The study of family traits is intimately connected with the hereditary transmission of character and aptitudes, including the complicated problems introduced by marriage. Much has been learned on the subject of Heredity. The effect of occupations and other circumstances in moulding character is beginning to be recognized. Operating causes must extend over several generations in order to transmit a trait in a marked degree, and to all the descendants.

The results of inheritance are due not to parents alone, but to remoter ancestors, and indefinitely. If a trait, quality, or aptitude were transmitted from a succession of ancestors, and not interfered with by the introduction of conflicting elements it would be fixed in the race. Such, however, is seldom the case, and the tendency is rather towards constant and endless variety. In the elective affinity that determines the union of the sexes, the principle that the unlike attracts, often dominates. An instance where a characteristic is very manifest, persistent and widely diffused, is the more valuable for purposes of study, as there can be no doubt that the causes or forces were long operative, and that important changes were not introduced by marriage.

So far as appears, the Pomeroy characteristics and vital forces, in their elementary forms, were fully developed when first we meet the family. The sons of Eltweed possessed and transmitted the traits, and in *modified* forms, they can be traced in the lines of the daughters also. On the whole the transmission has been remarkably complete and comprehensive, the exceptions being inconsiderable. An apparent exception occurred when by a second marriage the blood of the Pomeroy was allied to that of the Strong's, Medad Pomeroy marrying a daughter of Elder John Strong. A son was born and here a change appears. Samuel Pomeroy of the third generation differed from his brothers and his cousins. He was graduated in 1705 at Yale College, and became a clergyman—the first Pomeroy of whom we have knowledge as receiving a liberal education. In the ministry he was useful and honored. Preaching, not working, was his province. While his brothers by a previous marriage transmitted the family traits even now traceable in their descendants, all that we know of Samuel is, that he was a systematic, learned, and eminently pious man, changing his church relations from the Congregational and becoming a Presbyterian, exerting a good influence over a prosperous flock. Such was his sphere. But nature has her revenges. Instead of the usual large family of sons, his children, leaving families, were daughters and with the disappearance of the name all perceptible trace of Pomeroy disappeared.

The Pomeroy's have been a religious people—quiet followers of the Apostle James. In all the branches of the family and in all the generations many of them have been deacons, grave and exemplary men, capable and kind hearted. The sensational and strongly demonstrative forms of religious doctrine and experience have been less common than with some other Puritan families. In the ministry, they have been zealous, good men, faithful and earnest, but never as Pomeroy's, doing much to enlarge the range of human thought or to modify public opinion on a large scale. In instances where Pomeroy blood is intermingled with that of other families there are those who have become eminent, each side doubtless imparting and receiving a share in the result.

Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy (4th generation) of Hebron, Conn., was a conspicuous example of the family characteristics. Zealous and scholarly he was carrying on his ministerial work in a quiet manner when he came under the influence of the Evangelist Whitfield. Dr. Pomeroy became much interested and adopted the new revival doctrines and methods with great earnestness. His more conservative ministerial brethren did not keep pace with him and the resulting antagonism gave scope to the courage and masterful will power of the Pomeroy race. Though deposed from his pulpit for some years, he continued to preach without salary wherever he found hearers. In the French war he joined the army as chaplain and subsequently resumed his ministerial work at Hebron, acceptably and usefully, again to take a chaplaincy in the war of the Revolution.

The effect of intermarriage on the race characteristics is not always obvious. Strongly marked traits are more likely to appear in the sons and to be transmitted by them. A daughter may transmit her father's traits. As a rule the stronger nature dominates in the offspring, though there will be some intermingling and modification of the two. A weakening effect becomes apparent where the diluting process is repeated and after a while the Pomeroy type is plainly modified. Even in these circumstances it is curious that at times the old force will assert itself even in late generations, and the original type appear. An instance is now in mind where a boy six years old, great-grandson of a Pomeroy, manifests the iron will and constructive activity to the wonder and sometimes dismay of the other members of the family. His mother, a modified type of the Pomeroy woman, such as we delight in, sometimes looks aghast at the exhibition of will and force in the boy before her.

In considering the modifying effects of intermarriage, much depends upon what the new forces are. Traits that are shared by both parents are likely to be reënforced in the offspring. Some are at once absorbed and assimilated, with little perceptible effect. Not so of others. About the year 1755, Stephen Pomeroy of the fifth generation married Eleanor Lyman. The Lymans were a family of great natural ability, displayed in demonstrative ways. Stephen Pomeroy died early leaving four

little children, of only one of whom have we any knowledge. Enos Pomeroy, this son, became an upright patriotic man, holding such offices as were in the gift of his town, Buckland, Mass., and for many successive years he was its representative in the State Legislature. He had a large family of children, mostly daughters. One son whose name also was Enos became a lawyer and lived in Rochester, New York. He was a man of signal ability and strict integrity. He married Sarah Strong Norton, who united in her veins the blood of the Nortons, the Strong's, the Claps, and the Pitkins. It would be interesting to give in detail the characteristics of their children. Among them was John Norton Pomeroy, one of the most eminent lawyers and writers on law this country has produced. Another son Henry Pomeroy, reached similar eminence as professor of mathematics and civil engineering and subsequently as an officer in the Union army. A third son was killed in battle. Their only daughter became a teacher. In this family the Pomeroy traits were strongly modified. The executive ability and will-power of the race assumed new forms and became important elements in character building.

How far the race characteristics may be traced through a series of female lines is a difficult question. Doubtless under progressively changing forms they will continue to exist longer than our ability to trace them. The strands of the twisted cord are continually subdivided and incorporated with others. A conspicuous instance of the modification which the Pomeroy traits undergo in successive families is that of President Theodore Dwight Woolsey, who was of Pomeroy extraction—his descent being as follows: Mehitable Pomeroy, a granddaughter of Eltweed married John King, son of the settler of the same name. The Kings were by occupation, tanners, and this marriage appears to have been a harmonious blending of congruous elements. Their daughter Experience King married Colonel Timothy Dwight, a man “in high esteem for his talents and worth,” and with qualities very unlike the staid and quiet Pomeroy's. “There was fire in his very blood. He had a heart so full of flash and flame in action that his manners were sometimes quite overborne by his feelings.” His son Major Timothy Dwight married Mary Edwards, daughter of Rev.

Jonathan Edwards the most eminent divine and metaphysician in New England, thus bringing another new departure for Pomeroy blood.* Their daughter Elizabeth married William W. Woolsey, Esq., "one of the wisest, most upright, and most successful merchants of his day." One of their sons, President Woolsey, was so extraordinary an instance of intellectual development as might seem to defy classification with the Pomeroyes. In his case, the executive ability was conspicuous, as it was in the old gunsmiths, but found its sphere in the abstruse problems of science, the unfolding the hidden stores of classical learning, the profound questions of metaphysics and those of international law. The mastering will was there also, and in his eighty-eighth year as strong as ever. With these eminent intellectual gifts, all acquainted with him will recognize his sympathetic nature—generous, many-sided, and all-embracing.

As to the origin of race characteristics, much may be said according to the point of view taken. They are the gift of God evolved in his providence. They have dependence on any thing that happens to the individual. An impression made on the nervous system leaves its mark as surely as the photographic negative is impressed by light and shade, and as mysteriously as the hypnotic force controls the will and bewilders the reason of its subject. In the tablets of the brain (or whatever may answer as such) beyond the scrutiny of the anatomist, the record is preserved ready to be reproduced when memory shall be awakened with sufficient intensity. But the brain cell has relations even more surprising. It is itself a part of the aggregate of parentage. The inheritance of the child depends, in a measure, on the physique of the parent. An impression, or an action, if repeated may become a habit. The habit if continued and intensified may appear in the progeny. The process continuing evolves a race characteristic. How much depends on the human will, and to what extent choice and circumstances may complicate and modify the result, are problems too obscure for us to enter upon.

* It would require a volume to depict the many and striking results of these unions, especially in the families of the Lymans and the Dwights. See the *History of the Descendants of John Dwight of Dedham, Mass.*, by Benjamin W. Dwight.

A characteristic may be cherished, expanded, intensified, and handed on to the next generation, or it may be wasted, the brain cell becoming atrophied by neglect or abuse. Every human being has potentially such germinal aptitudes. All will not be actively developed in one person. But a trait or the physical basis of it may not appear in the individual, and yet be found in the offspring. If the causes which favor it were repeated with constancy, we may presume that its transmission would be as uniform and constant as the operation of other natural laws.

In certain natural aptitudes the Pomeroy's excel, and did so as far back as we are able to study them. But none can be masters in all directions. Roughly speaking, the sphere of the Pomeroy may be said to be things rather than thoughts. The power of abstraction and the gifts thence depending are not eminent in this family. Scientific acumen, lofty imagination, and philosophical speculation do not appear. When these gifts show themselves we may be sure there have been turned into the vital stream some new elements.

The individuals of the Pomeroy family used in this paper to elucidate its positions have been selected because known to the writer either in person or by reputation. His lists contain many other names that it is believed would equally illustrate the positions taken.

May not these historical studies be used, also, retrospectively? and something be learned through them concerning the family in times which to us are prehistoric? It seems safe to assume that where the hereditary tendencies are so positive and persistent, they must be a reproduction of those existing prior to the time of Eltweed and for generations. We conclude that they lived in a homogeneous community, or at least intermarried only with accordant elements: they belonged to the middle class rather than the gentry; they did not live in ease, luxury, and idleness, but in active employments wherein the capacity for work was constantly stimulated. In whatever sphere they were engaged, they were the best workmen to be found; their productions were the best to be had; in matters to which they gave their attention their opinions were authoritative; their will was undisputed law. Ambition did not

draw them to other pursuits; pleasure did not tempt them astray. The claims of duty, obedience to law, the love of right, of liberty, and of humanity, these were paramount. The corruptions of power and place, the seductions of an advancing civilization took no hold of them. Large families with a full proportion of sons give ample proof of the hardihood of the race, which otherwise runs to daughters and in a few generations is absorbed in other families.

How far back may these retrospective deductions be permissible?

I sometimes wonder in what ways the Pomeroy traits were manifested long ago, long before we have their history. But they were not historians and we do not have the record. Actions not words characterized them. Not the action that made military heroes, not brilliancy, nor strategy, but constructiveness. They were busy workers, though I doubt not Sir Ralph had courage and fighting capacity. Perhaps it was then, as later, that the forge, the anvil, and the hammer first bound them to the Royal heart. As his armorers they would find their exact sphere. Skill and executive capacity were as essential helps to William of Normandy as were the power to wield the sword and hurl the lance. In times of peace the Pomeroyes had their gardens with fruit and flowers, in an age and country where Horticulture was established by law. Hence it might be that in a lucky moment, according to an old tradition or suggestion, a new fruit presented to the King, "*un Pomme de Roi*" did more to perpetuate their name than the mechanical force and executive ability to whose energizing power we are so much indebted.

If the limitations could be removed that include these researches, this line of enquiry might be traced backward indefinitely. It is also possible that if family traits were studied in their elementary forms and the modifications were followed in later generations, more progress might be made in the study of Heredity.

WM. W. RODMAN.

**ARTICLE II.—A SO-CALLED PESSIMIST OF THE OLD
DRAMA : JOHN WEBSTER.**

WHEN people of fair literary culture meet the name of John Webster two or three impressions are likely to sweep rapidly across their minds. Whether these readers belong to that unhappy majority who form their estimate of classical authors from the opinions of critics, or to that smaller class who regard first-hand impressions of books as the only literary culture worth having, they will probably associate the mention of Webster with a notion of powerful occasional expression, of a few strong characterizations, and of gloom almost incomparable. For these qualities are so prominent that even a rapid reader can hardly miss them, while they have appealed effectively to the numerous gaugers of dramatic fame by their capacity for positive representation.

Certainly every lover of poetry must be attracted by that diction imaginative, intense, compressed almost to an extreme, with its power of sending tinglings through our nerves, and making us lay aside our book to follow the long suggestions of single lines. Such dying cries as Brachianno's invocation to "soft natural death"; Flamineo's

"We cease to grieve, cease to be Fortune's slaves,
Nay, cease to die, by dying ;"

or his sister's

"My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven I know not whither ;"

Ferdinand's supreme line over his innocent victim's body—

"Cover her face ; mine eyes dazzle ; she died young ;"

the lover's disillusioned glimpse of his enchantress—

"Thou hast led me like a heathen sacrifice,
With music and with fatal yokes of flowers,
To my eternal ruin ;"

such passages have compelled a general recognition and reverence for Webster's style. Equally impressive is his skill in

producing characters that live. Flamineo, Bosola, Isabella, Cornelia, the Duchess of Malfi, and the other figures suggested by these names, are designed with imaginative power and are most carefully elaborated. Their birth was royal, and, unlike many princely conceptions in our old drama, they were not abandoned to unworthy futures as soon as born. Most wonderful of them all, perhaps, is the heroine of *The White Devil*, whose brilliancy has thrown into darkness many of Webster's gentler claims to admiration. Nor does it seem strange that to so great an extent she has concentrated attention upon herself when we recall Vittoria's wildness of passionate daring and her defiant beauty. Physically and mentally magnificent, shrinking from no crime, *her* hand never bearing the faintest marks of guilt, she sins, and flashes a challenge at her censors, enjoys, resists, quivers for an instant in haughty fear, and then sweeps forward to meet death—a queen of passion's tragedy. The atmosphere in which these characters live is equally worthy of the notice it has attracted. Websterian gloom is almost a byword: in the two plays always in mind when this author is named, the air is murky and miasmatic, our spirits are oppressed as we pass through it. Thence has arisen the prevalent notion of Webster as absorbed from first to last in bitterness, or even in pessimism. One is imagining an easily conceived picture when one fancies this poet walking alone in midnight groves, finding in the owl's shriekings an apt suggestiveness of life; turning homeward to sit in the light of a single taper brooding over things of death, and dreading the return of day with its irony of sunshine.

From these qualities a divided judgment has been formed of Webster as a man and as a dramatist. Intellectually and poetically, he has received generous admiration; indeed, sometimes the praise may have been pitched too high. But personally he is almost always spoken of harshly. These "night pieces," with passion and villainy for main motives, where moments of tranquillity seem introduced only by contrast to bring out more dreadfully the fury of the scenes that precede and follow, have induced a more or less thorough identification of the author with such aspects of his work. Taine, for example, has nothing to say of Webster except that he is unequalled "in creating

desperate characters, utter wretches, in blackening and blaspheming human life." While in the most appreciative study of his work that I have read, Vernon Lee can say nothing better than this: "In the noble and tender nature of Webster, the sense is one of ineffable sadness, unmarred by cynicism, but unbrightened by hope. Of real justice in this life or compensation in another there is no thought: Webster, though a Puritan in spirit, is no Christian in faith." What I have to say is in another tone. For there are quiet and eloquent touches here and there in his plays that justify the belief that Webster had no sympathy with the blasphemy of human life; that in a true sense of the word, he was a Christian, by virtue of morality sweetened by compassion for misery, energy in the effort to reform abuses, delight in what is gentle and lovely in man and nature, and hope (even though a faltering one) that sustained his sadness.

It might be fair to claim that *Vittoria* and *The Duchess* are the only plays where Webster's darker qualities appear; yet these are so conspicuously his masterpieces that it is best to limit to them an inquiry into his personal character. Nor can any but a special pleader deny that his judgment of life, as here expressed, is a dismal one. We are struck by the sad earnestness of many of his utterances about human relations and the value of existence. Nothing in Webster is more marked than the studied finish of many of these doleful sentiments; plainly he chiseled and re-chiseled and laboriously polished them. Such pains an author takes only with ideas that have grown very significant to him. Indeed, let us admit that when these plays were written Webster was alienated from genial, wholesome love with life, that existence seemed a task, that he felt the world's injustice, and bitterly resented it. Is he therefore a misanthrope?

Observe that these harsh sayings are put in the mouths of his worst characters. Granted that the intensity of their expression shows that their meaning has been felt, rather than imaginatively apprehended, is it nothing to the praise of their author that he sent them out into publicity with the deep red brand of cowardly or brutal natures set upon them? It is his villains who blaspheme: he has other characters who submit to life's evil with patient constancy. Moreover, these sombre

sentiments will affect our estimate of Webster personally, according as they seem indigenous to his disposition, or the result of unfortunate circumstances. The true Jaques rails not only "against all the first born of Egypt," and the "motley fools" and the "miserable world," but with equal venom against the humble people and the clever, and the idyllic world of the Arden lovers. Wherever we place him, he finds victims for his poisoned quips. Very differently to be judged is the man who displays angry temper toward institutions or objects from which he has undeservedly suffered; we may not excuse his invective, but appreciation of its cause cannot fail to soften our disapproval. Thus, Webster's own relation to society may be held responsible for not a little of this gloomy estimate of life. He shows most distinctly his sensitiveness to the gulf both of birth, (his father was a tailor), and of profession between himself and those whom the world esteemed best. Though we have no grounds for asserting that he was a player, the theatre was his calling; and then, as so often before and since, it was not a socially ennobling one. Alleyn and probably Burbage, by great talents and wealth secured familiarity with the nobility: Chapman and Jonson, through their scholarship, were no doubt cordially received wherever they really desired admission. But even Shakspeare felt the sting of society's contempt, and in those poems where he "unlocked his heart" cries out against Fortune, who provided no better for his life "than public means," on account of which his dearest friend would sometimes ignore his acquaintance. To those obscurer and financially unsuccessful poets, who gained no brilliant triumphs, and, immortality within their brains, toiled through dreary jobs of collaborated play-writing, the path to bitterness was broad and easy of entrance. Nothing in Webster's plays is reiterated more frequently and earnestly than expressions of ambition and of muffled rage at frustrated hopes. Flamineo and Bosola, his elaborately drawn arch-villains, with a repetition and poignancy that show only too distinctly how easy it was for their creator to assume the tone, carp against the distinctions of society, and the contemptible accident of social greatness. The difference between aristocracy and absence of rank, he tells us in the mouth of another character,

is "no more than between two bricks, all made of one clay; only 't may be one is placed on the top of a turret, the other in the bottom of a well, by mere chance." The philosophical soundness of such consolation could not always dispel a gloomy consciousness that this "mere chance" had placed the poet at the extreme from ease and honor. By nature so strongly predisposed to the serious and pathetic, there is no occasion for surprise that Webster brooded over such reflections until he grew morbid. We cannot claim for him one of those great souls whose serenity may be rippled, but never deeply agitated, by unmerited vexations. Yet it is something—is it not?—that this bitterness was so far below the dignity of his calmer judgment that he expressed it in the characters whom in all ways he made least admirable.

But it may be felt that Webster's plots are yet more dismal than his sullen sentences. Scarcely a prominent character sees the close of either drama; murder crowds on murder, until the stabbing of an inoffensive servant seems an act as trifling as brushing off a fly. Almost all the virtuous die wretchedly, yet their deaths often seem even bright in contrast with the agony of life. The villains die, too; yet one's first impression is that the author kills them only that their persecution may still attend the good in that dark future whither the careless reader may believe he consigns all sorts and conditions in desperate confusion.

A cold interest in the dramatic capabilities of vicious natures united in the ruin of virtue, the satisfaction found by pessimism in showing how remorseless a Juggernaut life is, are possible explanations of the choice of such subjects as Webster's. Another explanation is that alleged by our greatest recent dramatist as the motive of one of his saddest and most wonderful poems, to

"Tell a truth

Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought."

For there is a difference between didactic poetry and that ethical element in poetry which is inevitably an admonition. Thus it is perfectly possible for a drama to represent vice tyrannizing and hope dismayed, without being in any sense a blasphemy of human life. It is this last aim that I believe

influenced Webster in the selection of the stories on which he constructed his two great plays. They are closely akin. To a great extent, *The White Devil* is based on the misery that results from ambition for rank and power; *The Duchess of Malfi*, though it contains a secondary warning, is primarily a tragedy of wounded aristocratic pride. From this standpoint, Websterian providence loses its aspect of brutality, and becomes a solemn denunciation of the ambition and the pride that stamp out conscience in their devotees, and involve the loveliest innocence in grief that ends only with death. For if this or that cynical taunt born in his bitterness was disapproved by Webster's maturer thought, not so his conviction of the evil effects of society's artificial inequalities. His themes appealed to him through something vastly more absorbing than their mere dramatic possibilities; both are pleas for honesty undazzled by riches and social glories, and for a nobility not of blood but of character. In the earlier play the lesson is on the surface, and a moment's search brings out the meaning of *The Duchess*. There every device is sedulously studied to exhibit aristocratic haughtiness in its extreme arrogance, and to render it inexcusable and hateful. Antonio is no vulgar steward, no Malvolio complacently fingering his chain and dreaming of such perquisites of marriage with his mistress as domineering the household and hectoring her kinsmen. He is the overseer not of a private establishment but of a court, has just returned from foreign travel, is accomplished in gentlemanly exercises. Moreover he is connected in intimate friendship with a man of birth and breeding: is it not the Cardinal himself who speaks of Delio as "a gentleman"? Yet the varied proofs of his social respectability are scarcely thought of, beside the man's worth of character. Seldom have modest manliness and grave integrity been sketched more distinctly than in this unobtrusive, thoughtful Antonio, whose very presence carries weight, whom the Duchess's brother distrusts because he knows his honesty is incorruptible. Nor does he accept the Duchess's proffer of her love eagerly, or from selfish motives. Before he dreamed of her affection his devotion to her was deep and pure;

"Her very sleeps
Are more in Heaven than other ladies' shrifts,"

he tells Delio;

“She stains the time past, lights the time to come.”

Yet when the lady whom he has regarded with “the desire of the moth for the star,” offers herself to him in that scene which remains lovely still, even when compared with the wooing by some of Shakspeare’s girls, or with Arethusa’s sacrifice of maidenly reserve to love, how unselfish his hesitation, how instinctive his unwillingness to throw upon the Duchess the part he should play. Yet, with what result? As the drama progresses, the license of a protracted time-element more than realizes the beautiful promise of the bridal devotion. After years we see this love warm and tender in a moment of repose; we see it when struck with hopeless disaster staunch to endure earthly separation in the hope of a heavenly companionship. No touch is wanting to elevate this marriage into a union worthy of man’s holiest reverence. But insolent family pride has no sentiment for love: the Duchess is racked by hideous miseries until she pleads for death, her base-born children are strangled above her body, and Antonio dies with the recognition that the error of his life was in accepting alliance with greatness.

Hitherto we have been noticing the injustice of calling Webster a cynic, on the ground of his dark sentiments and plots. It is well also to turn to a few neglected indications that amid his sterner moods lived delicate sympathies; like those timid little blossoms that in crevasses of bare rocks commune with the sunshine. Some of these are found even in his most tragical passages. Side by side with the passion of Vittoria are the purity and self-annulment of the wife who is her rival, and the piety of Cornelia. Cornelia, too, among the transports of Flamineo’s fury in *The White Devil’s* later scenes is a venerable witness to the goodness of human nature. Through the voluptuous and blood-stained court she moves in austere sanctity; her one consolation is in Marcellus; when he is killed for his very righteousness, this forsaken woman resists the agony of her desolation, in a struggle to shield the murderer not only of his brother, but of his mother’s heart. Devotion such as Cornelia’s in this scene, can

misanthropy be its author? Or the gentleness that we see between Isabella and her child, the love already described between the Duchess and Antonio, the noble friendship between Antonio and Delio; yes, even the devotion again and again displayed between the Duchess and her waiting-woman—are these the methods of a “blasphemy of life”?

Or again, look at two or three incidental suggestions of Webster's nature. No aspect of humanity more surely requires delicate sympathy for its portrayal than does childhood, whose chief qualities are its innocence and freshness of impression. To present a child's emotion and demeanor the dramatist needs not so much to remember as to forget. Sweeping aside the years, unlearning what life has taught, is a more puzzling task than the realization of vast conceptions of adult passion, misery, and delight. Hence it comes about that the children of our old stage are usually unsatisfactory, either from precocious maturity, or from that most inartistic of all deportment, an artificial simplicity. Here, as everywhere, Shakspeare's work is preëminent. Arthur, Lucius, Mamillius, the little son of Macduff,—no false note jars on the naturalness and beauty of their words and bearing. But in observing even Marlowe's study of the young Edward, or Fletcher's Hengo, even in Webster's Giovanni, too, we feel hesitation about complete approval. Yet I think no other Elizabethan dramatist has come closer to Shakspeare's child studies than has Webster in Giovanni's eagerness for heroism, and in his perplexed sorrow at the old mystery, to him new, whose touch has laid Isabella asleep. “When do the dead wake?” the boy asks. (One hesitates which lines to choose for illustration.) As he hears his uncle's solemn answer, “When God shall please,” the recollection of the months of shadow by himself only dimly understood, that have been resting over his sweet mother, lifts him to a beautiful forgetfulness of his own loneliness and content at her relief.

“O God, let her sleep ever,”

he murmurs,

“For I have known her wake a hundred nights,
When all the pillow where she laid her head
Was brine-wet with her tears.”

More than as an artistic creation, Giovanni is interesting to us from the pathos of his love, and from the evident affection with which the poet regarded him. There are other proofs, too, even finer, of Webster's fondness for children. Such are Antonio's farewell to the babe in Cariola's arms, "thy sweet armful," his exclamation of delight at the mention of his children breathed by Bosola in his dying ear, the Duchess's last injunction to her maid,

"Look thou give the boy
Some syrup for his cough, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep."

Is it not sympathy with the graces and purities of the unstained soul, that causes love for children?

Three of our most beautiful affections are for children, birds, and flowers. "Suffer the little children," "Consider the lilies of the field,—the fowls of the air," what words could take the place of these in revealing the gentleness of Christ? But of flowers Webster says little. The other quality, however, the love of birds, is quite as distinct as his feeling for children. Yet even here his sorrowful eye looks chiefly at the gloomy. Birds of ill-omen hover over his scenes, screech owls croak or beat against the casement of tragical death, larks are fed on turfs dug from graves, blackbirds—the color of human sorrow—fly before the fierce sparrow-hawk. "A clear unwrinkled song" attracts him less than broken notes, swift easy flights of aerial prosperity he turns from to watch what is more in keeping with his mood. Society's injustice reaches even to the birds. Pigeons, who "belong to the lord of the manor," may steal corn at their will; but the sparrows? Oh, they only "belong to the lord of heaven, they go to the pot for't." Surely it is something more than a fancy if we believe that in pathetic reverie more than once he watched some caged bird over whose cries and flutterings for liberty its owner played in careless miniature the inexorableness of the great fate that held the poet's soul imprisoned. "Didst thou never see a lark in a cage?" he asks; "such is the soul in the body; this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison." The underthought here of pity

for the captive lark was no passing sentiment; once and again we catch an unmistakable suggestion of Webster's love for birds.

"The robin redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages,"

he says somewhere; again,

"We think caged birds sing, when indeed they cry."

"Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,"

chants Vittoria's distracted mother in that dirge for which Lamb could find no comparison save Ariel's song of sea-death:

"Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men."

The tranquil genius of Calderon made one of his most miserable heroes gaze after a "flor de pluma" to identify it with rapture and liberty. For the sad English poet, creatures of dull plumage take the place of these winged flowers, and even they are caught into the same captivity with man, or in their freedom are involved in gloomy offices above his corpse. Yet there is one exquisite exception, where the Duchess of Malfi is sighing over her frustrated love:

"The birds that live i' th' field
On the wild benefit of nature, live
Happier than we, for they can choose their mates,
And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring."

But in spite of these sympathies, did Webster after all gather nothing but despair from life? Surely he was no misanthrope, for misanthropy arises from hatefully exaggerated egotism. There is another form of bitterness that springs from the tenderest love for men; its desires for their happiness beaten back into disappointment. Yet this, too, shows a character deficient in qualities almost essential to the poet. The ordinary man "unbrightened by hope" is only half a man; the poet-pessimist is a worse than Balaam, cursing when he was bidden bless. It is not pessimism to picture lives struggling through depths as of a gloomy forest, night and storm above them, lightning-hewn wrecks falling everywhere about their path. This despairing blackness, these ravages of an over-

whelming strength are earth's grim realities. But it is pessimism to linger over representation of virtue tormented by sorrows that do not purify, innocent misery hurled into eternal hopelessness, vice glorified by a success that is to be annihilated, not avenged, by death. Is it this that Webster has taught us of life?

As I have tried to show, the two plays by which we are judging him were composed with reference to an evil which he regarded as peculiarly dangerous, and with which he was dealing with no compromising hand. His heart, quite as much as his judgment, was aroused; the tragedy of his plots pushed him to the deepest gloom. Lacking as he did breadth correspondent to his intensity, he gave little heed to shading suffering with consolation. These are tempest-studies, and if we find no serene stretches of blue sky, we must not say that he never brooded upon their peace; unless, indeed, we fail to discover any passing appreciation of their existence. But if we meet such incidental revelation, we must not subject it to quantitative estimate; even a thread of light leading up through the blackness to the clear glory of an untroubled heaven, would give us reason to dissent from those who say that Webster had no personal faith that virtuous suffering meets reward or ill-doing punishment.

It is in neglecting just these trifling suggestions that Webster's critics have failed to present a complete sketch of his inner feeling. Vernon Lee reached even to the verge of the secret when, in her attempt to show that "of real justice in this life or compensation in another there is no thought," she quoted Bosola's dying words:

"O, this gloomy world !
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,
Doth womanish and fearful mankind live !
Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust,
To suffer death or shame for what is just."

This as it stands evidently supports the essayist's position that for Webster life had nothing but wretchedness, though none the less he felt himself bound to suffer and perform for duty's sake. But why not go on to read the half-line that concludes the speech? "Mine," says Bosola, "mine is another

voyage." Webster's powerful study of a recalcitrant villain ends true to its creator's invariably stern morality. In contrast to Flamineo, who revels in his instrumentality to vice, Bosola has from the first hearty sneers for himself, as he struggles feebly in the toils of vicious habit. Flamineo is a strong man, whose will holds his conscience in easy control. Bosola is a weak man, with moral instincts that he never can master. Whereas the former dies with defiant fortitude, the latter falters into final penitence and dies in a blind attempt to atone for his hateful misdeeds. For a moment, as he lies wounded, he hopes atonement has been made :

" It may be pain, but no harm to me to die
In so good a quarrel."

But as he looks up, the blackest frown of Justice is bent upon him.

" Oh, this gloomy world !"

he exclaims :

" Let *worthy* minds ne'er stagger in distrust
To suffer death or shame for what is just ;
Mine is another voyage."

The good may meet a generous death calmly, but for one who has been heaping up wrath unto the day of wrath, all the time conscious of his guilt ; who with eyes wide open has been trampling into unutterable miseries the purest, most commanding, sweetest virtue ; who has kept giving pledges to his conscience till the moment for action has come, and then has invariably laughed them to scorn ; for such a man half delirious through the awful scenes he has enacted, penitent through the half malignant wish to undo his work when he finds that he has been tricked out of the wages for which he had sold his wickedness—to expect forgiveness ! His own conscience answers him. Nay, "mine is another voyage ;" and as he speaks, his soul departs on its despairing journey.

Yet this is one critic's proof-text for the assertion that in Webster "of real justice in this life or of compensation in another, there is no thought." At least, here we find developed the most solemn doctrine that there are two voyages from life—to reward and to punishment.

But we have also gracious evidence that this so-called pessimist did not lead the innocent children of his thought among scenes of agony only to leave them forever unavenged by mercy or justice, in the confidence of future relief that he has attributed to the Duchess of Malfi. "There is no thought of compensation in another life"? In the overwhelming sorrow of separation from her husband, it is this very anticipation of ultimate peace that sustains her:

"In the eternal church, sir,"

she says to Antonio,

"I do hope we shall not part thus."

Misery inflicted but for its own gloomy sake?

"O, heaven, thy heavy hand is in't,"

cries this same woman;

"I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top,
And compared myself to't; naught made me e'er
Go right, but heaven's scourge-stick."

Afterward, tortured almost out of sanity, she asks Cariola:

"Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?"

Is it in violence to his own expectation that the dramatist sends her consolation in the maid's quick response, "Yes, out of question"? And have Webster's critics ever read the dying prayer of the Duchess to her executioners, as they slip their strangling cords about her neck?

"Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down Heaven upon me."

What Christian moralist, again, has ever enunciated more nobly the principle of right action for its own generous sake, than has Webster in Antonio's simple declaration of his morality?

"Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest."

Had this been written in Greek, critics might have comprehended the implication of its conditional syntax, even though they had missed the elevation of its moral tone.

Yet, for the most part, we must admit, this spiritual tranquility is obscured. Just a glimpse of blue sky, to repeat our

figure, and the pall of the tempest sweeps back over the heavens. Nay, sometimes in the midst of the gloom, the darkness itself seems extinguished by utter blackness of despair, like a total eclipse of the sun during a storm.

I do not like to bow reverently before a work of art and, upon rising, throw a stone at the grave of its maker. What else is it to rank *Vittoria* and *The Duchess* among England's best dramas, while we talk harshly of their author's estimates of life, with no mention of causes of his melancholy or of the aim of his tragical lessons, with no afterthought of praise for his resolute moral loyalty, his delicate sympathies and anxious faith?

TOMPKINS McLAUGHLIN.

ARTICLE III.—MARTIN SCHONGAUER OF COLMAR.

THAT famous Flemish studio of Jan Van Eyck might perhaps have been likened to a candle which casts unwonted radiance into the night, attracting such errant insects as have been surfeited with the gloom. It chanced that among those art pilgrims who felt the vague attraction of the new brightness at Bruges was a certain Master Roger Van der Weyden—named, in after years, by the Italians, Roger di Bruggio, from the city where he lived, painted his votive altar-pieces and died. In spite of an inborn spirit of conservatism which amounted to little short of impenetrability, Roger Van der Weyden could not but marvel at the splendid colors and exquisite finish which Jan Van Eyck, alone of all the artists in the world, knew how to give his works. Not even the strange and varied experiences of extended travels in Italy and the Orient could drive from him the impressions given by his Flemish master, and at last, when his wanderings came to an end and he found himself once more at Bruges, there seemed to him no work dearer or more grateful than the painting of other altar-pieces which should show something of that delicacy and color which he never ceased to admire. Even the works of Filippo Lippi and Ghiberti, two artists who had shown him an hundred courtesies while he was in Italy, seemed to him to fall far behind the precise, clear, unswervingly truthful delineations of sky, meadow, and town (always as a background, though, for the Holy Virgin or the Cross), which he had seen on the walls of that familiar studio at home. But there was, too, an indefinable grace and brightness about the Van Eyck pictures—a spatial atmosphere and an illumination—which he despaired of ever rivalling. Indeed it was doubtful if such pictures could be painted more than once in the history of the world.

One day not very long after the years of the century had half gone by, a youth of about twenty-five came into the studio of Roger Van der Weyden at Bruges. By his accent it was evident that he was not a Fleming, and it soon appeared that

this new-comer had lately arrived from Antwerp, and that he intended shortly to return to his home at the town of Colmar in Alsatia. Martin Schongauer was his name and, so far, he had given the greater part of his attention to the art of the goldsmith, in which he had already attained some little skill. But in painting, too, he was interested and Roger Van der Weyden showed him those pictures in which he had himself striven to reproduce the color-effects of the matchless Van Eyck. Hans Memling, an apprentice in the studio, struck hands with the Alsatian stranger and the three spent a long time over the pictures, Roger Van der Weyden descanting upon them and the young men listening with that respectful attention which befitted their years and station. 'In Antwerp whence Martin Schongauer had come, there had been some spectacle or procession in which an elephant had been shown to the wondering burghers and to such fortunate strangers as happened to be within the walls of the city. That great beast with swinging trunk and huge flapping ears, each almost as large as the apron he wore when working at his gold, had made no slight impression on Martin Schongauer and he was resolved to paint it or etch it on copper—by a new process just then discovered—before time could make faint or efface his memory of its strange appearance. To see a living elephant was no small adventure. His father Caspar Schongauer, with whom he was learning how to work in precious metals would have given much to catch but a glimpse of such an uncouth Eastern monster. But Roger Van der Weyden, too, had wonders to communicate—relating for the most part to his own exploits in Italy—and before these the sight of a single elephant was as nothing. In after years when Martin Schongauer had himself made the grand tour and had studied in the house of Perugino—meeting there and becoming the friend of a young painter named Raffaele—these various tales may have seemed to him less unheard of than when he listened to them from the lips of Roger Van der Weyden,—his first teacher in painting,—should he except the priceless home instruction in art which had begun in his very childhood at Colmar.

After his return to Alsatia and decision thereafter to turn his thoughts to picture-making, the color system of Van Eyck

which he had learned almost unaltered in its transmission seemed to Martin Schongauer most admirable, but the excessive minuteness of the Flemish painter and his attention to the details of flowers and leaves—almost as great as that which he gave to the face of the Holy Virgin herself—could not be altogether commended. There was in Cologne a school of painters, and their style was not unfamiliar to him: although deficient in color it could never be diverted from the true nobility of art by merely trivial things. In the paintings of these masters at Cologne, the rich, golden background—for gold alone seemed suitable for scenes where saints and apostles and Christ himself were depicted,—the faces wearing an ineffable calm; the purity, the unaffected piety, the gentle innocence, together with a soft, contemplative and almost unearthly repose in every feature; the heavy draperies falling in complicated folds—even more rigid and angular than those of Van Eyck; all these refinements seemed to him worthy of attention and imitative effort. However, as Roger Van der Weyden had explained to him, Jan Van Eyck was always accustomed to insist that there should be individuality in the faces which he painted,—and this at least seemed reasonable. It was the fashion at Cologne to paint St. Katherine and St. Margaret so exactly alike that if they had happened to lay down their symbols for a moment, no one could have told the one from the other. But people of the fifteenth century after Christ were by no means indistinguishable and, perhaps, it would be better to represent the saints and holy ones as differing in expression, each from each, and not leave them all as like each other as the old pictures in the stained glass windows where every head was tipped sideways at just the angle of the rest.

The landscape backgrounds of Van Eyck, on the other hand, did not seem to Martin Schongauer at all better than the golden ones which artists at Cologne had always painted. Moreover the associations of his youth had been with the beaten gold, and when, in middle life, he turned his hand to painting it seemed but right that he should give as rich a setting to his angels and his virgins as he had given the figures of some jewel casket, or those upon the delicately wrought necklaces and bracelets which had been sent to Augsburg and even to the city of Nuremberg itself.

This group of painters at Cologne, he knew, was accustomed to care little for mere earthly beauty, in their works. But, after all, one could have no conception of heavenly beauties except as being like those of this world, only somewhat sublimated and removed by touches of idealism. Therefore he made it his daily duty to look into the faces of all the people whom he met, and he was unresting in his analysis and criticism of the different features which presented themselves from time to time. After a season he found that he had developing within himself, some vague sense of an ideal countenance, proportioned not like any face he had ever seen but more like the faces of antique statues he had examined at Milan and Rome. It chanced that people admired the faces and figures that he painted. A certain new dignity and grace in his women had excited the favorable comment of other artists and connoisseurs and, encouraged by this, he strove still more earnestly to realize on the wood his dreams of feminine loveliness and worth. They began to call him *Bel Martino* now in the southern countries—for his paintings were known in Italy, Spain, France and even England—and it signified to him that a devotion to ideal beauty as well as to the exactness of coloring and some of the realities of Van Ecyk, was the true artistic spirit which he must always cultivate. But, when painting Christ or the Virgin Mother he could not deny himself the depicting of those slim long fingers, and meagre limbs which, even from the time of the Byzantine painters, had indicated how far removed were such heavenly ones from the grossness and materialism of the world. As for drapery, he made models from paper, moistened them and allowed them to harden in the folds he thought most fitting. Certainly these folds were angular and rigid, but that scarcely disturbed him, for such would be inevitable in a heavy, rich material.

All these years in which he painted and reflected upon the beautiful things of the natural world—not altogether lost, it seemed to him—Martin Schongauer also worked at many engravings on copper—a method of graphic representation which interested him not only on account of its novelty, but also because it was on the whole so satisfactory and altogether admirable. Plate after plate came from his studio, and what-

ever imprints had been taken under his own supervision were always sharp and clear; for he rejected the blurred and imperfect ones. This unceasing attention to engraving had its influence upon his pictorial style, and a perceptible hardness of outline and clear-cut correctness of pose and feature made itself apparent. When, however, this would have seemed harsh, in a painted figure, it was his custom to lay on the colors so artfully that every trace of the pencil and every reminiscence of the burin was quite obliterated, while all the outlines became shadowy and soft.

From his boyhood, Martin Schongauer had listened to wild, strange tales—legends of witches, fiends, and those thousand uncanny monsters which haunted the woods and streams and busied themselves far down out of sight in a nefarious underworld. It was not customary to dignify these unwholesome creatures with a place in art; but, upon one occasion, when he sat down to prepare a plate in which should be represented the good St. Anthony persecuted by demons, he allowed his dormant Gothic imagination to overmaster his acquiescence in the conventional rules of the painters at Cologne. The righteous saint should remain quite unmoved by the onslaught of unclean spirits—it was so recorded in the traditions;—but, these tormentors should be as grotesque and terrible as he knew how to make them. Such pictures at Cologne would be called heathenish, perhaps, and unworthy of a Christian artist; but the Cologne painters were not a final court of judgment upon all art. Some scenes of unutterable horror, born in the disordered fancy of Hieronymus Bosch,—especially a reproduction of the eternal sufferings of the damned (that picture which in after years was fated to catch the last mortal glance of kind King Philip the Second, of Spain)—returned to the Alsatian painter, and he resolved to accomplish something in a kindred, though more restrained and temperate spirit. So whimsical was this vagary of St. Anthony and the demons that Michelangelo copied it; Albert Dürer took from it the inspiration for a hundred works, and the influence of the new grotesqueness touched even Hans Holbein when he engraved his “Dance of Death.” But such fantastic mood, with its undercurrent of grim, northern humor, formed an artistic episode and did not

crystallize into an enduring freedom from the old conventionalities. A work much dearer to the heart of its designer was the *Madonna of the Rose-Bower*, which Schongauer painted as an altar-piece for the church of his patron-saint, at Colmar. Upon this picture he lavished all the skilfulness and care that was in him,—nor was the finished result unworthy of such effort. On fresh, green turf among bushes covered with pink roses in the fulness of bloom, he seated the *Madonna*. Her gown he painted a deep, rich red—the warmest and most beautiful color upon his palette. In her arms was the infant Christ, clasping His mother's neck and looking away with that benignant comprehensiveness and calm precocity which betokened the wisdom beyond His years. The heads of both mother and Son, he modelled after that antique, ideal type which years of reflection and study had developed in his imagination; and, as most precious of all flowers, he had selected roses to fill the background. Above the Virgin he had poised two angels holding a crown over her head and hovering guardian-like and graceful. The angels wore robes of blue (since their abode was somewhere in the blue sky and perhaps their garments might well partake of the tints and purity of their celestial home), while what space the figures and the flowers left vacant was covered over with shining gold, so that the whole—a group as large and well-nigh as real as life—might betray no sign of commonness or cheapness of design. This work he could leave as a monument—a silent testimony of his own faithfulness in selecting the very best from all schools of painting in the world. The Italian softness of execution; the Flemish color and individuality; the slender hands, peaceful faces, and golden back-grounds and draperies of Cologne, together with that faint, new touch of dreamy mysticism and dawning subjectivity which was all his own made this altar-piece a memorable triumph and a crowning glory of his art and life. It would have pleased him, could he have known, that in times to come this painting should enjoy the unfailing kindness of fate. Other works of his were destined to perish in the days of rococo and baroque, while very many were to suffer from the savage iconoclasm of those closing years in the eventful eighteenth century; but this *Madonna* among the

roses was to sit unharmed in the dim gray light of St. Martin's church and unaffected by any confusion of the future. It was to be the work by which all his paintings should be judged, and before the court of artists yet unborn he would be privileged to appear at his best and highest.

As the paintings of Martin Schongauer became famous, pupils flocked to his studio, beseeching him to direct them on the way where he himself was walking. Some learned from him by contact with his personality and acquaintance with the routine of his daily life, while others, unable to visit the village in Alsatia, contented themselves with studying *chefs d'œuvres* of the master wherever one of them could be found. In the former group was Hans Birckmeyer, a painter who knew Martin Schongauer and his three brothers well. So when there was an anxiety on the part of all the town that some portrait of their distinguished worker in oils and colors should remain after he himself had gone before, Hans Birckmeyer was chosen to execute the likeness. The brown hair and eyes, smooth face, full lips and unruffled countenance of Martin Schongauer were shortly transferred to canvass, and even a trace of the visionary light in his eyes mingling so elusively with the northern heaviness, was realized by this loving and painstaking disciple. When the portrait was painted, Schongauer could scarcely have been more than thirty-six years of age. Some have thought it noteworthy rather for dullness, apathy, or a touch of sensuality than for any nobler sentiment; but this is to misinterpret that characteristic placidity which accompanies even the idealism of a Teutonic countenance. Such a face, it would be better to believe, was both reminiscent and prophetic; for not only did it reflect the light of middle age naïvete, but also radiated some gleam of greater complexity and liberality of heart than the world had known for a thousand years.

Besides the Madonna among the roses, Martin Schongauer painted many other scenes from those Jerusalem-days when human destinies were undergoing such a profound revulsion and a lost world was being reclaimed from the darkness of its universal paganism. At one time the Annunciation focussed all of his attention. Mary, kneeling by her bedside, an angel at her right hand and God the Father scintillating in the dis-

tant heaven formed a little group of such deep interest to its painter that a shade of dramatic treatment crept into the faces and expressions—a thing almost unheard of in former representations of the same miraculous event. At another time he wished to show Christ crucified, and here he returned to that skeleton-like emaciation which was a heritage from the monks who had worked in Byzantine cloisters. Six angels, each holding a vase, fluttered about the dying Saviour and caught the priceless blood-drops which oozed from his hands, feet, side, and brow. In the distance was a carefully detailed Jerusalem, an echo of Van Eyck. But the common people, clustered about the central martyr-figure, bore faces almost ignoble in the decisiveness of their vulgarity. Here, in the work of Martin Schongauer, an inborn inclination to aristocracy in sentiment seemed to manifest itself. It was not the birth-aristocracy, but rather that aristocracy of untrained genius, always quick to emphasize the common by despising it. His ideality, however, saved him from degenerating into the sheerly brutal touch—a thing not under the ban of universal disapproval in those days, as it was in later times. The peasantry of his pictures indicated, on his own part, a cultivation of the æsthetic instinct; but not a complete withdrawal from the canons of a more ancient and savage style. They marked well the birth of that all-embracing sympathy which was to develop into the humanism of the Reformation-times and the German illumination; but they stopped far short of realizing a maturity of such sympathetic openness of mind and heart.

Martin Schongauer, goldsmith, copper-engraver, and painter in oils, died at the village of Colmar, his life-long home, in the year 1488. He stood at the dividing line between mediæval art and the fulness of the renaissance. Flemish influences reached him directly through Roger van der Weyden, his master, and indirectly through the artists at Cologne. He assimilated something of the Italian idealism and partially threw off the yoke of the Byzantine school—of which the influence came to him modified by the school at Prague. He was not an idealist alone, nor yet a realist; for his art seemed equally balanced between the two, or, at best, swinging a little more heavily toward the ideal and the spiritual. He fore-

shadowed the grotesqueness and mysticism of later times ; he also foreshadowed the tireless devotion to detail that was, at last, to merge into the passion for genre-painting which to-day characterizes the German art. After his time, the great wave of actualism swept over the north and searches for the perfection of outward, ideal beauty were finally abandoned. There is no little pathos, too, in the failure of northern art to lift itself above the superficial ; for the very skies, hills, and air conspired against those whose lives had been consecrated to this quest for the perfect. Religion—so serious and deep a matter with the German people—was itself an impassable barrier to the two dominant arts which had grown up in its service ; since, by religion, the mind was turned within and the eyes, unaccustomed to outward beauty as the all-in-all, missed that sure penetration which was forever incompatible with true subjectivity. When Sebastian Bach began to acquaint himself with the keyboard and pedals of a certain church-organ in the village of Eisenach in Thuringia, at last the one true Teutonic art-medium was discovered. But music is the very soul and essence of subjectivity.

CONWAY MACMILLAN.

ARTICLE IV.—LESSING AND THE GERMAN DRAMA.

THE terrible picture of depravity which Paul gives in the first part of his letter to the Romans, would fairly represent the condition of Germany at the close of the Thirty Years' War. The civilization of the Fatherland relapsed fully two centuries. There seems to have been no longing for a national life. The unscrupulous selfishness of the petty princes, who had abandoned even all semblance of virtue, is something that no language can describe; and among the people we find what we always find where ignorance is linked with despair. With political and social affairs in such a condition, the standard of the literature may be easily judged. For if literature is the life of history, how can we expect activity in the former when the latter is dead? How can the spirit of healthy and vigorous life breathe out from rottenness and decay? There was no soil from which literature might spring. The war had withered all such growth with a curse. The absence of literary spirit was as complete as in the Dark Age of English literature, between Chaucer and the reign of Elizabeth. The gloom of the period is lightened only by the spiritual earnestness of the Pietists.

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century, German literature was slavishly imitative. This was one of the worst effects of the Thirty Years' War. Not only was there no attempt at a native literature, but there was no desire for one. The best men of letters in the early part of the eighteenth century believed that there was only one way to accomplish successful literary results; and that was, to follow the French down to the minutest particular. Even the mother tongue was despised, and her most cultivated sons spoke and wrote altogether in French. Everything that could act as a check on creative activity was operating in full force. Art was tongue-tied by authority. Learned block-heads had made a beaten path, which was to be followed by all aspirants to literary fame. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools. The literary autocrat of the time, Gottsched, was a fair example of

the prevailing tendencies of thought. This man, who looked upon originality with horror, who styled Shakspeare a barbarian, and claimed that one must follow French rules to produce a work of genius, was worshiped as the literary oracle. No matter upon what subject he chose to open his lips, the cry resounded everywhere, "A Daniel! a second Daniel come to judgment!" Truly it was the dark hour before the dawn.

Even while the harsh clamor of Gottsched and his idolaters was at its height, a new figure stepped out on the stage. Lessing has been called the Luther of German literature. As the great Protestant released men from the bondage of forms and ceremonies, so Lessing, by rebelling against the tyranny of the French rules of art, showed his countrymen both by precept and by practice what a national drama should be. The criticisms of poetry and painting in the *Laokoon* and the dramatic theories expounded and developed in the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, opened up endless vistas of thought and imagination, and roused to life all the sleeping energies of the German mind. These books made epochs. The *Laokoon* revealed the beauty of the Greek art and literature in their simple grandeur; and the *Dramaturgie* struck off forever the degrading shackles with which the French had bound poetry and the drama. These books prepared the way for that great burst of splendor, which includes not simply the best, but the only German literature that is well known outside of the Fatherland.

It is not easy to exaggerate the difficulties with which Lessing had to contend. As Mr. Lowell says,* "He began his career at a period when we cannot say that German literature was at its lowest ebb, only because there had not yet been any flood-tide." Lessing saw that before any change for the better could be introduced, the worship of the French must be abandoned. But Gottsched and his shallow school were regarded as the Supreme Court of literature. It is true that Lessing was not the first to attack that autocrat. The so-called Swiss school had made a fierce onslaught on him; but their zeal vastly exceeded their knowledge, and their own theories were carried to absurd excesses. Lessing had to combat the *consensus* of the men of letters. But there were other obstacles of a wholly

* Essay on Lessing.

different nature which cast a dark shadow over a life that was otherwise so bright and cheerful. Lessing's life was a constant struggle with poverty. The king could have removed this difficulty and saved Germany from a lasting disgrace. But Frederick, who professed to be the friend of the literary man as ardently as modern politicians profess to be the friend of the workingman, was strangely blind to the great literary movement going on before his eyes. He saw no potential energy in German literature. The French and Italian theatres at Berlin were handsomely supported by the crown; the German theatre was a booth on the public street. The king was an enthusiast in French literature; he added no small number of wretched French verses to the large stock already in existence; he worshiped Voltaire even while he hated him; but for the literature and men of letters of his own country, Frederick had nothing but contempt.

Lessing, however, combined the fiery zeal of the reformer with the deep insight of the scholarly critic. He seems to have seen clearly the possibilities of the future. He never wavered in his purpose to aid the development. Added to his natural wisdom and keenness of vision, his knowledge of the literature and art of the ancients was remarkably profound. With the rich storehouse of Greek literature at his full command, he determined to lay a foundation for the German classical movement. He recognized what no man of his time had seen, that the French, who claimed to be in the direct line of the Aristotelian succession, were really out of harmony with the spirit of the great master. The French, in their ambition to follow the rules of Aristotle, had forgotten that the body was more than the raiment. They abhorred Shakspeare as the Greeks and Romans abhorred the barbarians. It enraged them to think that the blood and thunder plays of that ruffian should be compared with the tragedies of Racine and Corneille. But Lessing was convinced not only that Shakspeare was greater than the French dramatists, but that he was in spirit a truer follower of Aristotle. To Lessing belongs the honor of making Shakspeare a familiar name in Germany. Weisse had translated some of Shakspeare's plays; and later Wieland made some translations, and Augustus Schlegel in his Vienna lectures

brought out the beauties of the great Englishman ; but Lessing introduced Shakspeare to the popular heart. Gottsched declared that the way to produce a work of genius was to follow iron-clad rules. Lessing studied what genius had done, to discover the principles of its success. He wrote one sentence that gives a key to all his critical work. "Much would in theory appear unanswerable, if the achievements of genius had not proved the contrary.*"

Lessing determined to make his countrymen understand that the literature of Germany was at the lowest possible standard and would remain there so long as it blindly followed French dictation. By regarding the French tragedy as the summit of artistic achievement, the way to a knowledge and appreciation of Shakspeare was hopelessly closed ; so that the Germans were struggling to have a literature without the aid of the influence most necessary. Lessing showed that there could be a great German literature ; and he showed it in two ways. He proved it in theory by his unanswerable criticisms, and he proved it in practice by composing two master-pieces of dramatic construction, *Minna von Barnhelm* and *Emilia Galotti*.

Minna von Barnhelm was the first German comedy of any importance and ranks to-day as the best one in the language. It is Lessing's greatest play. It has none of that weakness which is so manifest in all of his other dramas. The characters move and speak like beings of flesh and blood. The construction of the play and the development of the plot are almost perfection. The scenes succeed each other in logical order, and the unity of the piece as a work of art—the only unity worth anything—is sustained throughout. Its humor is irresistible, but is like its author in being robust rather than delicate and subtle. The comedy is almost flawless and ranks on a par with the classic English comedies of Sheridan and Goldsmith. Lessing's experiences in Saxony during the Seven Years' War gave him abundance of material for *Minna* and the play came just at the time to awaken popular enthusiasm.

Emilia Galotti is a tragedy full of native power and that rises in some scenes to a high pitch of dramatic intensity, as in the dialogue between Claudia and Marinelli† where the words

* *Laokoon*, IV.

† 8 Aufzug, 8 Auftritt.

are repeated again and again with cumulative effect, *Der Name Marinelli war das letzte Wort des sterbenden Grafen!* Like *Minna*, the play is a master-piece of construction, but it is not so great as a tragedy as the other is in the comic field. The character of the heroine is not consistent; and the gravest dramatic fault is committed by there being no sufficient cause to bring about the climax. Yet with all its defects, the play bears on it the stamp of genius, and still holds a place on the German stage.* It revolutionized the German tragedy, and by indicating correct methods of dramatic composition, it became an inspiration for the production of greater plays in the future. For the first time, the German people found themselves in possession of a great tragedy. No one will question the truth of Kuno Fischer's statement, that *Emilia Galotti* was *die Geburt der modernen deutschen Tragödie*.

But Lessing was not a creative genius of the first order. His dramatic pieces all smell of the lamp. His plays are constructed rather than created. They exhibit too plainly the evidences of hard study and careful workmanship. How totally different, for example, is *Emilia Galotti* from *Macbeth*! The former is constructed with almost painful exactness: the tragic effects are studied. *Macbeth* reads as if it had sprung into existence in its present form; as if the play had been composed in a "literary frenzy," in a transport of imaginative passion. Lessing's other dramas are by no means ideal ones. In *Miss Sara Sampson* he showed that the playwright need not confine himself to court scenes and noble personages; an opinion which it is needless to say was common at the time. This play was at one period widely popular in Germany; but it is too close an imitation of the English drama of that time; it is characterized by the English tendency to cheap moralizing and it is lachrymose enough to suit the most sentimental; it is also artificial, and often drags in interest, in some places becoming positively dull. The character Marwood is evidently from the original Millwood in the English play *George Barnwell*: a play that once had a fabulous reputation, but which one reads nowadays with a smile; it is one of those intolerable plays that are written with a distinct ethical purpose and which

* Sime, *Life of Lessing*.

are made up of moral platitudes and melo-dramatic situations.*

The chief reason why Lessing's dramas are so unsatisfactory, is because he was no poet. Many of his admirers would make him one, but the effort is vain. His nature was of too logical a cast and too strongly marked by shrewd common sense, to vibrate sympathetically to poetic inspiration. The phases of human nature reflected in his plays we recognize instantly as true pictures; but there are great elements of character he never reflects at all. He strikes the chords with a firm and true touch, but he does not sound the deepest notes of human experience. In his hatred of obscurity, he failed to appreciate the power of mystery. If his characters are represented as sad, there is always a distinct reason given; if they appear as passionate, there is always an evident cause for their passion. Lessing's plays make no attempt to probe into the mysteries of life. A nameless melancholy, a heart-consuming yet vague passion, such as is portrayed in *Faust*, was beyond the range of Lessing's dramatic power.

But Lessing the critic is another man than Lessing the playwright. The latter arouses our admiration, but rarely our enthusiasm: the former keeps us in perpetual surprise by the penetration of his thought and the charm of his style. The world has seen many better dramas than Lessing's best; but few men have had that peculiar combination of talents which made him so great a critic. May we not explain the inferiority of his creative ability in the same manner in which he explained Shakspeare's mediocrity as an actor? In calling attention to this point Lessing remarked, "Wenn Shakespeare nicht ein eben so grosser Schauspieler in der Ausübung gewesen ist, als er ein dramatischer Dichter war, so hat er doch wenigstens eben so gut gewusst, was zu der Kunst des einen, als was zu der Kunst des andern gehört. Ja, vielleicht hatte er über die Kunst des erstern um so viel tiefer nachgedacht, weil er so

* Lessing's great work, *Nathan der Weise*, though cast in a dramatic form, is a philosophical poem rather than a drama and does not strictly come under the present subject. It expresses the religious and philosophical ideas of its author, being written immediately after Lessing's bitter controversies with Pastor Goeze and others, on theological questions.

viel weniger Genie dazu hatte,"*—and then he remarks upon the excellence of Hamlet's speech to the players. A similar thought may be applied to Lessing; perhaps his reflections on the playwrights' art were the more profound, because he had so much less genius for it than for dramatic criticism. In logical battles, he marshals his arguments with all the skill of an experienced general. He uses the same plan that the great Theban introduced in military tactics: he selects a weak point in the array of the antagonist, and by concentrating the mass of his strength at that place, the whole line of his opponent appears in confusion and disorder. His armies of arguments succeed each other with cumulative force, all bristling with the keen and polished weapons of his wit and satire.

The *Laokoon*, in which Lessing showed that the laws governing poetry and painting are not identical, was the work which revealed its author's critical genius to Germany. In the course of his reasoning, he brought out the beauty of the Greek literature and its superiority over the Latin. Men turned once more to Homer and Sophokles; and in the light of Lessing's genius, read the great poets as if for the first time. The effect produced on German poetry was incalculable. Descriptive poetry had been the most common and the most generally admired; it scarcely survived the *Laokoon*.

But the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*—the dramatic papers written for the Hamburg theater—is the most important critical work of Lessing's; and it may not be out of place to review briefly the circumstances which called it into existence. Before the opening of the great play-house at Hamburg in 1767, there were no standard German theaters; the performances were always given by strolling players, who traveled from town to town and played wherever they saw an opportunity of earning their daily bread. The character of the plays they presented and their manner of acting were necessarily determined not by the ideal of these artists, but by the prospect of pecuniary reward. They were forced to cater to the popular taste and at that time the popular taste was by no means high. Owing to the adulation of the French by the cultured classes, the common people had been accustomed to nothing but horse-play and

* Hamb. Dram., Fünfter Stück.

clown filth. The tireless though misguided efforts of Gottsched had brought about a slightly improved tone; and for this German literature owes him something. But the popular idea of a good play was something exceedingly low.

Some of the leading citizens of Hamburg determined to have in that city a standard theater, where a fixed company of first-rate players should present only plays combining dramatic excellence with high moral tone. An invitation was sent to Lessing to act as theatrical critic; they seem also to have expected that he would write plays for special production in that place. In the spring of 1767 the theater was opened, but before two years had passed the project was abandoned, owing to jealousies among the actors and to the popular disapproval of the severity of the moral tone that had been maintained.

Thus in one sense the attempt to support a standard theater at Hamburg was a disheartening failure. But from a broader view, it was as great a blessing to the literature of Europe as can well be imagined. It brought into existence the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*. Lessing began these papers with criticisms of the acting as well as of the plays; but after some visits from irate actresses, he felt compelled to abandon this part of his task. There were two great ends in view in Lessing's masterly criticisms in the *Dramaturgie*. He meant to destroy utterly the supremacy of the French drama and to show that their boasted rules were not, as they had claimed, the rules of the ancients; and in the second place, to build up the German stage by expounding the true Greek standards. He was eminently fitted for his task. His learning and command over it were phenomenal, and surprised his contemporaries beyond measure; his dramatic experience had been wide and varied; and the critical bent of his mind had been trained to perfection by his studies in literature and in the history and theory of æsthetics.

His attack on the French theater was fierce and unsparing. The general worship of the French provoked Lessing to the highest degree; but owing to the constitution of his mind, it must have acted as an inspiration. No man ever enjoyed a controversy more keenly than Lessing. The temptation to indulge in that luxury was something he was rarely able to resist.

The great literary Frenchman of the time was a constant target for Lessing's shafts of wit. To-day we rarely think of Voltaire as a playwright; but among Lessing's contemporaries his dramas were exalted and extolled beyond measure. To an acute and hostile critic they present many vulnerable points of attack, and Lessing riddled them without mercy. His famous comparison* between the Ghost in *Hamlet* and the Ghost in *Semiramis* was a master stroke of criticism, and by itself was enough to ruin the reputation of Voltaire's play. The genius displayed in the comedies of Molière, Lessing fully recognized and gave it its due. Upon Corneille, however, he made many vigorous attacks. He proved that stickler for artistic rules to be a truant from Aristotle. Lessing accepted the Greek theory that the aim of tragedy is to excite pity (Mitleid) and fear (Schauer); and he showed that the fear is not for others, but for ourselves. The French had substituted *terror* for both of these emotions; and Corneille had so far misinterpreted Aristotle and misunderstood his theory of the drama as to imagine that either of these emotions by itself was sufficient foundation for a tragedy.

Lessing's destructive criticism of the French was as effective as he could have dared to hope; it utterly destroyed Gallic influence on the German stage. Schlegel, in his Vienna lectures, made a passing allusion which shows how completely the work had been done. He said, "When the *Dramaturgie* was published, we Germans had scarcely any but French tragedies upon our stages, and the extravagant predilection for them as classical models had not then been combated. At present the national taste has declared itself so decidedly against them, that we have nothing to fear of an illusion in that quarter."† This was spoken in 1808.

But the essential aim of Lessing's criticisms was not to tear down but to build up; it was well worth while to clear away false notions of the drama; but the task was chiefly valuable only that a new superstructure might be built on the right foundation. Lessing's work was not half done when he had

* Hamb. Dram., Elftes Stück.

† Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. Translated by John Black. Lecture 18.

pointed out the mistakes of the French; he then developed his own theories of dramatic art, based on a liberal interpretation of Aristotle. In his discussions of the three unities, he exhibited his great common sense as well as his profound learning. The unities had been a stumbling block to the French. They insisted that by the Unity of Time was meant a day of twenty-four hours; and that the Unity of Place required that the spot where the scenes of the drama open must suffer no changes in the play. Corneille had racked his brains over the Unity of Time until he made the discovery that the dramatic day ought to last thirty hours; a most arbitrary limit, but it served to cover the scenes in his dramas, which suggests a good explanation. Lessing maintained that Aristotle never intended to lay down hard and fast lines for the unities of time and place. They were observed in the Greek dramas, owing to the presence of the chorus, which could not be well conceived to appear at times far apart or in distant places: but that he meant to lay down an absolute *dictum* for all time to come, Lessing declared was absurd. The only unity necessarily required in every dramatic composition is the Unity of Action: which means simply the logical unity of the piece; the scenes must succeed each other in logical order, and every event must be accounted for. Lessing's own dramas are as good examples as can be found of the Unity of Action. By clearing up this subject, he began a broad and true foundation for the German theater.

Lessing's discussion of the great question, Should there be an ethical purpose in the drama? shows how profoundly philosophical was his conception of tragic art. Few who seriously reflect on the subject will maintain to-day that a tragedy ought to teach a direct moral lesson; but in Lessing's time contemporary thought gave unhesitatingly an affirmative answer to the question. The moral tacked on at the end of the tragedies was regarded as the *raison d'être* of the whole play. Voltaire boasted that in his *Semiramis* horrible deeds were punished in extraordinary ways. Lessing proved such an idea to be a fundamental error.* He argued that the effect was far more powerful if crime and punishment were bound

* Hamb. Dram., Zwölftes Stück.

together in the ordinary chain of events. This view of the working of natural law in the drama is exactly in harmony with the modern spirit. But to-day many sincerely believe that the chief aim of tragedy is to teach moral lessons; and if no direct ethical truth be enforced, then the drama can show no reason for its existence. This mistaken theory of dramatic art lies at the bottom of all Rousseau's condemnations of the theater;* and Mr. John Morley has shown† that the answer to Rousseau is simply to say that the drama does not profess to be a moral teacher; it is similar in effect to a splendid piece of music; it expands our mental horizon, it strengthens our sympathies, it purifies and elevates our emotions; beyond these results it cannot go. The drama should be regarded as we contemplate every great work of art whose aim is to reflect life; it must necessarily exert upon us a moral or immoral influence, like everything that enters into our experience. We may see in it truths of the deepest significance, such as we see in our observations of the working of the moral law in the world.

Lessing's idea of the relation between the drama and historical truth was far ahead of the prevailing conception of the time; it fairly staggered the German literary public. Many had expressed the opinion that the poet must strictly follow history in his representation of events. Lessing showed that there was no reasonable ground for such an idea; the dramatist must be faithful to history in his portrayal of the characters, otherwise there would be no assignable reason for their having the names given them. But as regards minor matters, the poet may alter details to suit the plot, so long as they are consistent and have an appearance of truth. He remarked: "Er braucht eine Geschichte nicht darum, weil sie geschehen ist, sondern darum, weil sie so geschehen ist, dass er sie schwerlich zu seinen gegenwärtigen Zwecke besser erdichten könnte."‡ Lessing also combated the general notion that one aim of the drama was to preserve the memory of great men; showing the narrowness of such a conception, and its cramping effect on the production

* Epistle to M. D'Alembert.

† Life of Rousseau, vol. i., page 329, et seq.

‡ Hamb. Dram., Neunzehntes Stück.

of great plays.* He concluded this subject by remarking that poetic truth is of more importance than historical truth in giving us a knowledge of human nature; in the works of the great masters of tragedy we see reflected more clearly than anywhere else the character of man.

Lessing's influence on English literature has not been very noticeable. It was through the *Dramaturgie* that he began to impress literary Europe, but he was scarcely known in England before 1830. His influence on the English drama is of no visible proportions, mainly because there has been no great dramatic movement in English literature since the time in which Lessing wrote. During the first half of the present century, the prejudice against the Germans formed an almost insuperable barrier to the introduction of thought from that country. Everyone knows how Carlyle had to struggle to compel British readers to recognize the genius of Goethe. But the English-speaking people ought to feel a special interest in studying the life and works of Lessing: he was greatly influenced by English models; and his criticisms of Shakspeare are certainly not the least valuable part of his writings.

Lessing's literary style is like the man; straight-forward, virile, combative, at times sarcastic, yet always betraying great depths of sympathy. Every line he wrote has the ring of sincerity. In a letter to his father, he said: "If I write at all, it is not possible for me to write otherwise than just as I think and feel." These noble words are the echo of his life. To Lessing the pursuit of truth was not a duty, it was a passion. Narrowness and intolerance were hateful to him. He loved truth for its own sake, and it made his blood boil to see truth distorted and used to advertise false ideas. He had that freedom from prejudice which characterizes every great critic. But he was preëminently a man of strong convictions.

* "Die Absicht der Tragödie ist weit philosophischer als die Absicht der Geschichte; und es heizt sie von ihrer wahren Würde herabsetzen, wenn man sie zu einen blossen Panegyrikus berühmter Männer macht, oder sie gar den Nationalstolz zu nähren miszbraucht."—Neunzehntes Stück.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

ARTICLE V.—THE EFFECT OF COLOR-LAW ON OUR HOMES—OUTSIDE.

IN a previous Article,* the absolute authority of Color-Law, in all matters within its province, was asserted and something was advanced in proof of the assertion. Some notable points of special ruling in our home interiors were observed. But, at this time, there are reasons for considering its effect on the exterior, and for that purpose, we will together step out of doors.

After an intelligent look at the natural surrounding as back-ground, with the indispensable assistance of Color-Law, we lose every trace of indecision respecting the tone that is requisite to the best appearance of our home. Long processions of tints, each one more tempting than the other, cease to perplex. True pictorial effect settles the question definitely. And it is a welcome fact that the tone called for by inflexible law may exist in an endless variety of color-chords, so that individual preference may not be conscious of limit from Color-Law.

There are house-owners in no degree students of color who think that it is an easy matter to tone their dwelling in all respects as well as the expert. They also believe that they see color with the painter's eye, because their natural sight is as good as his. In much the same way, others suppose they really sing, when, with voices physically strong, but wholly untrained, they are able to produce consecutive sounds or sustained noise with the mouth.

When use of color may no longer be postponed, the practical house-painter is not unfrequently summoned. This important personage can hardly be expected to be guided by any higher degree of taste than that which he actually possesses. This is the reason why house-owners have themselves to thank, when they see factory, store, and fence spick-and-span with the identical color-chord that distinguishes their own outer-wall. At the same time, it does not, of necessity, follow that tints thus exhibited must be correct in taste or law.

*Feb. No., 1889, p. 118.

There ought to be no difficulty in understanding that a city house may look its best by treatment that would not be well adapted to the country house. The heavy, dark tones that lend themselves with acceptable effect to much repetition of brick and stone are generally out of place when away from familiar pavements of street and flags of sidewalk. They are features as little rural and as plainly urban as any other characteristic sight or sound. They may accordingly be forthwith omitted from the abundant catalogue of colors that will be found appropriate, where nature herself rather than the handwork of man is most apparent.

The cottage that is provided with ample back-ground of trees, and fairly peeps 'out from surrounding foliage, may not becomingly wear chords of color that exactly suit a great mansion which towers from a hill-top with every outline clean cut against the sky. A different plan is also needed for the venerable summer home that has made itself snug upon some sunny hill-side; and still another is needed for the spacious pavillion which is thrown into brilliant relief by back-ground of the sea, or by both sea and sky.

Such varied circumstances of position clearly indicate the individual landscape-tone that is superlatively becoming. These natural suggestions are made with meaning so broadly expressive that when comprehended and used, they bring a satisfaction that time only increases. No other inspiration or influence is to be absolutely trusted, nor does any other ask for what is especially fitting, with the same unmistakable distinctness. Only by this actual art-interpretation, is knowledge of the language enabled to compose an *ensemble* so conspicuously complete that ignorance and indifference are both surprised into respect for an undreamed of power in color.

When the foliage-hidden cottage has been gifted with form that is really admirable; when it has qualities too rare to pass unnoticed; when it is desirable not only to keep its strong points well in view, but to accentuate them, any legitimate chord of tints, that are warm and light, will develop the desired strength of contrast-relief.

But, when the composure of harmony, rather than powerful relief-effect, is preferred; if the owner seriously wishes the

house to become part of the landscape, if he decides to lose the structure in the local tone, the method is simple. Two warm olives, with one clean red—this latter color cooled and refined with blue and thus used as the cold tone of the color-chord—will be found a grateful combination, on which the eye will be sure to rest with lasting contentment; one that improves with the grey of time and weather, a tint that wears well and does not tire.

But, for success again in this instance as in every scheme of color the values must be carefully studied and their strength exactly measured.

It is evident that from every avenue of approach the house on the hill-top is likely to have, as back-ground, a considerable share of uninterrupted sky. Nothing could be more flattering to fine lines or more trying to defects. The unlimited breadth of cold space here over-head affords excellent relief for warm tones of all varieties and of any note on the scale. Attention need mainly be given to the color-chord itself, remembering that dark tones suggest heaviness with solidity and that all warm tints show themselves at their very best when seen against this blue.

Circumstances, resembling each other not a little, make it probable that the house on the hill-side might be well suited with colors of a class similar to those that were found pleasing on the cottage among the trees.

Nor do conditions governing the adoption of tints for the house near the sea vary materially from such as decided the color-chord for the house on the hill-top. In a spot where trees are few and herbage scanty—when sea and sky and sand mainly compose the local tone,—it will be found that warm classes of color, and those high up on the scale, best preserve the values without disturbing the landscape color-balance. Into these tranquil surroundings, powerful tones seem to tear their way—they roughly seize a place. The widest view is sensible of intrusion. On the other hand, milder colors rightly chosen, melt into the perspective; they are felt rather than seen; they appear to be an original feature of the field of sight; they produce the impression of having been there always.

It is a convenient fact that skillful use of color is able to loudly accent any out-door matter that it is desirable to make prominent, as also that this same item, and simply by change of tint, may be largely veiled, or in great measure concealed, or rendered entirely unattractive.

It is essential that pigment be kept scrupulously clean. In this connection attention is directed to an all but universal mistake in mixing tints. It ought to be known that the greater number of tints may be darkened by means other and better than turbid discoloration from the routine and habitual lamp-black. It is undoubtedly true that a color, thus begrimed, is forced down in tone, but it also follows that after this primitive treatment, every tint becomes not only darker but dirty!

In the pictorial sense, "dirty" describes the opposite of bright, clear color, either entirely pure or so combined as not to lose its "life"—another term for individual color self-assertion.

For instance, we may suppose that it is desired to lower the tone of a crimson-lake. And it does not seem difficult to imagine that a muddy tone may be likely to result from admixture of lampblack, nor to understand that when still more soot is added, deeper mud must follow, but not necessarily deeper blackness.

There is a much better way to lower the tone as wanted. Palette in hand, with a clean brush, let a dip be made into the same pure crimson-lake that was just now soiled with lamp-black. Deepen this lake-tone with Prussian-blue until the desired depth is reached, as no matter how great this depth is, it will be, and soon. Metaphorically, this combination calls to the blackest black to come lower down on the scale and learn to what depth the deepest of color really can go.

From this color union, there is produced a tone that invariably proves itself to be powerful, refined, transparent, and satisfactory. In a tint thus composed, there will be no suspicion of mud. It becomes a color thoroughly desirable whenever color-law needs a tone thus low on the scale. It also has a quality that is admirable; let its area be greater or less; and when strength of color is sought, let its depth go wherever it is required; it always remains a tone—it never looks like a hole.

The advantages obtainable from study of color are so numerous and their character is so continuously helpful that, without due measure of experience, the full scope and extent of their usefulness may not be even imagined. Rarely, is an hour allowed to pass with no valuable service from color and never a minute that does not bring to the trained eye lively gratification, as abundant as it is complete.

F. WAYLAND FELLOWES.

ARTICLE VI.—THE APPEAL TO THE PAGAN.

THE writer of this Article sat in a rear room of a Chinese laundry in May, 1887, while Rev. J. Crossett,—the philanthropist and missionary to China whose recent death on a Shanghai steamer has pained a wide circle of friends—wrote down a translation of a letter about to be sent from Chin Tan, the laundryman, to his father in China. The story of Chin's life is substantially this :—

He attended his father's school in Canton until about seventeen years of age, when he was bastinadoed for playing cards. He escaped to San Francisco as a stowaway, learned the laundry business, and some English, joined a Chinese Sunday School and became a Christian convert. Meantime, Chin's brother wished to marry, but could not, according to Chinese custom, until Chin, the eldest son, had taken a wife. The father, therefore, appealed to Chin to return home and accept a bride already selected for him. This precipitated a long correspondence over the comparative virtues of Christianity and Confucianism. This unique duel at long range turned at first upon broad results. Was the world in debt more to Confucius than to Christ? Chin spoke of the principle of Christian charity to neighbor and stranger alike. It so happened that the news of the mobs at Rock Springs, Wyoming, reached Canton just in time to enable the father to refer in his reply to the blood of these Chinese. Chin's answer was that the sufferers were the lowest class of coolies, many of them members of a secret order called the "Gee Hing," sworn to kill the Chinese emperor, while the mob itself was composed of a foreign element. But the father replied that this element was foreign to America but not to Christendom, as the emigrants who mobbed the Chinese had come from Europe, a Christian country. He also asked how it was that a Christian nation like America had practiced slavery. Chin told what little he knew of the history of American slavery, its demoralization, and the sacrifice of life and treasure to exterminate it, and added: "As long as

you keep a bond-servant to dress and undress you, and so long as my mother owns the maid that serves her, so long your religion must be placed behind Christianity."

It was at this point that Chin became aggressive and prepared the letter which Mr. Crossett was kind enough to translate. We give it here in full, with the explanation that "geomancers" are magicians whom the Chinese consult when they want to look into the future.

"FUNG-SUEL" (Wind-water.)

From Chin Tan :

Wind and water are matter. That is, they are two of the five elements. The Lord-creator produces men and things upon the earth. The Middle Kingdom takes metal, wood, water, fire, and earth to be the five elements. But I humbly say that wind and water are the elements to all material things. Surely men and things without wind to breathe and water to absorb cannot live and be healthy. This is the wind's and water's great use, without which we could not exist one day. Moreover we say that the wind is a material thing. All men know that you cannot perceive its form, coming and going without certainty ; gentle or furious, never alike. Certainly it is not self-knowing. But the Lord knows it and causes it to be sure.

"The Ho-Tu" says that the wind is the messenger of heaven and earth ; but what is wind but the moving air of space ? Men and things depend upon breathing to live. The water's and dew's moisture are dependent on the strength of the wind to rise and fall. The wind presses down on the face of the water and the strong sun causes the water to heat and to ascend and become clouds. When it meets the cold wind, then it congeals into rain and falls in showers in every place, blown here and there by the wind.

Moreover, the wind can make a noise. According to natural philosophy, if you take two bells and hang them under a receiver and use an apparatus to suck the air out and then shake the receiver and the bell, no sound will come. Every body that is struck against another body has a small vibration like the strings of a Kin (banjo). The wind causes men's ears to hear sound, and it causes the words to be thrown everywhere. Music also is thus distinguished. With no wind, talk would be without sound and hearing without perceiving. The whole world would be deaf

and dumb. Air is on all the face of the heaven and earth. Not only men and things on the earth breathe and attain life, but also in space every kind of bird is dependent on air for its buoyancy. The wind's use upon the earth and its merits are not little. Sometimes it brings good, sometimes it brings evil. This is all dependent upon the Creator-Lord—not that the wind itself is intelligent with understanding and power to do these things. Water is a material thing, which has a visible form. The nature of water is very pliable and yielding. The variety of water is great—salt or fresh, clear or muddy—and it makes rivers, streams, oceans, seas, wells, and hot springs, from which latter heat is produced, in which bathing is beneficial—then there are springs sending forth cold water, whose use is great. At times water turns into ice like a stone, so that men can put it into buildings superior to brick and stone.

Why, therefore, do the Geomancers (teachers of Fung-suei) select wind and water—those two characters—to be the divine spirit of the heaven and earth and follow the auspicious dragon to find a lucky site, then adding the divine principle of nature, stringing on, like money, more untrue things, and taking man's rise and fall, life, death, and all, to be the work of the Fung-suei? Ah! Alas! Alas! that our Chinese people are deceived so woefully!

If, therefore, we would know the sure evidence of the Fung-suei delusion, we must first explain its origin. We must trace out the past and search the present—look at ourselves by looking at others. Thus you can prove the error of the Fung-suei.

The book "Tsing Woo," written by Kwa Pau, tells all about this delusion, but it is believed by none but the Chinese people. Further back in time it appears that the doctrine of the five constant virtues and the religion of the Three Kings did not notice the Fung-suei. It appears also that our first two emperors (Abraham's time) and those who followed did not speak of the Fung-suei. If the men of the olden time did not believe in the Fung-suei, why should we do so now? Before the Fung-suei was known the people were wiser and richer. Look at foreign countries. They do not believe the Fung-suei, but the people are as wise and rich as we are. All the people of China are made fools of. They spend their money for Fung-suei; they fight each other because of Fung-suei, which delusion also prevents people from digging for gold and all kinds of minerals in the mountains.

Many good things for the country the people would do if it were not for the Fung-suei.

If, therefore, you would discuss and seek evidence of the errors of the Fung-suei, you must hold the idea that heaven and earth have a Lord. These people speak of Fung-suei as if it were the origin of all things under heaven, not knowing of a Lord-Creator. Therefore this error is very great. The production of ten thousand things under the heavens comes not outside of the male and female principle and of the five elements. The doctrine of heaven and earth can be compared to a clock. The seasons are like the movement of a clock, but the seasons themselves are fools—they do not know how they go. But the clock-maker knows. The movement of the clock is made by him, and the elements of Heaven and earth were made by the Lord of Heaven, and he causes happiness to come, just like the ruler of a country, or the head of a house, or the root of a tree, or of a spring of water. If the river has no spring, it stops flowing; if the tree has no root, it stops growing. When a house has a head, the sons and daughters, great and small, are dutiful, faithful, and just. If the house is without sincerity, the sons and daughters are abandoned and dissolute and uninstructed. If a country has a ruler, then it is regulated and kept in subjection, and the ministers of state obey the laws. If a country is without a prince, the official documents are not correct, and the people are disobedient and criminal, and it cannot stand. If heaven and earth have its Lord, then the sun rises, the moon follows its appointed movements, the four seasons change aright, and ten thousand things are ordered from all time so that people depend upon it. If you believe that nature is "self-come," and take the sun, moon, stars, hills, and rivers as the blind outcome of the original ether, then you must admit that all things occur by chance and that the sun, as the wind, may some time rise in the west. If you take what Chinamen say about the hosts of heaven and the creation of all things, truly they are like men sitting in a deep well. They look up and see a small round spot, and say, "Truly we see the whole heavens." But they do not see much.

If you know that the heaven and earth have a Lord, whose honor and merit cannot be taken away, how can you fail to obey his commands? Not only must you not fail to see the error in Fung-suei, but you must be freed from it and also from every-

thing false, barbarous, and corrupt, deserting it like a broken potter's vessel.

Where Chin Tan picked up his knowledge of natural history here displayed it is difficult to say, as he could read but little English. However, he absorbed it after reaching America, and at once recognized the importance of science as applied to the religious beliefs of his native country. This really remarkable letter of Chin to his father seemed so important that the writer sent printed copies of it to a number of prominent ministers and scholars asking them if in their opinion a direct appeal could be made to the literary classes in China without injury to the established missions. The replies may be divided into three classes :

First, those who consider that this appeal is being made at present. "Your story is a very interesting one," writes Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, "and I have no doubt the logical and scientific method might often be used in dealing with the Orientals. Indeed, I think it is used constantly by our Congregational missionaries. I hear of discussions with the Buddhists and other sects in which the appeal is freely made to these historical and scientific sources of evidence. Some of our missionaries, as I know, are men who are thoroughly capable of discussing these questions in this way. The ablest thinker on scientific questions in my class is a missionary in China. He accepts the evolution theory, . . . and he knows thoroughly how to grapple with every form of philosophical delusion."

Second, those who see no harm in the experiment and but small prospect of good results at present. "No effort," writes William J. Boone, Protestant-Episcopal missionary of Shanghai, China, "No effort made for any special class such as the literati would in any way interfere with the general missionary work, which *ex-necessitate* must deal chiefly with the middle classes or the poor, because they alone are measurably ready to receive our offers of instruction. The literary and official classes feel themselves so superior to the foreigner that only by mixed press work, such as the magazine, can we get at them. Daily papers also help in their enlightenment. Broadly stated,

conservative pride in their past is the greatest obstacle among the more learned and leisurely classes."

Third, those who would not educate in order to convert, but convert and then educate. "Preaching the gospel to the heathen," writes President Julius H. Seelye, of Amherst college, "is in one sense precisely the same as preaching it to unchristian men in Christian lands. Men are nowhere converted by argument, since their opposition to God's claims is not originally from want of knowledge. The trouble with human nature is not with the intellect but with the will, and the profound application of the gospel is only seen when it brings its redemptive message to the personal life. There have been many notable instances of conversion to Christianity among cultured Chinese and Hindus; but in them all, so far as I know, it is Christ as a Redeemer rather than as a Teacher that has appealed to them with power. Men are not argued into the kingdom of heaven in any land any more than they are fed by chemical analyses."

The foreign mission work is largely among the uneducated and menial classes. Historically, the spread of Christianity has been from below up, and our students of missions are certainly not blind advocates of missionary polity when they support a system that passes by palace gates and knocks at the door barred by ignorance and political, social, and moral degradation. But let us look sharply at the present situation. How it strikes men of the world is well known.

Lieutenant Wood of the United States coast and geodetic survey, now stationed at Washington, says that the Christian missionaries of China and Corea form the Salvation Army of those lands, and adds: .

The missionaries do not mix with the natives to any considerable extent, and many of their meetings are not only in English, but with the missionaries themselves as audience. As for a nobleman of Corea or a mandarin of China ever acknowledging that faith, such a thing was never heard of. . . . The Chinaman has a respect for his language which amounts to reverence. Even a stray piece of paper covered with Chinese characters would be

picked up by them and burned. You will understand with what feelings they regard the translation of the Bible the missionaries have prepared for them, when you know that this is in a lingo which stands in the same relation to the mandarin tongue or classical language of the country, which is used in court and is the official language over the country, that an obscure negro dialect of Louisiana stands with the classical English. Although only the educated Chinese are able to use this language, they all have the same respect for it, and it is in it that the precepts of Confucius are given to the people. When the missionaries were located in Foo Chow, they learned the language of that locality, and, of course, could use no other, either in speech or to write in making a translation. There is a gradual change in the lingoes of China, which is seen distinctly in a distance of fifty miles, but the tongue of the mandarin is universally used by the educated and revered by every one.

Lientenant Wood reflects, evidently, an upper-class Chinese opinion rather than any intimate personal knowledge of the subject. What he writes is an almost offensive way of saying that the established missions are limited to the conversion of the lower classes. He confounds the classical and mandarin languages, and has no notion of the importance of the various dialects in mission work among the common people. His testimony simply illustrates the need of Chinese scholarship if a more systematic attempt is to be made to carry the Gospel to the upper classes.

"It is well-nigh impossible for most missionaries to China to preach in public without exciting laughter on account of funny blunders," writes Yan Phou Lee, in a letter praising the candid way in which Chin Tan argued with his father. Lee knows more English than he does Chinese, as he left his country at about the age of ten and was educated at Yale; but his testimony is important as showing a common impression among the educated Chinese as to the missionaries. Mr. Crossett was confronted with a class prejudice the moment he began his work. He says: "It was early told me after my arrival in China that it did not do to allow literary gentlemen to come into the missionary's house." After nine years' experience he concluded that he was living in too comfortable circumstances

in China devoted to work among the literary classes. Deepen the lines of Pundita Ramabai's picture, and we have a cartoon of the Chinese missions. Upper-class Chinese have a contempt for Christianity, because it is usually presented to them in such a grotesque or extravagant or unseasonable manner. Mr. Crossett says that he has seen a whole chapelful of the literati rise and leave because a Christian preacher had expressed the belief that Confucius was at that moment suffering the torments of hell. Can this be said to be that profound application of the gospel which brings its redemptive message to the personal life—to paraphrase Dr. Seelye's rule of preaching? Such an audience was indeed a great opportunity to an evangelist, and the scheme of salvation should have been presented, and the direct appeal to the personal life made.

But, is it worth while to carry the gospel to the upper classes in China? Or, to put it more pointedly, is it wise to avoid the upper classes, and limit the gospel call to the ignorant? Dr. Seelye's proposition that the trouble with human nature is not with the intellect but with the will is sound philosophy. He among other accepted Christian metaphysicians stands squarely upon the ground that faith is an act of the will, and he would not therefore undertake to convert a man by teaching him chemistry alone. At the same time science is a great destroyer of rubbish, and a perfect knowledge of a pagan language is no mean weapon. Should the churches send forth men to tear their garments in the brambles of paganism when it is possible to open a road into a heathen land? It is not, after all, so much a question of philosophy as of expedients. Now, what objection can there be to the establishment of a Bible house at Peking for the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the language of the mandarins? What happened in Great Britain when the Latin Bible was translated into the King's English? Faith was as much an act of the will as now, and this spiritual law cannot be successfully quoted against a plan that might broaden the understanding or enlighten the intellect. One would not assume for a moment that President Seelye would obstruct and appeal to the higher classes in China simply because he recognizes the principle that true evangelism is based upon the gospel that concerns the per-

sonal life rather than upon science that enlarges the understanding of natural law. His journey to India some years ago and his notable sermons to audiences, which were good specimens of oriental civilization, are not forgotten; nor is the fact ignored that the establishment of missionary colleges in India and other eastern lands has not brought the good results anticipated by many. Hindu young men, it is true, are educated but rarely converted. They are disposed as a rule to rest content with leveling the logic of the tutor missionaries against oriental beliefs. But in reality the skeptic is, so to speak, the ununiformed soldier of Christian ethics, and there is no room for discouragement, we venture to assert, from the comparatively few converts among the young Hindus receiving an English education in missionary colleges.

To come to the point then: No valid objection can be raised against a movement toward the establishment at Peking, or Tien Tsin, or some other Chinese city, of a religious publishing house supported by an American missionary-board or an organization independent of all existing associations, but in sympathy with some Protestant denomination. In such a publishing house might be maintained several English scholars commissioned to acquire the official and classical languages of China, as well as several educated Chinese commissioned to master the English language. In time,—and it would take some years,—these scholars would be prepared to start the great work of translating the Bible into the language of the mandarins. Any incidental work, like the running of a magazine, as Bishop Boone suggests, would be a proper matter to consider. But the great civilizing agency of the world is the Holy Scriptures. America is not so poor, nor is its intelligence so limited, that it should feel compelled to rest the hope of christianizing the East upon a patois bible. The mandarin version of the Old Testament made by Dr. Schereschewsky is really mandarin colloquial, and Dr. Blodget, who was associated with Dr. Schereschewsky in mandarin translations, is now engaged with Bishop Burdon upon translations designed more especially for the unlearned. The plan above proposed in no way reflects upon the studies of these noble scholars. It simply contemplates an auxiliary to the best pagan thought of China in order

to open the way for the Gospel of Christ, to bear upon that conservative pride of the past, which the bishop of Shanghai considers the greatest obstacle to mission work among the learned classes of the Middle Kingdom.

This Article is designedly brief and meager. If there is no virtue in its logic, the elaboration of the scheme in detail would be unprofitable. Are the American churches ready to broaden the scope of mission work in China, provided, of course, that the present agencies are not disturbed or antagonized?

MASON A. GREEN.

ARTICLE VII.—PURITAN GENEALOGIES.

The Genealogy of John Marsh of Salem and his Descendants, 1633-1888. Collected and published by COL. LUCIUS B. MARSH, of Boston, Mass. Revised and edited by REV. DWIGHT W. MARSH, of Amherst, Mass. 8vo, pp. 283.

WE are pleased to see that the history of one more of the old Puritan families who settled New England is rescued from oblivion. John Marsh came to Salem, in Massachusetts, in 1634, and the names of his descendants, through eight successive generations, have been collected and are now preserved for all time on the pages of the book whose title we have given. Here they stand in goodly array—generation after generation—more than twenty-two hundred in number! We know not how many histories of a similar kind have preceded this. We are aware that they can be counted by the score. But we could wish that the history of each one of the four thousand Puritan families who emigrated from England between 1620 and 1640, and established themselves in New England, might be prepared with the same loving spirit which has prompted Col. Lucius B. Marsh—of the sixth generation from John Marsh of Salem—to publish this record of his kinsmen who have borne, or still bear, the name of their first American ancestor.

The present writer knows very little of the details of the history of the particular family whose genealogy is here preserved, except what has been gathered by a very hasty examination of the book itself. The interest which we have expressed in the book arises entirely from the fact that publications of this kind have a tendency to foster among all the members of a family a feeling of loyalty to it which we think is a very desirable thing. It hardly needs to be stated that we do not refer to that pride of family which terminates in self, or promotes the growth of conceit. We mean that loyalty to family which serves as a stimulus to all its members to live in such a manner as to sustain the honor of the name

which they have received from those who have gone before them.

Such a feeling of loyalty to family has always and everywhere been a powerful motive to right action. Its effect among the nations of the Far East, has been conspicuous. Among the Japanese and Chinese, it is considered to be a sacred religious duty. It is itself a religion. Especially among the Japanese it has developed a feeling which is intensely chivalrous. Mr. Nakashima—a Japanese gentleman, who is highly esteemed in this country for the reliability of his statements—said in the pages of this Review (1889, Feb. No., p. 101) that among his countrymen, it has developed such a sense of honor, that the first question that presents itself to a true Japanese, when deciding whether he ought to follow a certain course of action, is "Will it be worthy of my family? Will it bring honor to my parents and relations?" Nor is this feeling confined to the people of the Far East. Its influence is powerful among all European nations; among whom even a remote descendant of a family which has been for any reason distinguished for its position, or achievements, or virtues, feels a strong sense of obligation to maintain its reputation. We do not intend to say, by any means, that in all cases this saves a person from wrong-doing, but it is certainly a powerful inducement for good. Society is so constituted in Europe, that it is hardly possible that even a remote descendant of any man who has won distinction—though he may himself be bad enough—should be so entirely destitute of a regard for what is expected of him by the class to which he belongs, as not to feel that he must pay some respect to the name he bears.

We think that, in this country, there has been too little of this loyalty to family, of which we speak. An intense individualism has grown up among the American people. This has been the natural result of their spreading themselves so rapidly over a continent. Till very recently, the means of intercommunication have been so restricted that brothers and sisters often lost all knowledge of each other, and the feeling grew up, "every one for himself!" Perhaps there is no country in the world where, as a general rule, the descendants of the same ancestor, after two or three generations, lose so

entirely all interest in each other. The probability is that in the case of the genealogical register before us, the great majority of the persons now living whose names appear in it, as they look at the book, will think that the time spent in its preparation has been wasted, and will look upon these pages of names of relatives of whose existence they were never before aware with perfect indifference.

Still, even in this country, the obligation of a person to his family, within the limited sphere in which the feeling has been able to work, is felt to a very strong degree, and has been attended with very marked results. For a conspicuous example of this, we refer to one of the most honored of those who were early sacrificed in the Civil War—Major Theodore Winthrop, who was killed at Great Bethel. In a description which he wrote of the "March of the Seventh Regiment to Washington," that, at the time, so stirred the whole North, he ascribed this as one of the reasons why he put on the uniform of a soldier. Noblesse oblige! On reading with a relative the first call of President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand men, he said: "This is to be a fight for the very life of the country, and the only place for *us May Flower fellows* is at the front!" This same feeling influenced the men of New England and of the whole North. They remembered that their ancestors, for the first one hundred and fifty years after the settlement of the country, had been brought up on gunpowder. Everywhere it was said by men who bore the names that had been conspicuous in "Queen Anne's War," in the "Old French War," in the Revolution, in the "War of 1812," in the Mexican War, that it was a duty that they owed to their fathers to show their own loyalty to the country in the field. Garfield, for one, said: "In every war in which for three centuries patriots of English blood had struck sturdy blows for constitutional government and human liberty, his family had been represented. They were at Marston Moore, at Naseby, and at Preston; they were at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, and at Monmouth." How could he do less himself than battle for the same great cause in the war which was to preserve the union of the States.

The good effects of a consciousness of bearing the name of an ancestor who has been honored in the past for his virtues,

or achievements, are not limited to the immediate descendants of those branches of his family which have been most successful in life. Not all the descendants of any man continue for eight generations to be equally prosperous. Probably the family whose genealogy is recorded in the book before us is, in this respect, a representative New England family. As we turn over these pages, we find the names of men who have distinguished themselves in every field of labor; but undoubtedly, in the long files of names which here appear, there are large numbers of persons who have been little known, and have even lived in obscurity. This must be the fact in the case of every one of the four thousand original New England families. But even for the most obscure of their descendants, there is, in the knowledge of what other men of the same blood with themselves have done, a source of encouragement and strength. A man in a Western State, who was prominent in his own locality, once said to the present writer: "My family came from Connecticut. I have always understood that there are a large number of persons of my name there. I believe they are all well-to-do people. I never heard of any of the family, from the first, who were not fore-handed." That man, in his distant home, took a pride in the character of the Connecticut family from which he sprang, and felt that he was under an obligation to maintain it. An excellent mechanic, also, who was just starting in life, once said to the writer: "My mother is a descendant of Jonathan Edwards." It was evident that the fact that one of his kindred had gained so great distinction was to him a source of strength. For all that is known, it may have been the encouragement which has enabled him, by this time, in his own career to confer additional honor on the name of that distinguished family.

It is then for the reasons here given that we hail the appearance of every book like the "Genealogy of John Marsh of Salem," which will remind the descendants of the different Puritan families who settled New England of their ancestry. According to the estimate published by Mr. Bancroft, fifty-five years ago, those families had at that time so increased that each one of them, on an average, numbered a thousand living members. Some numbered very many more; others very

many less. According to Mr. Bancroft's estimate, also the aggregate of the descendants of all the four thousand families was at that time at least four millions. Perhaps it is then not too much to assume that the present aggregate of the descendants of the Puritans is ten millions.

There is no need, and we certainly have no wish to depreciate, in the least, what has been done by the men who settled the other colonies, to the west and to the south of New England. The whole country is indebted to them and to their descendants; and also to those who have since come to us as emigrants from the different European countries. But what has been accomplished on the continent by those Puritans and the descendants of those four thousand families may well be an incitement to every one who traces his lineage to them to do his best to complete, on the lines which they marked out, the work which they began.

It is not a question whether the Puritans had faults; or whether, judged by our modern standards, they were "pleasant people to live with." The descendants of the men who fought in the Revolution take pride in recalling the patriotism of their fathers, and do not give a moment's thought to their defects. Yet we know that the strategy of their generals is very open to criticism. On the staff, and in the ranks, there were men of narrow views. There were men of low tastes. There were mean men. There were mercenary men. There were base men. There were very few of the best of them who, in the latter part of this nineteenth century, would pass as models of what an accomplished and agreeable gentleman may be in a drawing-room. Yet with all these defects there is no one of their descendants who does not feel that the patriotic services of his ancestors has imposed upon him personally a special obligation to support the government and the Union, which, at the risk of their lives, they established. Surely the descendants of the Puritans should take a similar pride, and feel that a similar trust has devolved upon them. Very likely, those first Puritans made mistakes. Very likely, if we could see them, as they went in and out of their homes, we should think that they were a pretty stern and rigid set of people. But has it not always been so with the world's workers?

How was it with the kind-hearted, sympathetic, genial Lincoln, in the Civil War? We are told that the lines of his face grew stern, and that an anxious, care-worn, abstracted expression settled down on those plain but kindly features. How was it with the men who were shut up in Libby Prison; or with those who starved at Andersonville? The men who still survive will show the effects of what they went through as long as they live. An English poet has described a boy, who had just been brought home a cripple from the Crimea. Only a few weeks before he had left England with his regiment with all the exuberant feelings of youth. It is the same old story: "On the parapet," there had been a

"bloody fall
On the soldier's bed ;
And three days on the ruined wall
Among the thirstless dead ;"

and then his name had been

"crost
From duty's muster roll."

The poet describes him as he was wheeled on a cot around his familiar haunts at home,

By the mount, or under the hill,
Or down by the little river,"

while he lay "basking in the sun," or "resting in the shadow," or feasting his eyes on the green meadow. But, in those few weeks, the boy had become a serious man. The light-heartedness of youth was gone forever. The poet tells us, however, that the fact that the young soldier "halted in his step," and "stumbled with his voice," was the very reason that his friends looked upon him with "the greater reverence." They remembered that he was the same bright boy, who, only a few summer days before, had cried to his comrades on the village green, "Follow me!" How could it be otherwise with the men who came to these shores to make a home in the wilderness, who fought the Indians, and who laid the foundations of all these fair towns. Perhaps under happier surroundings, if England had really been "merrie England," they might have developed other more genial characteristics. But here, if they had

wished, they could not be carpet knights! They were forced to live the lives of men-at-arms. They had, from first to last, serious work on hand. In their English home, they found themselves deprived of the rights which belonged to them as Englishmen. Corruption, public and private, had spread there on every side, and it could no longer be endured. So they left their native land, that they might find new homes where they and their children might live honorably, virtuously, and religiously, according to the best lights that the age afforded. For the object which we have in view, it does not matter whether they were, or were not, mistaken. But there is no question that they followed what they thought were the best lights which the age could give. They had high ideas of the dignity of a State, and they founded a Commonwealth which was to be governed in its public acts by the same idea of right that should control the acts of each individual. As the poet—John Boyle O'Reilly, of the Roman Catholic Church—said at the recent dedication of the Pilgrim monument at Plymouth—

"They had no model; but they left us one.

* * * *

The Pilgrim Fathers laid the ribs and keel.

On their strong lines we base our social health—

The man—the home—the town—the Commonwealth!"

To the ten millions of their descendants, those men have left in trust the institutions which they founded. In the maintenance and defence of those institutions, as Theodore Winthrop said, the only place for those whom he styled "Mayflower fellows," is "at the front!" It is as true now as at the beginning of the Civil War; *noblesse oblige*.

The purpose of these few paragraphs is not to point out any one of the particular dangers which threaten these institutions just at the present time. Any one who will look around will see that the fields are, on every side, white to harvest. Surely the men of the seventeenth century, if they were able, would call upon their descendants of the nineteenth century to arrest the progress of the evil influences which are at work.

At the risk of seeming to limit the extent of the dangers of which we speak, we cannot forbear giving a single brief illustration. In the very last monthly report of one of the best known and most important of our benevolent societies, which

illustrated by his reply to Sir George Beaumont, who was one of the wealthy Art amateurs of the day, and thoroughly traditional in his tastes. Sir George asked Constable whether he did not find it very difficult to determine where to place his brown tree! Constable replied: "Not in the least—for I never put such a thing into a picture." But though Constable was by instinct a landscape painter, he felt little interest in any scenery that did not "abound in human associations." He chose for his subjects, villages, churches, farm-houses, and cottages. "He painted the crops, and the weather, and wind-mills that would turn around, and water-mills that could be tenanted, and canals with locks, and barges that were good for their rough service." On the other hand the solitude of mountains oppressed his spirits. He once visited the "Lake District" in England, but never cared to revisit it. It was not grand scenery that satisfied him. It is a curious circumstance that we happen to be able to compare the views of Constable with those of another well known admirer of Nature—Dr. Arnold. The latter once gazing on "the dull expanse of fields," as he called it, eastward from Rugby, complained: "It is no wonder we do not like looking that way, when one considers that there is nothing fine between us and the Ural mountains." Now it so happens that what is known as the "Constable Country," the "Paradise" that he loved so well—lay in that very space between Rugby and the Ural mountains, which that lover of hill-scenery considered so hopelessly vacant. "Arnold is a better authority than Constable on the merits of the Lake District, but Constable, on the other hand, is a better authority than Arnold on the charm and qualities of eastern England."

The pathetic story follows of the life-long struggles of a very different kind of man—William Etty. The youth of this artist was passed at Hull, "where the expanse of the Humber, and the various kinds of shipping to be seen upon it, offer in themselves quite as good an artistic education as that enjoyed by the most eminent Dutch marine painters." But Etty's taste became developed in another direction. We cannot follow with any detail the sad story of a not very successful life. In 1816, he went abroad to study; and some of the experiences of this representative Englishman, whose pride it was to be "English to his heart's core," were so amusing, that we will refer to them, with the express understanding, however, that we are aware that we are

giving a disproportionate space to what is a mere incident of his life. Etty loved tea so well that he would not trust Continental grocers or tea-makers, but carried his own materials and apparatus ;—tea for twelve months, sugar, and two kettles in case of accident to one of them ! His troubles began at Dieppe, where one of his tea-kettles is confiscated as superfluous ! He had no end of trouble in country inns. The custom-house people make him pay duty on his stock of sugar. He can get no milk. But as he travels, he keeps his tea-pot out, and while other passengers are taking a substantial French *dejeuner*, he goes into the kitchen of the roadside inns, where the diligence halts, and makes for himself patriotic cups of tea and slices of bread and butter ! In Florence, he says : “ I am sick to death of travelling in a country where the accommodations are such as no Englishman can have any idea of.” He stays just four days in that city, and, thoroughly homesick, then leaves in disgust, and hurries as quickly as possible over the long leagues which separate Italy from England, breathing love and affection all the way for every brick in the English metropolis ! We must leap over all the more important events of his chequered life, for we have left ourselves only space to speak of his passionate attachment for the famous Minster at York. Mr. Hamerton says that Etty, in the last days of his life, in sentiment at least, was a Roman Catholic. As a young man he had felt a strong Protestant opposition to “ Popish ceremonies,” but at fifty “ he had a poetical sympathy with the elaborate Roman worship.” The one thing which kept him attached to the Church of England was her continued possession of York Minster.” Whatever Church possessed this Minster possessed Etty.” If Rome could have recovered the Minster, Etty would have gone over along with it. This strong sentiment induced him finally, as he advanced in years, and felt that he must leave his studio in London to purchase a house in York, that he might be near this object of his admiration and his love. The story of his death which soon occurred is as pathetic as that of his whole life. He was the most imprudent of men ; and, one cold autumn day, hearing a young man who prided himself upon being an athlete talk of what he called the “ hardening ” process, Etty determined to “ harden ” himself. So he threw aside his flannel shirt to which he had been accustomed for years. This resulted, as might have been expected, in a congestion of the lungs, and he soon became aware that he was about to die. He watched the

sunset on the river, with the feeling that the glories of this world were soon to be left behind, and as his last request, said to his friends: "Lay me by my Bride; she who is so lovely to mine eyes, so dear to my heart, and captivating to my imagination; whose brow is bound round with rubies, with sapphires, with amethysts, with emeralds; who lifts her head into the heavens, and seems a fitting ante-chamber thereto."

Of the career of the Spanish artist, Goya, we can only repeat what Mr. Hamerton says, that "it is one of the most extraordinary in all biographical history." He was a courtier, a satirist, and a revolutionary propagandist; and withall, a monster of immorality, impudence, and ingratitude.

The last half of the book is devoted to "Notes on *Æsthetics*."

WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY.

SIGURD SLEMBE.*—One of Browning's recent critics has called the drama "an anachronism in modern literature," but so long as the dramatic form is the best for many poetical subjects the error in such criticism is obvious. Even Shakspeare thrives as well in the closet as in the theater.

The drama will be anachronistic when literature itself is. The *play* is the thing. Shakspeare would have been as great, as true to life and nature, if he had ignored the stage. Perhaps Browning would have been even more fortunate. The reviewers of Sigurd Slembe have had not a little to say against its dramatic shortcomings, which would defeat its stage success before an American audience—the more to say perhaps because it has been represented at Christiania and Copenhagen with great success. But as a novel may be barren in the hands of the mere play-wright, so a powerful drama may be still powerful, though unadapted to the stage. The literary critic at least should judge a meritorious work for what it is under the most favorable circumstances, and if its best is somewhat different from what the author intended, the discerning critic has a chance to be more helpful than usual. Sigurd Slembe on the stage is a good picture hung in the wrong light, but to the reader in the closet it is a remarkable work.

The conception and development of the plot are in a high sense artistic. Sigurd Slembe, or Sigurd the worthless, the natural son

* *Sigurd Slembe*. A Dramatic Trilogy. By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN. Translated from the Norwegian by WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

of king Magnus Barfod and rightful heir to the throne of Norway, is a character with intense ambition and indomitable will. Constantly baffled in seeking to establish his just title, his character, naturally rich in nobility and generosity, is changed by force of circumstances, in the conflict with fate, and he becomes the hardened, relentless warrior. In a single moment when final success seems certain, failure is shown to be already upon him. The tragedy closes not with despair and the death of the hero, but with his resignation to the course of fate, the will of Providence. With a complete resignation of "not merely life, but of the very desire to live" for the first time he finds that peace which has been his life-long hope.

The characters are strong though not greatly varied, and there are forcible dramatic situations, as the sacrifice of Andhild, the death of Earl Harold, the meeting of Sigurd and the Skald. The character of Earl Harold in the second part of the trilogy has been compared to Hamlet's. Certainly a comparison is irresistibly suggested, and this is unfortunate, for only the slightest, most imitable features of Hamlet's portrait are reflected. The play is deeply interesting and well deserves close study. Mr. Payne's work seems to be well done, spirited, and effective. He deserves the thanks of all lovers of good literature for both attempt and deed.

ERNEST WHITNEY.

The July number of *THE ART AMATEUR* maintains the reputation which this magazine has acquired as a reliable guide to the art worker, art patron, and collector. Besides two excellent colored plates there is a sea-coast scene, "In Sunny Spain," animated by a picturesque and characteristic group of a peasant in his lumbering ox-cart, and a dark-skinned country girl with her goats and kids, and a design for an ice-cream set in pale blue and gold, appropriately decorated with snow crystals. The number contains a large variety of full-size working designs, wild orchids arranged for china decoration, oats, and pea-blossoms for an oatmeal set, designs for embroidery, monograms, and for wood carving. The practical departments of "China Painting," "Amateur Photography," and "The House," are full of interesting and useful articles abundantly illustrated, while "The Gallery" contains an appreciative notice of the German genre painters, Ludwig Knaus; and the great European exhibitions are fully described.

The frontispiece of the August number of this periodical is a very masterly decorative design, after Boucher, representing "Earth"—the first of a series of four which will be published consecutively. Among the large number of full sized working designs given with this number, are designs for Embroidery, Brass Hammering, and Splash Towels, while Egyptian Lotus, Wild Iris, and Orchids are arranged for China Painting. In the Atelier, the articles on "Painting Wild Flowers" are continued, together with several other articles of interest to the art student. To those interested in china painting, we would recommend a perusal of "Letters to a Young Lady." A special feature of this August number is a full and comprehensive tabulated report of the Secrétan Sale in Paris. Two excellent colored plates are given away with this number: "Carnations," by Dagon, and "Illuminated Initials," from French manuscripts of the thirteenth century. Price 35 cents, \$4.00 a year. MONTAGUE MARKS, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

An etching by the French etcher, P. LeRat, forms the frontispiece of the September number of the *MAGAZINE OF ART*. The etching is of a painting, "In the Chimney Corner," by Adolf Menzel, a German artist. "The Barbizon School," a series of interesting papers, is continued, Daubigny still being the subject under discussion. Mortimer Menpes, an English artist, contributes a paper on the "Pointing of Etchings," which is accompanied by a chalk drawing of himself, which is a clever example of the modern art of reproduction. "High Street, Oxford, and Brazenose College" will interest all who know England's famous college town, and others for whom its beauties are still in store. A capital engraving by Boileau of a painting by A. T. Ribot of an old woman making up accounts is honored with a full page of the magazine. The exhibition of the *Humorists in Art* is discussed and illustrated. There is no more valuable article in the number than that of Charles de Kay on the late George Fuller, an American painter, whose reputation will increase with years. Excellent examples of Mr. Fuller's work are given, one of them the famed and beautiful "Romany Girl." "Painters' Weather" is described by W. W. Fenn. "Pictures of Jewish Life" gives us the Jew of the European continent. Copious notes bring the number to an end. CASSELL & COMPANY, New York. 35 cents a number, \$3.50 a year in advance.

Summer Schools ^{NINTH} ^{YEAR}

Announcements for the Summer of 1889

OF THE
AMERICAN
INSTITUTE OF
Hebrew

I. SCHOOLS.*—DATES.—PLACES.

1. NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL, May 21-June 11.....Yale Divinity School, New Haven, Conn.
2. PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL, June 13-July 3.....Protest. Epis. Div. School, West Philadelphia, Pa.
3. FIRST CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL, July 6-26.....Chautauqua, N. Y.
4. SECOND CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL, July 26-Aug. 15.....Chautauqua, N. Y.
5. CHICAGO SCHOOL, Aug. 15-Sept. 4.....Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston (near Chicago), Ill.

II. COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

Remark 1. Each School will continue three weeks: this makes it possible to avoid overlapping; it also enables men who so desire to attend two or even more schools.

Remark 2. The Principal will be in attendance at each of the five schools, from the first hour to the last.

I. Hebrew Courses: These will be practically the same in all the schools.

1) *For Beginners*, (a) Mastery of Gen. I.-III., (b) gram. principles, (c) memorizing of words and critical analysis of text. *Three hours a day.*

2) *For Reviewers*, (a) Mastery of Gen. III.-VIII., (b) review of elementary principles and more advanced gram. work, (c) memorizing of words and sight-reading. *Three hours a day.*

3) *For Progressive Class*, (a) Critical translation of Judges or 1 Samuel, with study of accents, forms and constructions; (b) the fundamental principles of the language, especially the vowel-system; (c) sight-reading (with memorizing of words) in Exodus, Deuteronomy, Kings.

4) *For Advanced Class*, (a) Critical Study of (1) Isaiah XL.-LXVI. (at New England School), (2) the Book of Job (at Philadelphia), (3) Joel, Amos and Hosea (1st Chautauqua School), (4) Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi (2d Chautauqua School), (5) Isaiah XL.-LXVI. (at Chicago); (b) the study of syntax; (c) sight-reading in Jeremiah and selected Psalms.

II. Cognate Courses: (a) Assyrian for beginners; (b) Assyrian for advanced students; (c) Arabic for beginners; (d) Arabic for advanced students; (e) Aramaic; (f) Syriac; (g) Ethiopic; but no class in a cognate language will be organized in any School, unless four applications for such class be received by the Principal thirty days before the opening of the particular school for which application is made.

III. INSTRUCTORS.

Arrangements have thus far been completed with the following gentlemen:

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S. BURNHAM, D. D., Hamilton, N. Y.

GEO. S. BURROUGHS, Ph. D., Amherst, Mass.

A. S. CARRIER, M. A., Chicago, Ill.

C. E. CRANDALL, M. A., New Haven, Conn.

EDWARD L. CURTIS, Ph. D., Chicago, Ill.

GEO. S. GOODSPEED, M. A., New Haven, Conn.

RICHARD J. GOTTHEIL, Ph. D., New York City.

WM. R. HARPER, Ph. D., New Haven, Conn.

CHAS. HORSWELL, Evanston, Ill.

MOHRIS K. JASTROW, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN G. LANING, D. D., New Brunswick, N. J.

WALLACE W. LOVEJOY, Philadelphia, Pa.

D. A. McCLENNAN, D. D., Allegheny City, Pa.

FRANK K. SANDERS, M. A., New Haven, Conn.

BARNARD C. TAYLOR, M. A., Chester, Pa.

M. S. TERRY, D. D., Evanston, Ill.

REVERE F. WEIDNER, D. D., Rock Island, Ill.

IV. EXPENSES.

Board and room may be had at the various schools at prices ranging from \$3.50 per week upwards. Full details concerning cost of boarding at each school will be given in the descriptive pamphlet. The tuition fee will be eight dollars.

V. IN GENERAL.

(1) Each school will begin at 9 A. M. of the day appointed; attendance upon the work of the first hour is essential.

(2) A detailed statement of the classes, instruction, expenses, etc., in each school will be published April 10, and may be obtained by addressing the Principal of Schools,

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* Final arrangements have not, in the case of every item, been made. There is, therefore, a possibility that some slight changes may be made from the details here announced.

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OCTOBER, 1889.

- ART. I. Arthur Hugh Clough. *William Higgs, Holland Patent, N. Y.*
II. Master and Servant. *G. B. Hubbard, Norton, Mass.*
III. Coriolanus. *Ida M. Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.*
IV. The Christian Evolution of a Secular State. *Clarence Greeley, Mt. Carmel, Conn.*
V. Joseph and his Brethren : a modern Yorkshire Mistry. *I. S. A. Herford, London, England.*
VI. Is Theology a Progressive Science? *G. B. Willcox, Chicago, Ill.*

UNIVERSITY TOPICS.

Address of President Dwight at the Funeral of Professor Loomis.
Yale University Bulletin.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Divine Comedy of Dante. By J. A. Wiltach.—The Expositor's Bible. By M. Dods, D.D., W. Alexander, D.D., and W. Milligan, D.D.—Systematic Theology. By A. H. Strong, D.D.

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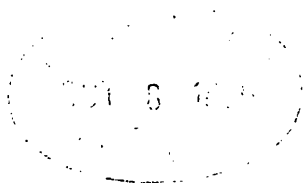
NEW ENGLANDER AND YALE REVIEW.

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NEW ENGLANDER

AND

YALE REVIEW.

No. CCXXXV.

OCTOBER, 1889.

ARTICLE I.—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH is known, though hardly beyond a limited circle of readers, as one of the most subtle and intellectual of modern poets, and as the "Thyrsis" of Mr. Matthew Arnold's tender and exquisite monody. Personally, as Mr. Stedman has said of him in his "Victorian Poets," there are certain points in which he resembled Sterling, though his contribution to the literature of the century is far superior and far more certain of endurance. But in that delicate and beautiful charm of character which Carlyle embalms for us in his memoir there is much that calls to mind the gifted author of "Dipsychus" and "The Bothie" who gave up his tutorship and fellowship at Oriel, because of his inability any longer to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, in 1848. In both there is the same characteristic candor and outspokenness, with something of the same buoyancy and the capacity, as Mrs. Browning puts it, of bearing the child's heart in the breast and seeing all

things new; both were in the broadest sense of the word seekers after truth, and both of them severed to some extent the ties that bound them to the church of their nativity, and put off upon the seas of a more or less wide-reaching philosophical investigation; both died comparatively early—Sterling at 38 and Clough at 42; and at the time of his taking off each—and more especially Clough—had long reached the aphelion of his journey from the Christian position, and was apparently returning to an orbit from which his old faith could have been held in the light of the added experience of prolonged and untrammelled enquiry.

But in nothing perhaps is the genius of Clough more remarkable than for a certain ripeness of philosophical outlook and expression which marks him even in his early years, recalling forcibly some of those utterances preserved to us in his "Remains" of the gifted soul whose memory is enshrined in the *In Memoriam*, and instancing to us the effect partly of hereditary culture and partly of the traditions and influences of her historic universities upon England's youth. It is indeed doubtful whether, in the whole range of our modern literature, two reflections emanating from young minds can be found so profound as that of Arthur Henry Hallam upon the relative positions in the economy of the soul of emotion and intellect, intuition and analysis,—and that on the influence of action upon feeling and feeling upon action embodied for us by Clough in his *τὸ καλόν*. Yet Hallam's essay was written before he was twenty-one, and Clough's poem when its author was twenty-two: if nothing had remained but a single paragraph from the essay, and the five short verses of the poem, they would have been a sufficient evidence to the world that two rare and profoundly original minds had been entrusted to our century, capable of doing, almost before arriving at the age of early manhood, work of which the maturest workman in the realm of feeling and speculation need not to be ashamed.

Of the outward facts of the life of Clough there is little to be said. Born in Liverpool in 1819, his early years were passed in the United States, his family living in Charleston from 1822 to 1828. Clough returned to America too in 1852, at the time of his resigning the headship of University Hall in London—a

non-sectarian position which he accepted after giving up his fellowship at Oriel, but whose requirements he found even less congenial to his spirit than those he had left behind. While in the United States the second time, living then in Cambridge, Clough contributed articles to *The North American Review* and to *Putnam's Magazine*, and undertook a revision of what is known as Dryden's Plutarch for a Boston publisher, which is still upon the market. Returning once more to England in 1853 to accept an examinership in the education office which had been procured for him, and the emoluments of which seemed to justify his marriage, the remainder of Clough's life was spent in London in the enjoyment of domestic happiness and with a freedom from financial harassment to which he had so far been a stranger, though not without an occasional regret for that liberty of speech and action which his year in Massachusetts had induced him to believe might have accompanied his settlement in America. In 1856 Clough was appointed secretary to a commission for examining the scientific military schools of continental Europe, and in this capacity made a tour of a considerable part of France, Austria, and Prussia. The first appearance of the hexameter poem in five cantos entitled *Amours de Voyage* was in the *Atlantic Monthly*, to whose editor it was sent at the suggestion, we believe, of Professor Charles Eliot Norton. Clough died at Florence, where he had stopped in his ramble about the south of Europe in search of health, in 1861, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery where, a few months earlier, the ashes of his gifted countrywoman Elizabeth Barrett Browning had been laid to rest.

Of Clough's contribution to the poetry of this century it will be sufficient to re-assert that no estimate of the intellectual activity of our time will be complete which does not see in Clough the expression of a phase of feeling and thought in England as profound as that which has been voiced by Alfred Tennyson, though a phase probably far from co-extensive with that to which the laureate has given a tongue so far as numbers are concerned,—a phase less scientific, perhaps, and less impassioned, but more critical and philosophical.

More hopeful of the destinies of the race than his friend and elegist Mr. Matthew Arnold; more spontaneous also, if less

artistic, in his workmanship; more vigorous and manly in his grasp of thought and range of feeling,—Clough's is the representative expression of the upward movement of a phase of modern thought and feeling of which Mr. Arnold is the elegist, the recluse, and the historian. With Clough, that tide of feeling and thought with which, in prose, we identify some of the earlier utterances of Francis Newman and James A. Froude, among others, was at the flood; with Mr. Arnold it was at the ebb. The contrast between the two minds can nowhere more readily be seen than in the lines with which each closes his volume of verses: in Clough's there is the stir of action and the flush of hope; in those of Arnold there is the sad acceptance of the fact that the best of things have long ago been done, and that all that remains to us is the husk of life, and the power of endurance, and the capacity for wise but paralyzing reflection. And yet, even after this contrast has been noted, the careful reader of Clough's poems is constrained to confess that the prevailing note of all but a few of the best and most stirring of his minor lyrics is the note of indecision—of a painfully conscientious feeling of moral and vital incertitude. And this is so whether we consider the sociological uncertainty of "The Bothie" and the "Mari Magno," or the spiritual uncertainty of "Dipsychus," or the personal uncertainty of the "Amours;" the larger underlying principles by which so far society has lived are unintensely held, and the coldness of the grasp results in a vagueness and an indefiniteness of expression. Clough had sounded the insincerities of many of the popular and conventional creeds, social and otherwise, by which he was surrounded; he had not yet delved deep enough to discover the sincerity in which they began, or the truths of which, as conventionally held, they were the popular perversion. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his exquisite monody, has lamented how—

"The music of his rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy country note;
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which tasked his pipe too sore and tired his throat."

And this storm—feeble though it sometimes seemed to be, and always held in leash by the strength and conscientiousness of him in whose spirit it was working—was yet one that Clough,

at least in his verses, did not quite outlive : as Mr. Humphry Ward well says, in his admirable anthology, all but a very few of the shorter poems lack "that note of certainty without which the poet, whatever else he may have, can have no message for mankind." Of some hopeful issue to the problem Clough seems nearly always certain ; of the method whereby that issue may be reached he is nearly always equally in doubt.

In "Dipsychus" the conflict between the sensitive conscience and the world-spirit ends in a drawn battle : Dipsychus fails in his allegiance to his high ideal without quite giving in his adherence to the spirit of human selfishness ; he will do what Browning so characteristically denounces in "The Statue and the Bust"—he will forbear to go full lengths with anything : not with Mephistopheles, for he still rebels at the cool calculating selfishness of his jocund Satanic creed ; not with the dictates of his better conscience, for that will be to run, with too great a liability to pain, a deadly tilt against the conventionalities of the world. And so the contest is a drawn one : Dipsychus quotes St. Paul, but drops a stringent word to spare his friend ; the scene closes with something like a pæan of triumph on the part of Mephistopheles, for in a conflict of this character it is plain enough to the great seducer that the soul that hesitates is lost.

The sociological indecision of "The Bothie" is somewhat less accentuated : Philip marries Elspie in the end and, leaving his traditional inheritance behind him, starts out upon a new career with her at the Antipodes ; love ultimately masters the conventional, and all is well. The "Mari Magno" tales, his latest work—"dealing," as Mrs. Clough says, "with the social problems of love and marriage"—are open, the writer thinks, in parts to a still more serious objection. In spite of its buoyancy and heartiness, we doubt if it would be well to put especially the Lawyer's Second Tale into the hands of the immature as the deliberate expression of a keenly ethical mind upon the problem with which it deals : almost certainly, it seems to us, the effect must be pernicious. There is visible a painful tendency to toy with a descent from the stringency of the Christian ideal which we think Clough himself would hardly have defended ; and to this extent perhaps these poems are to be looked upon

as dramatic rather than subjective, as the expression of the minds of others rather than his own. And yet Clough's subjective personality so permeates all he writes that it is difficult to do this; we put down the stories with the feeling that in the poems he sympathizes with a laxity of opinion and habit which passes only too current in what is called society, but which he personally would not sanction. The writer is aware that he is trenching here upon the wide question of the relation of ethics to the representative arts—a question which has been so categorically settled by that "realistic" school in France of which M. Taine is the best known member, and which maintains that the fact of being or having been is a sufficient justification for the reproduction of any phase of life or society upon its canvas. But the reader has only to contrast the underlying mood of a man like Burns when he is writing such lines as those on the "Wounded Hare," or Bruce's address to the men at Bannockburn, with that which actuated him when writing the "Epistle to John Rankine," to see at once how utterly fallacious such a standard is, and how surely its universal acceptance would result in the speedy obliteration of all moral landmarks and in darkening down the conscience of mankind. It is quite possible that the southern and oriental sensuality of "Don Juan" may be more than equalled in Spanish villas and Persian and Turkish seraglios; but this fact does not raise its portrayal to the level of the lines on the dying gladiator in "Childe Harold," nor lift the sixteen cantos of the poem to the plane occupied by Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" or the "Laodameia," or Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" or "Rhyme of the Duchess May." And however much it is to the satisfaction of his admirers artistically that in the "Mari Magno" Clough had gotten away from some of the trammels of his earlier work, we doubt whether the artistic gain is anything like a compensation for the absence of that ethical seriousness and tension which underlies τὸ καλόν, and *Qui Laborat Orat*, and *Qua Cursum Ventus*, and "Say not the Struggle Nought Availeth," and the two poems on Peschiera. In one of his prose articles the poet has imagined how Milton and Dante and the rest may be looking down from their Elysium in a half-smiling half-sorrowful superiority to the work they left behind; and if from his place

also where he dwells we may be permitted to fancy him too among the great emancipated choir, the writer would venture to believe that that work in which the moral strenuousness is the most pronounced is that also upon which he is able to look down with the least wave of dissatisfaction.

We return, however, to our analysis. The sheer Hamlet-like weakness of Claude in the "*Amours de Voyage*" loses for him the possibility of married happiness; and the result comes partly because, like Iago, he is "nothing at all if not critical wholly," to use the poet's own words, and partly because of the spirit of irresolution by which he is possessed. A living poetess has warned us in a striking verse of the possible effect upon our emotional life of too great a deference to the habit of critical investigation:

"Examples may be heaped until they hide
The truths they were intended to make plain;
Love may be watched, its nature to decide,
Until love's self doth wane."

And the writer cannot forbear to express his belief that that element of certitude which Miss Ingelow, minor poet though she is, so surely has, and Clough so often misses, is a necessity to the poetic temperament,—one for the absence of which no introspection and no philosophic outlook quite can compensate, however much these may appeal to a limited circle of cultivated and thoughtful minds.

Turn we, however, from the indecision—spiritual, sociological, and vital—of our author to those lyrics in which the more positive side of his nature has embodied itself; and next to the spontaneousness and vigor with which they run themselves off, the peculiar characteristic of these verses is, it seems to us, their manliness. While scarcely comparable in their breadth and depth of wisdom with three or four of the profoundest of the shorter lyrics of Tennyson—of which the unnamed lines beginning "*Love thou thy Land*" afford perhaps the most excellent example—they yet take hold of our attention with a grasp of iron. We doubt if any manly young spirit who has happened to read the lines beginning "*As ships becalmed,*" or "*O Stream descending to the Sea,*" or "*Say not the struggle nought availeth,*" or "*As, at a railway junction, men,*" has

ever afterwards quite forgotten them, or willingly had relinquished their hold upon his soul. And in a still profounder sphere there are the lines entitled "*τὸ καλόν*," and the prayer beginning "O only source of all our life and light," and those fine lines in "Dipsychus" commencing:

"The wise men wait; it is the foolish haste,
And ere the scenes are in the slides would play,
And while the instruments are tuning dance"—

lines which, for pictorial power and rapidity of movement, for cumulative energy and aggregated moral force, stand almost alone in modern blank verse, and attest Clough's ability when the fit was on him to wield a wider-reaching and more emphatic sword than was customarily his habit.

The writer has indulged in this extended analysis of the fruits of Clough's poetic genius because chiefly of its ethical importance and the light it throws upon his philosophy of life; for the aim of this paper is to attempt to estimate the attitude of Clough's mind towards the vital problems which still occupy our century rather than to endeavor to formulate a judgment on his literary achievement. But while it is chiefly as a poet that Clough will be remembered, his publishers have lately issued in a single volume, uniform with the one-volume edition of his poems, a new edition of the "Prose Remains," prefaced by a memoir of nearly sixty pages from the pen of Mrs. Clough.* The volume is interesting as containing reminiscences of the poet by Principal Shairp, and Clough's letters, among others, to Emerson, Lowell, Dana, Professor C. E. Norton, Professor F. J. Child, Dean Stanley, Professor Palgrave, Principal Shairp, Mr. Matthew and Mr. Thomas Arnold. But beyond this its chief interest for Americans lies in its genial appreciation of the possibilities and achievements of our western civilization, and in its sagacious recognition of the forces at work among us both for and against the permanence of our national institutions. There is not space to quote the many wise and appreciative sentences running through nearly a hundred pages of his letters, beginning with the autumn of

* *Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough*, with a selection from his letters and a memoir. Edited by his wife. London: Macmillan & Co., and New York.

1852: these the reader will peruse at leisure in the volume. We select, however, one typical example, both because of its representative nature, and because it seems to us to express, at least impliedly, what was Clough's mature opinion on the subject. Referring to the contrast between England and America, in a letter from London to Professor Norton, he says: "There are deeper waters of ancient knowledge and experience about one here, and one is saved from the temptation of flying off into space; but I think you have beyond question the best country going. Still, the political talk of America, such as one hears it here, is not always true to the best intentions of the country, is it?" If it is possible to throw into a single sentence what appears most deeply to have impressed itself upon the mind of Clough with regard to the two countries, we may perhaps describe it as a sense of the conserving influence of the best things of the past upon the present in the older civilization, the freedom from the thralldom of the evil of the past upon the present in the new. And while the general tenor of his letters is especially favorable to the United States, and while he reverts again and again with emphatic pleasure to the comparative disregard of artificial class distinctions among us—to the ease with which ability may reach its proper level, and to the absence of anything like the widespread poverty and ignorance which prevails among the lower classes in Europe,—his tone is none the less not that of an unbridled eulogist: Mrs. Clough tells us that he dwelt also, in speaking to his own countrymen, upon the want of those "deeper waters of ancient knowledge and experience" which must accompany the youth of any nation—more especially of a nation cut off from even agrarian connection with the history of its ancestors—as an element whose absence could hardly for some time be compensated for in its attenuating effect upon the lives of the more intelligent among us. And this tenacity of the good which has come to us through the past, with the determination to utilize all the possibilities involved in an untrammelled present, is a characteristic of the poet throughout his work as it is of the man throughout his letters and fragmentary dissertations. Clough in this respect is representative of that large but comparatively unobtrusive body of Englishmen in our own day

who, whether they call themselves Conservatives or Liberals, struggle to maintain as an integral part of their national life the lessons and the experiences and the institutions of the past, while adding to them, and modifying them by, the wisdom of the present.

There is a sagacity, too, deeper than many among us perhaps have fathomed, in the poet's determination to see, in the description of our political life as it is superficially exhibited, something less than a true expression of "the best intentions of the country." What Clough divined, with regard to the relation of public political opinion, as expressed through its organs in 1853, to that better opinion and action with which his life among us had brought him into contact, is something we shall still do well to bear in mind in 1889 when we are tempted to pass upon ourselves a judgment as scathing and one-sided as that uttered by Mr. Arnold the last time he was among us. It is true, no American can greatly blame the foreign observer who bases his judgment of our character upon the newspapers and periodicals we publish, without taking the trouble to dive beneath the surface and see how far these fail to gauge the deeper, and higher, and nobler elements of our lives; but it is refreshing to find that Clough in 1853 was wiser than his much-loved friend a generation later, precisely as other Englishmen who have lately come to us have seen more deeply into the best things of our life—while fully recognizing its incompleteness—than did even the almost uniformly careful and urbane author of "Discourses in America." As Mr. William Winter confessed in his admirable speech at the dinner of the Green Room Club in London, just after Mr. Arnold's death, "our most dangerous and deplorable characteristic is a flippant cynicism,"—a fault Mr. Arnold did not stumble upon at all. And evil as all good men esteem this fault, and harmful as its effects may be upon the development of national character, the writer declines to believe it ineradicable, or anything more than a passing phase of a civilization which as yet is young, and has not become accustomed to pass with soberness its judgment through the public press upon the sanctities of our political, and social, and personal, and domestic life. There is a time in the development of human character when

the young mind is prone to express itself in flippant tones upon the occurrences and responsibilities of life because it has escaped from the trammels of an authority by which such a tendency has been repressed, and has not yet arrived at that period in which it recognizes its own responsibility for the conservation of the best in the experiences of mankind. And this period of transition between the inherited and enforced reverence of childhood and the acquired and voluntarily embraced reverence of manhood is one to which nations as well as individuals are susceptible,—and beyond which, to judge by the utterances of the most widely circulated of our newspapers, we as a nation have not yet passed. Let us, however, be thankful that to-day, as in 1853, there is among us a stratum both wide and deep whose opinions and aspirations the newspapers do not voice, and whose practice and ideals alike are unmarked by flippant cynicism and unrestrained by any terror that a despondent or a degraded view of the possibilities of our civilization holds up before its eyes.

Of the papers which, in addition to his letters and the memoir, make up the volume of these "Prose Remains," three, as dealing with problems not exclusively literary, have a practical and especial interest. These are the address on "Retrenchment at Oxford," delivered during the Irish famine in 1847; the "Extract from a Review of a work entitled 'Considerations of Some Recent Social Theories;'" and "Notes on the Religious Tradition,"—the latter being, Mrs. Clough tells us, among the latest of her husband's papers. Of the first two it will be sufficient for the writer to express his recognition of their trenchant sagacity—a sagacity which, both in matter and expression, reminds one forcibly of Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin; and, if it be not impertinent, to recommend the thoughtful perusal of the first to those students in our colleges among whom the careless expenditure of inherited wealth is considered one of the essentials of what is called "good form," and of the second to those publicists and teachers of political economy who imagine that the wealth—the true *well-being*—of any nation can consist in anything but the character of its citizens, or that self-interest is as secure a mainstay for public life as the old idea of coördinated service. The latter paper,

both for its merits and its shortcomings, demands of us a less succinct analysis.

That Clough would have gone at all profoundly into the critical and historical evidences connected with the Gospels as they are known to us to-day, the temper of his mind forbids us to believe, even had the materials now accessible been forthcoming to his hand; though he was undoubtedly acquainted with the contentions of Paley and the arguments of Bishop Butler, as well as with the more recent armory both of the school of the elder Arnold and of that of John Henry Newman, through the hands of both of whom he passed before the time of his graduation. George Eliot's translation, too, of Strauss was made in 1846, the German edition appearing ten, and the French edition seven, years previously; and an English translation of Feuerbach appeared in 1853. There is therefore little reason to doubt that with the arguments of these Clough was more or less familiar; indeed we gather from one of the letters of Thackeray that, though he identified himself with no party and held generally aloof from theological discussions, Clough was looked upon as holding to a more or less naturalistic theory of the Christian revelation. He had furthermore given up his fellowship because of his inability any longer to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, and for something like a year he had been brought into personal and intimate contact with the illustrious leaders of the then very vigorous philosophical theism, rising often into a conservative Unitarianism, which dominated the thinking of New England. If therefore either theory had a preponderating place in his make-up intellectually, it was that which was least in sympathy with historic Christianity; so that of his ability to speak dispassionately of the practical tendencies of the contending theories there is little room to doubt, however much we may be disposed to demur to the attitude of his mind in a speculative and critical direction. And here let it be said emphatically that Clough's adhesion is to the Christian, as opposed to the critical and philosophic, side. After speaking of the great religions of the East and of Greece and Rome, and of the old world philosophies, "Try all things," he says: "I do not imagine that any spiritual doctrine or precept of life found in

all that travel from east to west and north to south will disqualify us to return to what *prima facie* does appear to be, not indeed the religion of the majority of mankind, but the religion of the best, so far as we can judge in past history, and despite of professed infidelity of the most enlightened of our own time." As the deliberate opinion of one who had earlier cut adrift from the greatest of his country's universities because of his inability conscientiously to retain his post on account of what is now considered to be a rather open Trinitarian religious test, and whose investigations had subsequently been conducted with unusual freedom, this sentence, among some others in the "Fragment," is worth remembering.

The materials for a detailed and explicit study of Clough's spiritual evolution have not been given us—it is perhaps impossible that they safely can be given us in the case of more than one in many thousand souls; but the writer ventures to believe that, on the whole, the attitude of Clough's maturer mind is a reason for encouragement rather than for dismay, by reason of the very discursiveness and freedom of his wanderings; and that to those of us who are struggling, however feebly, to insist upon those real and inescapable evidences of Christianity which survive all the attempts of modern science to invalidate them, and of criticism to explain them away, there is a message in those lines of his which have been so often quoted—and by none more frequently than by those whose aims differ antipodally from our own:

"Others, we doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see:
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead have sown,
The dead forgotten and unknown."

The writer desires, however, not to be misunderstood. That haze of uncertainty in which Clough was content to leave the origin of Christianity which he sums up in the words "Whether Christ died upon the cross or not, I cannot tell," and which meets us in the opening paragraph of his "Fragment" where he is treating of the genuineness of the Gospels, forbids his classification even with the more conservative of the school of Unitarians, unless we regard such utterances as—what indeed

they seem to be—less the expression of the position of his own mind than a warning against the credulity of that dogmatic temper which accepts whatever it pleases to believe without examination. And while the extract from a letter written soon after he left Oxford, and published in her memoir by Mrs. Clough, is a sufficient evidence of his attitude towards subscription to the articles—or to any Christian creed—in 1848, it does not prove—what is elsewhere, it seems to the writer, disproved by many passages in his later writings, as well as apparently by the judgment of his wife—that the attitude of mind in which he left Oriel was the one in which he died at Florence. Concerning the whole tenor of this extract there is one remark to be made. It is obvious that the condition of mind which it displays is one incapable of being very widely indulged in without reducing to its primeval chaos much of the crystallized social, and ethical, and intellectual experience of the world. To stand off and declare one's self undecided with regard to the pivotal belief of the life and the central momentum of the actions of the ruling portion of mankind is a thing that may be safely done only so long as a majority of the race act upon the belief and yield their wills to the momentum. So long as the traditional and the personal and vital belief of a working majority of any nation can be depended on as a police-force for the regulation of that nation's conduct, and so long as the belief in a self-revealing God can be postulated for the inspiration of its nobler energies, it will continue to be a matter of minor practical importance whether or not a gifted mind shall here and there declare itself speculatively unable to coalesce; but should there ever come a time when the scales between the numbers who maintain and the numbers who oppose a Christian conception of human society are standing even, the attitude of mind which this extract reveals to us will become a dangerous thing. The soul that can now so safely hesitate will then be forced to give in its adhesion to the one side, and so help to weigh down the opposing party in the interest of what the writer cannot but regard as the best destinies of the race; or he will be constrained to cast in his lot with the opposing view, and share in the responsibility for the consequences which history seems to show would follow upon its triumph. And

that this was in reality plain at times to Clough, as it was also plain at times to Mr. Matthew Arnold, there is evidence enough in his writings to make us sure; though the conscious efforts of both were directed rather to a conservation of the secondary influences of the Christian revelation than to its primary and fundamental truths, or their necessary implications.

WILLIAM HIGGS.

ARTICLE II.—MASTER AND SERVANT.

IN the natural order of things all men occupy a two-fold relation to society which is most simply and fitly expressed by the two words *master* and *servant*. Mark, this is not saying that society is divided into two classes, the master class and the servant class. That is a wholly false notion when applied to American society. As a people we have never been so divided, and so long as we remain true to our national ideal we shall not be in the future. The truth is that each individual occupies this double position. We cannot properly say of one man—"He is a servant," and of another, "He is a master." Of any man we must rather say that he is in one case a master and in another a servant. Whoever fails to fulfil the duties of either relation, fails in that degree to fulfil the duties of a true citizen, and society has just cause to protest against his mode of life.

Thus, if I employ a man to care for my horse, he is a servant so far as the care of my horse is concerned, and I am the master. If he employs a boy to assist him in any way he becomes a master in his relation to the boy. He may even become my master under certain circumstances. If both of us were connected with the army, he being an officer and myself a subordinate, then in our military relations he would be the master and I the servant. Or if I am a railroad man, I become his servant whenever he rides on the railroad or train with which I am connected. In countless ways I may be his master and his servant at the same time without inconsistency or friction. The two relations are everywhere so closely interwoven that we cannot separate them by lines of division, although we may clearly distinguish the character and significance of each.

The relations of master and servant suggest at once the idea of service rendered and of payment made, or more briefly, of *work* and *wages*.

Between the two, the work and the wages, there is a natural balance which cannot be disregarded without doing violence to

the common principles of right and justice. To adjust this balance correctly is one of the most important elements in the social question of the present day. A lack of adjustment, either real or fancied, is the chief source of discord between different classes of society. In this connection two practical lines of duty present themselves to every man. As a servant, it is his duty to work. As a master, it is his duty to pay for work. Let us look at these points a little more in detail.

First, consider the relation of work and wages from our position as servants; remembering that all of us occupy this position unless we have become social barnacles or parasites. Looking at the subject from this standpoint, *service* must be the most prominent thought. The first duty of the servant is to serve or to work: and the fulfilment of this duty should be his chief care. Not that we always think of this. Quite the contrary. Too often the first and chief thought, yes in many cases the *only* thought of the servant is with reference to his wages. He cares very little how or when his work is done or whether it is done at all, so long as he receives regular and liberal payment. The ambition of many men is to discover some profession or to obtain some official position where there will be "no work to do and a large salary for doing it." They look upon society as a huge reservoir from which they are to draw out if possible all that they need or desire for a livelihood, and they never trouble their minds to enquire who shall fill the reservoir. Enough for them to know that it contains all they want and they care not though it be exhausted when they are done with it. It is this narrow and selfish view of life that has thrown the wheels of society out of gear, and nothing but a thorough change in the popular principles of action will restore the desired harmony.

We say that there is need of reform; but what shall the reform be? How shall it be brought about? As in all other matters so in this, each class or relation must accomplish the work of reform within its own limits, if that work is to be effectual and permanent. Instead of looking over the fence to discover some evidences of our neighbor's thriftless work, let us earnestly try to put everything in good order on our own side.

The very least that can be expected of us, Fellow servants, is *that we earn our wages*. We cannot honestly do less than to return a fair equivalent in service for the wages we receive. Nor can we rightly be indifferent to the kind of service we render. The truly honest servant will not willingly receive wages for unproductive labor. He will bear in mind the fact that he is responsible to society at large as well as to the individual master for the result of his work. That some men are willing to pay good wages for useless or unproductive labor makes no difference with the ethical principle involved. If a rich man merely to display his great wealth, offers me ten dollars a day to stand upon the seashore and throw pebbles into the water, I have no moral right to accept his offer. By so doing I should rob society of the fruit of my toil. Still less have I a moral right to engage, for the sake of good wages, in some labor that is injurious to society. If the rich man chose to give me money unconditionally, I might rightly accept the gift: for he may do what he will with his own. When however it is put in the form of wages and conditioned on my practical idleness, I must refuse it. Every man is morally bound to use his powers and talents to enrich society. Waste is a crime against society; and to waste the forces of production is no less criminal than to waste that which those forces produce. We must earn our wages not merely by an outlay of energy, but by making a real and equivalent addition to the world's store of wealth.

Again, as servants *we must labor diligently*. There is no room in all the infinite expanse of God's universe for a single idler. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," should be the universal motto. The duty of diligent service is wholly independent of the remuneration received. Whenever a person engages in any service, however inadequate may be the remuneration, he should enlist in the service all his energy and do his work in the best possible manner. If employed to do a day's work for one-half a day's wages, he should do the very best day's work he can. This is, so far as he is concerned, the first step towards securing a just return for his labor. True manhood knows no law of half work. The first duty of every man is to make the most of himself, to do the

most and the best work he can for the world. If he can secure an adequate return for his labor, well; but if in any case he does not receive all the payment that he might justly claim, the evil is only increased when he relaxes his diligence. By this means in addition to the loss of wages he commits a positive wrong against himself and the community in which he dwells. Idleness is a greater injury to any man than is oppression, and it is a far more prolific cause of poverty. Where one man suffers want in consequence of the oppression or dishonesty of others, ten men suffer from their own indolence.

Yet again, as servants *we should work heartily*. There is a world-wide difference between diligence and heartiness. An animal or even a machine may work diligently; only a human being can work heartily. The diligent laborer is simply he who employs all his time and power, and does not loiter. A man may be diligent and exact while he knows nothing of the purpose of his work and cares nothing for the interests of his employer. He may work constantly and carefully from the mere desire to keep his place. The true servant does more than this. He identifies his own interests with the interests of his master, and enters into full sympathy with his purposes in so far as they are right and honorable. He not only gives his hands and his feet, his mind and his skill, to the service in which he is engaged, but he gives his heart also. The interests of his employer become for the time his interests. He endeavors to enter into the views and desires of his employer, and instead of doing his work with mere mechanical accuracy and diligence, he does it as though the work were his own, and as though his own success depended upon its result.

In a land like ours where conditions are constantly changing and everybody hopes "to rise," there is a natural tendency among servants to think lightly of their work, and to consider it unworthy of their best effort. The college graduate who accepts some small position in a grammar school or counting house imagines that he is fitted for greater things, and instead of putting his whole heart into the work before him so long as he remains in a given position, he goes on in a half-hearted way, doing his work well enough to satisfy the demands of his employers, but ever casting about for some means of escape

from what he considers drudgery. If another opening comes which offers better remuneration, he takes it at once, consulting only his own interests and leaving those of his employer and of his work to take care of themselves. In very many cases young men and women enlist in some temporary profession in early life as a stepping-stone to their life work. This is well enough when they enter that temporary profession heartily; but when they make their preparation for some future work the first business and their present calling secondary, it is all wrong.

No man can honestly undertake any work for another into which, from its nature or circumstances, he cannot enter with true heartiness. The college professor should saw wood with as much heartiness as he studies and teaches metaphysics or he should not saw wood at all. If a doctor of divinity is employed by a farmer to hoe corn at a dollar and a half a day and does it with less earnestness and hearty zeal than he would display in preaching to an audience of ten thousand people for a fee of five hundred dollars, he falls short of the true standard of service. He should during the time for which he is employed become a farmer, with all the enthusiasm of the farmer, the interests of the farmer, the aims of the farmer, so far as that corn is concerned. Instead of mooning over profound questions of theology, he should study the best methods of raising corn, the most efficient manner of handling the hoe, the comparative merits of hilling and drilling. If he cannot do this he has no moral right to engage himself to hoe corn.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of rendering hearty service. It is the crying need of the age. It is this quality that determines to a great degree the value of human labor. It marks the difference between a good servant and a poor servant. It makes the work of a man better than that of a horse or of a machine. When men forget this and render heartless, mechanical service, they should not wonder if machines of iron are preferred, and they find themselves crowded out. The hearty worker need never fear that his place will be usurped by machinery; for it cannot be filled by the most elaborate piece of mechanism ever invented.

Perfect service will be joyful and willing as well as hearty. By many all labor is esteemed a drudge and a curse, an evil from which if possible it were desirable to escape. They look forward to a time when service will be a thing of the past, when they can lay aside work and enjoy life; and so long as they must toil they do it grumblingly and as an unpleasant necessity. Idleness is not, however, an ideal mode of existence; nor is grumbling a manly virtue. Work is a blessing, not a curse. Without work life would be intolerable. Doubtless there are some who suffer from over work; but there are many more who suffer from over idleness, for whose pains and wearinesses and discontents the only and certain cure is hard work and plenty of it. In all our service, therefore, we should be actuated by a spirit of real joy; it should add zest and value to our labor. Rejoice always, Fellow laborer! It will make your life happier. It will make your work easier. It will make your service more desirable. It will make the world brighter and better.

Here our part *as servants* in the grand work of labor reform ends. We have nothing to do with the matter of wages. Our duty and our responsibility is to work; and if our work be honest, diligent, hearty, willing, we are hastening the solution of all difficulties in the matter of work and wages by the surest means. We are doing more for the emancipation of our fellow laborers and for the overthrow of oppression than the most noisy agitators or the strongest combinations of men can accomplish.

This should be the aim of all labor organizations, not first and chiefly to exert the power of numbers in compelling reform among employers; but by education and precept and every other available means to reform labor itself and to perfect service. When this is made the chief end of their existence, such organizations will be a real blessing to every community; and, which is perhaps more in point, they will be a real blessing to laborers.

Now let us look at this matter of work and wages from the opposite side, namely, from our standpoint *as masters*. No one can say, "This does not concern me;" for all are masters in some way. None of us live so independently that we do

not require the service of others; and whenever we receive service of any kind, we are, so far as that service is concerned, masters.

As masters we are responsible for wages. It is the first duty of the master to pay for work; that is, to pay a fair equivalent in some form for service rendered.

The wage question as it presents itself to masters and employers is not a question of philanthropy. It does not call for the exercise of grace or disinterested benevolence in its solution. It is rather a question of justice, of common honesty, of a fair return for valuable labor. The only sound basis of social relations is the maintenance of strict justice and fair dealing between every man and his fellow. If all men would put in practice the motto, "Be just before you are generous," the social problem would be wonderfully simplified. Justice is the great desideratum in this matter. There are numbers of people in every community who are generous in their gifts, ever ready to help the poor, pouring out their money like water to relieve distress, who are at the same time dishonest with their servants, screwing down their wages to the minimum, and too often neglecting to pay them when due. There are families living elegantly and in luxury, contributing liberally to every cause where their gifts will be widely known, while their grocer and butcher, their kitchen maid and washerwoman, wait and ask in vain for the small sums due them.

It is a great evil that in this enlightened age the free-handed man is more admired than the man who is scrupulously honest. Of many a man who has gotten riches through notorious dishonesty society says: "Yes, he is a little tricky, and his business methods will not bear too close scrutiny; but then he is always ready to help the poor and suffering." As though that were anything to his credit! Why should he not be willing to give to those in distress a small part of that which he has stolen from other needy ones by his dishonesty. Poor Jones is sick in the hospital and Smith heads a subscription paper with a goodly sum for his relief, and everybody says, "How kind." The world at large does not realize that when Jones worked for him last year Smith cheated him out of more than ten times the amount of his generous subscription by paying him smaller

wages than others were paying, and by overcharging him for whatever goods he bought. Even Jones himself is inclined to forget the sharp dealing of the past, and when he gets well he will go to work again for Smith because of his liberality rather than to work for Brown who pays honest wages and does not cheat him in trade, but who could not afford to help him when he was sick. It is a very cheap way to buy popularity. A man receives a vast amount of praise for his generosity while he lives. Society forgives his thefts and pronounces a eulogy at his funeral. Besides all this he imagines that he is sure of an entrance into heaven on the ground that "charity shall cover the multitude of sins." If he were strictly honest he would prevent a great deal more suffering than he relieves by his gifts; but the chances are that he would be neither so wealthy nor so popular. Justice is rare, but those who would profit most by it are most to blame for its rarity. They are quick to praise unscrupulous liberality, and slow to appreciate scrupulous economy.

The spirit with which we fulfill our obligations as masters is a matter of no slight importance. If service should be hearty and willing, we should repay it with equal interest and willingness. The master should sympathize with the servant and identify himself with the servant's interests, just as truly as the servant should enter heartily into his interests. To pay honest wages for work well done is not a gracious act. It is but a fair exchange of equal values. Neither party to the transaction can rightly consider himself benevolent. Both are benefited; and each has conferred a favor upon the other. The workman is no more under obligation to the employer than the employer to the workman. One owes no more gratitude than the other.

Very many employers assume an air of complacent benevolence whenever they pay the wages of their servants, as though they were making a free gift. Worse than this many withhold their servants' wages as long as possible, and grumble when called upon for payment as though they were very badly treated. Such a spirit is entirely unjustifiable. Doubtless if an employer has been cheated by his servant, being overcharged for his work, or having his work badly done, he may justly

make objection and refuse payment. But if the wages are honestly earned in accordance with previous agreement, payment should be made promptly and heartily. It affords a really honest man as much pleasure to pay his debts as it does to receive payment from others. All grudging and grumbling on the part of masters tends to arouse a feeling of bitterness in the hearts of servants, and to create antagonism between those two elements of society that should live in closest harmony.

The inevitable result of this patronizing spirit on the part of masters is to pauperize the employed of every class. Men cannot occupy the position of beneficiaries, however unjustly, and at the same time maintain true independence and self-respect. Most surely there will follow a marked depreciation of character.

Between poverty and pauperism the distance is heaven-wide. Poverty may be hard to bear, but it does not injure character. On the contrary it often develops the truest moral strength. Pauperism is always evil. It implies a loss of moral tone that endangers the welfare of society. A pauper is a person who is willingly dependent on others whether he be rich or poor. Every influence that tends to lessen the feeling of self-respect and personal independence in a corresponding degree tends to pauperize men. The only antidote for pauperism is the cultivation among all classes of that manly independence of character which scorns to eat unearned bread or to enjoy unearned luxury. Nothing can exert a more potent influence in this direction than a proper recognition of the nobility of labor and its value as evinced in the willing and liberal payment of wages honestly earned. If justice in the relation of work and wages requires an equal exchange of material values, it requires no less imperatively an equal willingness and kindness of spirit in both parties to the exchange.

As masters we may do much towards the solution of present social problems, not on the one hand by opposing force to force or any measures of retaliation, nor on the other by gifts and charities scattered broadcast among the poor; but by honest liberality of dealing with our servants, by kindness of spirit, by a careful respect for manly dignity.

The relation of master and servant is the broadest of all social relations. Other relations there are which affect different

parts of society and vary greatly in breadth and importance. This relation is universal. Whoever does not come within its scope is a social monstrosity. It is therefore of the first importance in social reforms that the responsibilities of this relation should be recognized in their twofold bearing, that a true balance should be carefully preserved, and that we should free ourselves from one-sided views and prejudices. Seeing that each represents in himself both phases of the relation, who requires true service from others must render true service to others, who seeks due reward for his service must himself be a model master.

GEO. H. HUBBARD.

ARTICLE III.—CORIOLANUS.

THE Shakespearian drama, with its mixture of comedy and tragedy, is *sui generis* and can only be judged by its own rules. Coriolanus, however, more nearly resembles the classic drama. With the Greeks, tragedy and comedy were more strictly separated than with the English of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and humor was not mingled with tragedy; also that hybrid, the tragi-comedy, was unknown on the Greek stage.

There were two chief reasons for these differences :

First, the world of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was a much more heterogeneous one than that of the Greeks ; in it there was more than one civilized nation and diversity of surroundings and growth gave a diversity to life, also the discovery of new lands furnished the marvelous—food for the imagination ;

Second, the men who reproduced it were realists not idealists. The world of human life with all its elements, even the crudest, was pleasing to them. Like children, they took as much pleasure in the details as in the main story of life. The many-sided gleam of humor in the midst of tragedy pleased them and their audiences. They were realistic reproducers. Shakespeare, like the rest of the men of his time, was a realist, but he was an idealizing realist. He not only saw the variegated model before him but he looked back of that to the ideal upon which it was molded. He saw not only the actual world of human beings, but the ethical world of innate justice that lay at its foundation. So Portia, with her appeal to mercy, rises calm above the bickerings about her. So Lady Macbeth suffers for her crime in spite of her dauntlessness.

The object of the idealizing artist is to clear away confusing details and let his ideal stand forth distinct and well-defined. This instinct of a true artist grew more self-confident in Shakespeare as he grew older. This we can see by comparing *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Merchant of Venice*, with the *Tempest* and *Coriolanus*. The last two are more simple in plot and characters than the others.

This instinct is also indicated by the tendency to leave humor out of tragedy. In *Coriolanus* there is no clown nor any humorous scenes. In *Macbeth* the porter scene, for other reasons, is supposed to be an interpolation. In *Hamlet* and *Lear*, however, the public taste is considered and clowns introduced. In the study of character the Elizabethans were more impressed by its contradictoriness, the Greeks and Romans by its unity. Shakespeare saw the unity in variety but his later dramas show that he tended more and more to represent the unity of character. Compare Shylock with *Coriolanus*, and Portia with *Volumnia*. In Shylock are conflicting impulses, patriotism and avarice, in *Coriolanus* one unifying quality—pride; in Portia is a diversity and roundness not like *Volumnia's* single-minded love and pride.

In *Coriolanus*, Shakespeare seems to have turned his back upon his own time, and looking towards the ancient and guided only by his artistic instincts, to have written a pure tragedy, having a hero with classic singleness of character.

I intend to treat this rather as a tragedy than an historical drama, but a few words will be necessary upon its historical qualities. Aristotle says that poetry is superior to and more philosophical than history; poetry treats more of the general, history of the particular; poetry of what is, according to probability or necessity possible, what might occur; history of what does occur. The relation of history to drama is either to furnish material for its inventions, or to be the text for its illuminations. *Macbeth* is an example of a plot made from historical material but not following history. *Henry IV.* and *V.* and *Coriolanus* are examples of poetry used to illuminate dark problems of history. Often the bare facts of history are contradictory; as, the change in Prince Hal's character when he becomes *Henry V.*, or the apparent treachery of *Coriolanus* against Rome. The poet sees a possible explanation of these and puts it into the form of fiction. He sees how a certain type of character, with which these men may be identical, would under certain circumstances act just in that way. He puts his conception of the explanation into dramatic form, and the result is an historical play. This seems to be the real excuse for mingling fiction and history either in the novel or the drama.

Judged by this, *Coriolanus* is a perfect historical play; the facts of history, so far as they are known, are reproduced exactly, with such additions as seem necessary for their full understanding. The spirit of the Roman time is represented in the fickle mob, the crafty tribunes, and the proud *Coriolanus* and *Volumnia*. The historical incidents in this case have been tragic as they stood, rather than comic as in *Henry IV.* and *V.*, and so as tragedy I shall analyse it.

Almost all of Shakespeare's plays belong to the institutional drama; that is, the form where one institution of man's foundation—as the family or state—is represented as at conflict with another; or an individual with his own selfish interests is at war with an institution. In tragedy the institution should conquer the individual interest, as being of the greater importance.

As the world advances it is gradually learning that the man is superior to the institution. It is the divine in man that establishes the institution in the first place, and that same divinity is superior to the institution of its creation. If the poet represents mankind by the highest individuals of the race, then their individual interests may become higher in value than the institutions of the world. Thus in the conflict of tragedy the individual interests may justly triumph over the institution. This gives rise to the psychological drama where the higher principle is in the nature of the soul of man. These two classes of tragedy are not separated by rigid barriers, but, on the contrary, we often have institutional dramas with psychological phases, where the conflict is within a man's own soul; as, notably, in *Hamlet*. Especially do Shakespeare's later plays, though his century was especially one of the institutional drama, tend to the psychological. He always throws the weight of his authority as poet on the side of the institution, yet he cannot ignore the importance of the individual. He only advances far enough in his psychology to lay the real struggle in the hero's soul, not enough to make the individual, as a representative of the human-divine, conquer the institution with which he is in conflict. The most perfect tragedy of this sort that the world has ever known belongs not to fiction but to real life—the crucifixion of Christ.

Assuming that tragedy represents a struggle towards harmony in which the truest principle conquers and reconciles the weaker idea to itself; then in *Coriolanus* the mass of the people, as they were in Rome, is in conflict with the government as administered by the patricians. This is not an abstract struggle of people against an arbitrary oligarchy, but people in Rome against patricians in Rome before its corruptions. Whatever may be *our* opinion as to the right side of such a struggle in the abstract; in this concrete instance, there is but little doubt, that the patricians represented the noblest element, and the institution that for the good of the world should last out its day. It is the patrician element that really conquers and saves Rome through the self-sacrifice of Volumnia and the magnanimity and death of Coriolanus. So far it is therefore an institutional drama.

Running parallel with this conflict of brute force against intelligence, of cowardice against courage, where the mere humanity of the people is their only merit, is the conflict in *Coriolanus'* mind between the two sorts of pride—that for himself and that for his country. In this is the psychological phase of the play.

His pride for himself is of course a selfish interest and is shown in his extreme sensitiveness to praise or blame. He is too proud even to hear himself praised and a word of blame raises his choler. In the last act when Aufidius calls him traitor he says, in his rage,

“ ’Tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold.”

He is mistaken, however, he has scolded before—in the marketplace at Rome just before his banishment. Scolding is the refuge of wounded pride in a person who is too weak to take revenge in any other way. His wounded personal pride takes the form of revenge when he joins Aufidius against the Romans, and bars his heart against the affection of his old friend Menenius.

Parallel with this is the selfish pride of the tribunes who in this fairly represent the people.

“ Sir, the people
Must have their voices ; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.”

They are much afraid they will not have all their rights and honors, that Marcius will take some honor that they ought to have.

Menenius truly says of them :

“ You talk of pride ; O that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves ! O that you could !

Brutus.—What then, sir ?

Menenius.—Why, then you would discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.”

This pride is so similar to the personal pride of Coriolanus that whenever the two come in contact they repulse each other like two negative poles. He desires the honor of the consulate and humbles his personal pride and sense of propriety to stand in the market-place and solicit votes. The ignorant egotism of the citizens arouses his restrained personal pride to vent itself in irony. The patronizing air of the citizen who says, “ You must think if we give you anything we hope to gain by you ” would amuse a more personally indifferent man, but it arouses his egotistic pride in response.

The “ absolute ‘ shall ’ ” of the “ Triton among the minnows ” is opposed by Coriolanus’ equally absolute “ I will.” This reacts in his banishment, that is to be revenged by the destruction of Rome, when the wild vibrations of these negatively charged pith balls are stopped by the positive force of his mother’s love and patriotism.

On the other hand his patriotic pride, his noblest quality, brings him in closest sympathy with the patricians. It is a queer anomaly in human nature that we are repelled by people who possess our faults and in sympathy with those who possess our noblest qualities. Coriolanus belonged to that class of patricians who loved Rome itself, not its citizens—Rome in the abstract. To their minds the plebeians were hardly a part of Rome.

“ As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against these measles,
Which we disdain should letter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.”

He looks upon them as,

“ Woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,

When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of war or peace.”—

Their cowardice places them beneath his consideration.

“ Being press’d to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touched,
They would not thread the gates ; this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis. Being in the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show’d
Most valor, spoke not for them.”

The only thing that could bring him into sympathy with the people was to realize that he and they belonged to a common humanity. This his personal pride would not allow, even if it were not reinforced by his life-long training as a patrician,

“ You speak o’ the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.”

Coriolanus knows nothing of these plebeians until they have proved themselves strong enough to banish him from Rome. Then they became entire Rome to him ; but the Rome of his hatred, not of his love.

His great error lies in that he allows his pride to become selfish and personal. It begins in his scorn of the people ; it is augmented when he seeks the consulate ; and reaches its climax when he advances against Rome, forgetting his love to her. Yet his nobler pride, his patriotism, is not dead. His revenge growing out of outraged, selfish pride has made him forget his love for his family, and bar out of his heart his country. His love for his mother, being the strongest of his affections and the one least outraged, is the first to revive and serves as a key to open his heart to patriotism. Here is the great conflict between his true and his false pride, and the higher principle conquers.

“ O my mother, mother ! O !
You have won a happy victory to Rome ;
But, for your son—believe it, O believe it !
Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.”

His private revenge yields to the great institution his country. Yet he has followed his error too far ; his unnatural alliance with the Volscians has involved him in relations that must be

broken to save his country. To be true to his Rome he must be treacherous to the Volscians, and this causes his death.

Yet it is not plebeian Rome that has conquered, it is patrician Rome, the most noble and courageous element, with loss and sacrifice it is true; with the loss of their bravest general and through the self-sacrifice of Volumnia and Virgilia.

In studying the grouping of Shakespeare's characters, I have noticed that he sometimes groups about a principal character, one that reflects the main features of the hero and another as a foil with opposite traits; as, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, and Banquo; or Portia, Nerissa, and Jessica. So here Volumnia is the genuine counterpart to her proud son, and Virgilia—his 'gracious silence' 'that weepst to see' him 'triumph'—is his opposite. His tender affection for the possessor of 'those doves' eyes, which can make gods forsworn,' is one of the most beautiful touches in the play. It prepares us for the triumph of his patriotism over his selfish revenge.

Volumnia is a more simple character than her son. She has pride, but it is concentrated on her son and her country, and we are not shown the struggle—if there was any—when she placed her country above her son. Indeed, her pride is that of family which with the Romans was almost identical with patriotism.

In both Volumnia and Coriolanus Shakespeare has reproduced the Roman character in its essential qualities; but in the case of Coriolanus with added touches, such as his tenderness for his wife, that only an English dramatist would have thought necessary to the completeness of the character.

The tribunes, Licinius and Brutus, are typical demagogues—cunning, revengeful, egotistic. The people in their hands are mere tools. Is it possible that people so ruled have anything in them worthy of respect? The latent human divinity, in this case certainly, has given no indication of its presence.

Menenius is the mediator between the two factions of the state, until mediation becomes impossible in the ordinary way. He is also the Chorus of the drama, comments on the other actors, and utters the oracular opinions of the dramatist. He has a caustic wit that is more English than Roman, perhaps, in its indifferent good-humor. He does not hesitate to tell the tribunes his opinion of them to their faces.

"Your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone."

In tragedy the interest depends as much upon the management of the plot as upon the portrayal of character. In studying the plot of this play I have used the formula given by Freytag in his *Technique des Dramas*. The beginning of the emotional action, where the hero by his decision brings about the events of the first of the play, is called the incentive moment; this is the beginning of the complication that leads to the climax. The climax is connected with the unravelling of the plot by the tragic moment, when the hero makes his last decision, commits his tragic error for which he suffers death. Following the unravelling, or fall of the action, is the moment of suspense, in which the threatening power is seen and the mind of the audience prepared for the final catastrophe.

The introduction in *Coriolanus* shows the dissatisfaction of the plebeians by the conversation of the citizens in the opening scene; Menenius' attempt to appease them and his tale of the members of the body; and Marcius' haughty disposition. The incentive moment is when the news comes that war with the Volscians is inevitable, and Caius Marcius is appointed one of the leaders. The action of the first half of the drama depends on that. The development, or complication of the plot is the battle between Anfidius and Marcius, the honoring of Marcius by the surname of *Coriolanus*, and the return in triumph to Rome. The climax is reached when *Coriolanus* is appointed to the consulship. It includes not only his solicitation of votes in the market-place, his nomination by the senate; but also his opposition and challenge from the tribunes, and his appearance with the patricians in the market-place to ask the people to withdraw their opposition to his nomination. The tragic moment is when he, intending to pacify the people, allows their taunts to arouse his pride and anger, and tells the tribune that he lies. The tribune has accused him of wishing "to wind himself into a power tyrannical" and called him a traitor. He does not meet the charge with the calmness of innocence. It seems as if his own better nature condemned him for his haughtiness towards the people, and his condemned false pride is irritated by the fact that the charge came from so despicable a source. Where patriotism should have made him patient, personal revenge makes him unreasonable.

The error of losing his temper does not alone constitute the tragic moment, an indication of the result should appear also—the result in this case is his banishment. This makes a double tragic moment. This is the basis of the action of the last part of the drama, as the incentive moment was of the first. The result of his banishment is that he joins the Volscians and leads them against Rome. This, the unravelling of the plot, culminates in the scene between Coriolanus and his mother, when his wife and mother come to beg him spare Rome. His decision saves Rome, and paves the way for his own death. His nobler pride—patriotism—is saved, and his selfish pride—revenge—is lost. But since the tragic moment he has so bound up his fortunes with his revenge that its destruction foretells his own.

Following this is the moment of suspense, when the Roman matrons return, and Coriolanus' fate is unknown. The catastrophe follows close upon this. Again it was the word 'traitor' that aroused his fury, and brought down upon him the swords of the Volscians. That word was the red flag that incited him to his most fatal actions. In each case he had an uncomfortable sense of deserving the term; he was not in sympathy with the plebeians, and had not treated them as he ought to have treated a part of his own countrymen; he had in spirit, if not in letter, proven false to the Volscians, because he joined them for an interested and personal motive.

Although Coriolanus has in comparison with other of Shakespeare's heroes a greater simplicity of character, he has not perfect classic singleness. His pride is not in opposition to an external fate, but in conflict with his own nobler nature. This notion of a conflict within the soul is decidedly post-Christian and gives a complexity to the creation.

Menenius is more an Englishman than a Roman, and a more subtle philosophy and statescraft creeps into the play by him, as a mouthpiece, than a classic dramatist would have, perhaps, introduced. Shakespeare has attempted to see classic unity, but his glasses were not purely achromatic and his vision was tinted with some of the Elizabethan variety of hue.

ARTICLE IV.—THE CHRISTIAN EVOLUTION OF A SECULAR STATE.

OURS is a secular nation. The separation of Church and State, once declared impossible, and in fact elsewhere untried, has been accomplished in the United States. The constitution guarantees religious liberty. The fact is recognized that this is no more a Protestant than it is a Roman Catholic government. No *form* of Christianity can ever become a part of our common law. However true may be the statement that "only those laws are righteous that agree with God's word," the Bible is not so much a book of rules as of principles. If Christ is "the Ruler of our Nation," He condescends to realize His kingdom through the collective reason of our democratic body politic.

Ours is a Christian nation. This is true, not in the sense that the word "Christ" is or should be inserted in the constitution; but in the profounder sense that we are actually moving forward, in accordance with secular methods no doubt, toward the complete realization of the fundamental Christian idea so far as it relates to government.

Our nation is Christian, not so much in external form, as in its inner meaning and purpose or tendency. To show how the progress of the common life of our people illustrates the development of the germinal idea of Christianity and its gradual fulfillment, in various ways (without any attempt toward completeness), is the object of the present Article.

I. The basal or seminal principle of our government is liberty. No doubt we received it from the "bosom of the monarchy of the house of Tudor." No doubt it was earlier realized to some extent (long before the reformation) in Germany as well as in Greece, if not even in China. But it is fundamental to the very existence of our State, as such, that the true idea of liberty is no mere theory too visionary to become a vital part of the common law of the land and of the constitution of our government.

II. This fundamental idea of our nation is also the essential principle of the New Testament.

Freedom from Judaic bondage is the type of all real freedom. The epistle to the Galatians is the particular example which treats of the subject most directly. Galatians v. 13 is an example of the genius and spirit of the entire New Testament. Liberty does not mean individualism, selfishness, anarchy, tyranny. Love is the only liberty. Not in so-called liberty as an occasion to the flesh—a contradiction in terms, but by the service of one another in love (Gal. v. 13), is real freedom realized. In the New Testament we have the first formal announcement of the law that government should exist for the good of the governed. Not merely in the statement of St. Paul. (Rom. xiii. 4.) "He is a minister of God to thee for good," but "explicitly set forth by Christ himself as the principle of a new and Christian civilization." "Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you: but whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant." (Matt xx. 25.)

III. *Christ introduced this principle into the world.*

A leading orthodox theologian cites no less than thirteen of the ancients who taught, to some extent, the doctrine of the Golden Rule. But tyranny was still the dominant idea until Christ came and made the principle effective and universal. Even in Greece the freemen were few and all the rest of the world were barbarians. It was the worst period, morally, in all European history (*Fisher's Beg. of Christ.*, Chapt. 6) when Christ set forth the example and proclaimed the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man. About the common table of the Lord there was neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, for all were one in Christ Jesus. "A mighty transforming principle had entered the world." The stoic dream of a cosmopolitan State was realized in the kingdom of God. The statute of Moses, "Ye shall have one law as well for the stranger as for one of your own country" was applied to all classes. The hated Samaritan became a neighbor. The Master washed the disciples' feet. And this law of the kingdom is

made universal. "Ye also ought to wash one another's feet" illustrates the law of the spiritual kingdom.

IV. *From Christ as the source and example the principle has been handed down to us.*

At the advent of Christ the state of morals was at the lowest point. The old civilization decayed. But Christianity gave a literature to the Germans. Their oldest writings are parts of the Bible translated by Ulfilas. Anglo-Saxon literature and English civilization is a result of the labors of Augustine and other missionaries. The ancient literature was preserved in Christian monasteries, and the universities of Europe arose from schools founded by British missionaries. (See *Fisher's Christian Religion*.) The Renaissance owes much to Christianity. Luther's Reformation was in a special sense an outgrowth of the Epistle to the Galatians. Calvin laid down the principle that ecclesiastical societies should be organized on the republican basis of the congregation. Men soon began to apply the principle in civil government. Among the results we have the Puritans in England and the Pilgrim Fathers in America. Being accustomed to self-government in the church our fathers applied the same principle to the State. Hence arose the town system which De Tocqueville recognized as the germ of American freedom. The point remains—if we give greater prominence to the influence of the Churchmen in Virginia or the Catholics in Maryland—that English civilization is a result of Christianity, and our government was founded on the principle of Christian liberty, however imperfectly realized.

V. *It is a historic fact that Christianity is a part of the common law of the land.*

And this has been recognized by the Supreme Court as consistent with religious liberty. As recorded in Sergeant and Rawle, vol. ii., 394, the court decided, in substance, as follows: The assertion is once more made, though it has often been exploded, that Christianity never was received as a part of the common law of our land; that it was virtually repealed by the Constitution. General Christianity is, and always has been, a part of the common law of Pennsylvania. Of the first legislators who established reli-

gious liberty one was a Catholic and the other was a Friend. Before that period the principle of liberty of conscience appeared in the laws of no people, the axioms of no government, the institutes of no society. The reformers asserted liberty of conscience, but hardly applied it in legislation. The same point is made in the ruling of Judge Story in regard to the Girard devise; in New York, and elsewhere, as well as in the recent case in New Jersey, in which Col. Ingersoll was defendant.

VI. *Christianity is a part of the common law of the land in the sense that the principles of Christianity are to a great extent embodied in the fundamental laws of our government.*

"Christianity is not a part of the law of the land in any sense which entitles the courts to take notice of it, as such, and because it is Christianity, nevertheless its precepts and principles have been to a great extent incorporated in and made a component part of the positive law of the State. (Cooley's Const. Lim., Sec. 472.)

VII. *The fundamental Christian idea is also that of the Constitution of the United States.*

The word "religion" is not defined in the Constitution, but Jefferson, a leading advocate of the first amendment, says that religion is a matter that lies solely between man and his God. The legislative powers of the government reach actions and not opinions. But Jefferson was careful to state, even in that age of individualism, that religious liberty does not mean the neglect of social duties, and the Supreme Court has so decided in reference to the first amendment. That is, liberty does not mean anarchy. It means real liberty, which is, as we have seen, derived from Christianity, and is the essential principle of Christianity. Hence the same amendment which guarantees religious liberty *ipso facto* adopts the Christian ideal. It may be urged that the present tendency in the younger States is to ignore the fact that Christianity is a part of the common law. This is granted, or rather maintained. We simply claim that from the secular standpoint Christianity is the goal of the movements of the age. For example,

VIII. The Christian principle—name it as you will—is the ideal of true democracy. Said Lowell, "Christ was the first true democrat." And he quotes from Victor Hugo: "Democ-

racy does not mean 'I am as good as you are;' it means 'you are as good as I am.'" It says to the monopolist and anarchist alike, "Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh." It has been thought that the idea of real liberty, the freedom of service instead of oppression, is too exalted for the masses of the people. Christ thought otherwise. The people of the United States think otherwise. In accordance with the principle first distinctly formulated in Matthew xx. 25, they have recognized more or less clearly the union of freedom and Christianity. Says De Tocqueville: "They brought with them into the new world a form of Christianity which I cannot better describe than by calling it a democratic and republican religion."

IX. Christianity is the ideal or truth sought in socialism.

Existing among the most ancient peoples, and suggested in numberless Utopias since the time of Plato, socialism took shape in modern times some seventy years ago, and already has advocates among the best political scientists. The State is already socialistic. It has control of the army and navy, of certain schools and universities, of post-offices and public highways. It abolishes slavery, provides aqueducts, letter carriers in cities, etc., etc. We have seen that the ideal of democracy is Christianity. But "socialism is the economics of democracy." And now it is recognized more and more that "socialism is the practical application of Christianity to life." Says Prof. Ely: "What the political economist desires is such a production and such a distribution of economic goods as must in the highest practicable degree serve the end and purpose of human existence. It is simply the Christian doctrine."

X. Christianity is the true ideal of legislation.

1. All legislation should be moral. This is recognized more and more since Carlyle wrote his "Past and Present," and Ruskin "Unto this Last." "It being the privilege of rats and wolves to live by the laws of supply and demand; but the distinction of humanity to live by those of right." Says Ely: "Open your Mill, your Schönberg, your Wagner, your economic magazine, and you readily discern that the course of economic thought is largely, perhaps mainly, directed to what

ought to be." "Would it be enacted by a perfect man, is the one question in regard to legislation."

2. All legislation should be Christian. When the State undertakes to deliver the Irish tenant from unfair rent—from the bondage of custom, misnamed natural and immutable law—when it undertakes the abolition of slavery, the improvement of tenement houses, the care of sewerage, the establishment of quarantines, public libraries, art museums and schools, the removal of public temptation, and the elevation of sentiment by the abolition of the saloon or the house of ill-fame; it removes customs which have long limited freedom, and it bestows a new measure of liberty, and promotes the general welfare. In short, it strives to fulfill the law of Christian liberty. In the words of Politicus, "State law is Christian law."

XI. Christianity is the Moral Dynamic or Ruling Power in Modern Social Reform.

Says Brown (*Studies in Modern Socialism*, p. 18): "It may be we shall find . . . the highest economic thought and the best and most profitable economic action are coming, with rapidly converging lines toward the spirit, the cross, the law of Jesus Christ."

Within the past forty years ethics has been introduced into political economy. The temperance reform dates back no farther than the beginning of the present century. From the days of Adams the Indians have been recognized, formally, at least, as brethren of the whites. Within the past twelve years the problem of divorce has become a moral, instead of a merely legal question. It has been found by experience that the Indian must become a citizen, and to this end higher moral qualities are needed on the part of Indians and whites alike. In many successful establishments the interests of the employed have been identified with those of the employer. Members of the same family are no longer regarded in law as mere individuals, but as "members one of another." "What is the Dynamic of Social Reform? It is the power of the Christian life. . . . And he alone who stands in the midst of these baffling problems, and reads them in the light of the Christian ideal, can face with any hope or read with any clearness the secrets of the economic or the moral world." (Prof. Peabody, *Andover Review*, Dec., 1887.)

XII. It is not so much the purpose of this Article to show that the Christian ideal may be adopted in the future, as that it has been more or less consciously the object of our social evolution, and has become, to some extent, an accomplished fact.

Faith has worked. The leaven has leavened. The kingdom of Cæsar is more and more like the kingdom of God. The modern world, much more than the ancient, has become like the kingdom which is not of the world. The gospel walks "directly into the complex relations of modern society," into the market as well as the cloister. "We live indeed in the kingdoms of redemption."

This answers Mr. Spencer's question, "What kind of social structure are we tending to produce?" The evolution of the type demanded by our national ideal. "In God we trust" is stamped on all our coins. "In Christ we trust" is "writ large" in our real constitution—the way in which our social life has gone on during the century of our national existence. A very definite example of this is furnished, perhaps, by the extension of coöperation to manufacturers, in the particular method of profit sharing. Of course the method of legislation does not prohibit, but on the contrary implies the cultivation by education, moral and religious, of the social impulses which make good government possible. Our laws are the expression of our common sentiment, which is, at least in its ideal, as we have seen, democratic, self-sacrificing, Christian. (Matt. xx. 25.)

XIII. The State does not ignore religion. This is true of its ablest statesmen such as Wm. H. Seward, who appealed to the higher law on the floor of the Senate. It is true of the anti-slavery pioneers, who were styled the "God and morality party." That it cannot ignore religion is the opinion of the leading jurists. See Bishop's Criminal Law, 7th ed., vol. i. "No form of religion was brought hither in a way to become the common law of the land." . . . Not that the State is opposed to religion, but religion "flourishes best when left to its own forms." See also Stephen's Hist. of Crim. Law, vol. ii. "Legislating on the principle that no religion is to be regarded by the State as truer than any other does no doubt avoid many difficulties, though it is a long step towards legislating on the

principle that all existing religions are false, a principle which cannot be avowedly made the principle of legislation. . . In most men a religious part distinctly appears. . . Religion is a part of universal law." (Cf. Sergeant and Rawle, vol. ii. Also Ventris, i, 293.)

The State could not commit itself to unbelief, it would seem, without a violation of the first amendment to the constitution. The atheism of the first French Republic was just as incompatible with religious liberty as theism would be.

XIV. It is conceivable that Christianity will one day be declared by the majority of the people to be identical in its basal principle with that of our government. Not because there are already ten million adult communicants in the United States. Not merely because Article V. of the constitution provides for amendment to an indefinite degree. Not that three-fourths of our State legislatures would ever insert the word "Christ" in the constitution. Not that a State may not recognize religion as an important interest without establishing religion. It may decide that it flourishes best when left to voluntary support. Not that the majority will ever decide that democracy is an unattainable or infinite ideal, or that the Son of Man is Son of God. But rather because, from the secular standpoint, as the Christian evolution of the State goes on, *the principle of real liberty* may be so inserted and clearly defined, possibly in the constitution, as well as in relation to legislation and social reform, that it will amount to a definition and recognition of Christianity in its relation to civil government.

XV. But whatever may be true of the future, the past is secure, and ours is at present an example of the Christian evolution of a secular State.

If Christian liberty is our most fundamental national idea, if Christ in his life and teachings introduced it into the modern world, if from him as the source and example it has been transmitted to us, if it is a historic fact that Christianity is a part of the common law of the land, in the sense that the essential principles of Christianity are actually embodied in the best features of our legislation, if all statutes ought to be moral and Christian, if Christ is the ideal of our constitution itself, as well as the moral dynamic and goal in our move-

ments of social reform, if the preservation of freedom means the realization of the Christian Ideal, if this is not only consistent with religious liberty, but essential to the perpetuity, even existence, of our free institutions, it follows that ours is a Christian nation in the sense that we are surely moving forward, even if in accordance with secular methods, toward the more complete realization of the fundamental Christian idea so far as it relates to civil government.

CLARENCE GREELEY.

ARTICLE V.—JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN : A MOD-
ERN YORKSHIRE MISTERY.

“ON rescuing man from a state of paganism, religion not only undertook to secure the salvation of his soul, but to regulate his life here, to satisfy his cravings, to enlighten his intelligence, to soothe his disappointments; if she could captivate his senses it would be a great step gained.”

So says M. Petit de Julleville, the author of *Les Mystères en France*. To this end the Mass, the expression of Christian worship in the childhood of modern civilization assumed gradually a dramatic form; the once simple and severe dogmas became clothed in an imposing and magnificent ceremonial and were adorned with music which in its manifold variety was suited to the rendering of penitence and prayer, or of praise and thanksgiving whether the celebrant lifted up his voice alone, or the congregation took their part in the service.

Later, the Medieval Church anxious to make known to the people the most important incidents which the Holy Scriptures contained, so that the lessons to be drawn from them might sink deep into their hearts, placed upon the stage, even within the consecrated building, dramatic representations of the chief episodes in the life of our Lord; notably, His Passion, and in the lives of those who were recognized as types of Him in the Old Testament. Of these types the two favorites were Joseph sacrificed by his brethren, and Isaac by his father. Even when secular influence acted on these dramas and the interior of the Church was exchanged for the market-place, the ecclesiastical authorities recognizing their value as a means of religious teaching, not only extended their countenance but gave their aid in the production of the pieces.

On the invention of printing, bringing with it the multiplication of the Holy Scriptures and other sacred books, the religious dramas lost the prominent place which they had held in the public estimation. The revival of learning with the study of Greek and Latin authors, in which all cultivated

minds became absorbed, was prejudicial to any poetical effusion in the vernacular. The advent of the Reformation also had a sensible effect in restraining the spread of anything put forward as sacred that was not warranted by Holy Writ. The rise of the secular drama, with its novelty and unlimited range of subjects also had a great effect on the sacred representations from which it had sprung. These representations not only in Protestant countries ceased altogether, but where Catholicism still held sway, they fell away except on rare occasions and in out-of-the-way places.

It may be doubted, however, whether the dramatic compositions of a sacred character have not fallen into too great a disrepute. Might they not still be useful for the religious education of the masses who, though they may have acquired the rudiments of knowledge, are but children in the possession of it?

Were the lot of all men like that of the shepherd or of the sailor the case might be different, for they, noting the varied moods of nature, are assisted in developing and educating the mind. But when people are congregated in towns and villages following special industries as in the north of England, engaged all day in the mills, the mine or the foundry, with hardly anything to remind them of Nature from one end of the year to the other, their faculties being driven ever in one direction, they pass their lives having the imagination dormant and the mind unstored. They are thus unable to realize readily what they read or have merely related to them, not being able to form any comparison.

Lady Morgan, in her *Life of Salvator Rosa*, has some appropriate reflections on the results achieved in the middle ages by painting in connection with religious subjects as a means of awakening the dullest comprehension and softening the hardest conscience where no mere recital had been of avail. The spectacle of our Lord offering Himself for their sins called up feelings of gratitude in thousands. Their hearts must indeed be of stone who do not feel touched on the once happy mother being brought before them as the heart-broken witness of the torture and death of her son. If painting had this marvellous effect how much more impressive must have been *living pictures*,

representing in a dramatic form incidents of the Redeemer's life, His sufferings and His death, besides other points of scripture history, as well as the lives of saints and martyrs.

There is a curious bit of testimony to the estimation in which these performances were held in England to be found in what one might think a very unlikely book, A C Mery Talys, which was printed (circa) 1525, by John Rastell, and came to be called *Shakespeare's Jest Book*. The scene of one story is laid in a village of Warwickshire, and a preacher is wishing to impress upon the congregation the importance of the articles of the Creed. After going through the articles one by one he winds up his sermon with: "These artycles ye be bounde to beleve for they be trew and of auctorité, and yf ye beleve not me, than for a more sureté and suffycient auctorité go your way to Coventré and there ye shall se them all playe in Corpus Christi playe."

The last of the old miracle plays in England is believed to have been represented at Kendal in the year that James the First came to the throne. The times were against such exhibitions, and even if the king had been favorable to them the Puritans, now becoming powerful, were opposed to everything connected with the stage, and on the Restoration the reaction that set in produced anything but what led to religious or moral education.

Some 250 years were to pass when in a neighboring county, Yorkshire, famous for its misteries in the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, some earnest minded men, following in the footsteps of Wesley and his friends, observing with what fervor the ministrations of these had been received in the great centres of labor, bethought them of the drama as a vehicle for their views, enabling them to combine amusement with instruction when the body and mind, jaded by the engrossing toil of the day, were hardly fit for the grasping of truths nakedly placed before them. Taking advantage of the love of music inherent in the people by whom they were surrounded, they added the singing of some favorite hymns in which all could join.

The experiment was successful. Although the scenery and accessories might be said to be non-existent, being of the very rudest description, and the actors drawn from amongst them-

selves were uncouth and uncultured, the rooms were always thronged with old and young of the working classes who behaved with great order and attention, and heartily joined in singing the hymns. It is worth noting that the holders of most dissimilar religious views, Methodists (Wesleyan and Primitive), Baptists, and Roman Catholics have taken up the same idea, choosing the same subjects, using the same hymns and endeavoring to avoid divergent points, so as not to scare off any visitors. Everything has been done to make the representations as catholic as possible.

We are indebted to a friend for an interesting description of the way Joseph and his brethren, the piece which has been most frequently chosen, was given and received in a mill district of Yorkshire, a few years ago.

"The room was full although the night was unfavorable. There were only two rows of reserved seats (price, one shilling), in which my wife, a friend, and myself were the only ones to sit, the remaining space being filled, as soon as it was clear that no more of our prices were coming, with sixpence admissions.

The audience, with the exception of ourselves, seemed to consist entirely of mill hands, of both sexes. There were no better class of tradespeople to be seen, and besides, the actors and the audience were evidently of the same stamp, being disposed to regard one another with mutual respect and friendliness.

The stage was merely the platform at one end of the large room of the place which was usually used for club meetings, partitioned off with rugs on each side so as to allow the actors to retire, leaving the centre, where the curtain, which was of black cloth, went up for the acting. The whole was therefore of the most elementary construction, there being no pictorial or other kind of scenery; a simplicity which was preserved to the end, the entire effect being accomplished through the acting, and the imagination of the audience."

ACT I.

Scene 1. Jacob supposed to be at the door of his tent, but really seated in a "Windsor" chair, with white beard and a bald head, leaning upon his staff, surrounded by his sons, six on each side, they clad in white calico smocks and each holding a crook.

Benjamin, the youngest and shortest, a beautiful fresh colored boy, a striking contrast to the patriarchal Jacob.

When the curtain rose, disclosing the above, they sang the hymn

“God moves in a mysterious way,”

with clear musical voices. It was taken as a kind of key-note of what was to follow. The sudden effect was very striking and approached almost to sublimity, the meanness of the scenery and accompaniments being forgotten in the earnestness of the performers and the uncritical admiration of the audience, many of whom heartily joined in singing. (*Curtain falls, but rises almost immediately.*)

Jacob is now alone. With slow utterance he praises God for the blessings of his daily life but cannot help musing on past troubles, though now reconciled with Esau and blest with children : “But some of these are rebellious and do not reverence the Lord of Hosts.” Wherefore Jacob has a foreboding of ill, but will trust in God, and is comforted by the two children born to him by Rachel in his old age : “Especially Joseph . . . in him I delight.”

In the rest of the scene there is nothing very remarkable, except that of the twelve sons who appear before Jacob, Joseph is clad in the coat of many colors (red with black spots, patched with pink calico and green checked print.) Jacob asks if any of his sons require his counsel. Joseph relates his dreams, at which the brethren are very angry. Their father endeavors to calm them and dismisses them to their flocks. He reflects upon the dreams. They must be, he thinks, from God, and he calls to mind those which he has had, and also the visions of Abraham. But he fears for the future of Joseph and he cautions him to beware, but “above all let him fear God.” On the morrow he shall go and see his brethren. Jacob blesses him.

Scene 2. The brethren are watching their flocks ; they are conversing. Reuben, Simeon, and Judah are especially indignant with the “dthreamer,” whom they espy coming towards them. What are they to do with him ? Simeon is for taking his life, Levi agrees, but Reuben protests against this “lest the blood should call for vengeance from on ’igh.” He reminds them of the blood of Abel and the mark set on Cain, and that, “though man may not discover the deed it will be registered in Heaven.” He advises them “to let him down into yonder pit.” “But lo,

he comes." (Enter Joseph, in joy at finding the party.) They mock him and ask if he has had any dreams lately. Judah starts up, they will stand it no longer, he shall no more wear that coat ; the elder will not serve the younger, they will put him down in yonder pit, and in spite of the earnest appeals of Joseph to them : "It will break our aged father's heart and bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave," and his warning them of the day of judgment (an argument by which they are greatly shaken), they strip him of his coat and lower him down through a square hole in the stage, he calling dolefully on God as he disappears. (*The curtain falls, but rises almost immediately.*)

Nothing is seen, but Joseph is heard speaking from the bottom of the pit, meditatively. He is "in an awful place," and he wonders what his father will think. . . . "But oh, my prospect is gloomy." He then thinks how Enoch had been saved, and Noah and Lot, and his father from Esau's anger. Then he prays; prays that God "will lend an indulgent ear to a prisoner's feeble cries," and that for the sake of the Emanuel who is to come he may get out. Next he prays for his brethren : "Forgive them, Lord, they know not what they do." (*Curtain falls.*)

(The audience listened with profound attention to the above, and silence was kept throughout the room for a considerable time after the fall of the curtain.)

The brethren are next seen seated over their midday meal, each with a piece of currant cake in his hand. Simeon wonders what Joseph will be dreaming about now, and they discuss what they are to do with him. Simeon reproaches Judah for shrinking from killing Joseph "like brother Rewbin," he says. They fear to slay him, still they "cannot abide him," and it will not do to let him go down to his father again ; but "Behold, who comes ?" All rise ; they espy the Ishmaelites coming in the distance and they agree to sell the dreamer to them.

(Exeunt two of the brethren, who return immediately in pink smocks instead of white, with black wide-awake hats, now supposed to be Ishmaelitish merchants.) The brethren take Joseph out of the pit and sell him as a slave to the new comers for thirty pieces of silver.

The brethren are conversing ; one says, "Well, this business is settled, the young favoryte is gone." Still they cannot help admiring Joseph and the quiet way in which he allowed himself to be sold. Enter Reuben, in great agitation. Reuben has

been to seek Joseph in the pit and cannot find him. "Where is he?" Judah points to a cloud of dust afar off and tells him how they have sold him to the merchants of that caravan. Reuben is anxious, and speaks of the effect it must have on Jacob when he hears, as soon he must. "What account will ye render to him of his favoryte sun-n?" They will kill a kid and put his coat in the blood and make the father think that some evil beast has devoured him. Reuben agrees, but prophesies the future greatness of Joseph. The rest, however, do not believe it.

(Jacob supposed to be in his tent with the pretty little Benjamin at his side.)

Jacob is full of regret that he sent Joseph, as he does not return. He sees the brethren returning. They salute him. They pretend at first to be surprised to hear that he had not returned home, but they fear the worst, as they found his coat on the way, all covered with blood—(*the blood on the coat was perfectly imaginary*, so that the garment might be ready for the next performance),—which they show to Jacob. He examines it in silence very carefully inside and out, then slowly and with great emotion speaks his fears and weeps. The brethren are moved, and ask each other whether they should tell the truth, but they agree not to do so. Jacob asks where the coat was found and whether there were none of Joseph's bones near it, and receiving no consolation weeps again. He mourns for his poor child, his joy, his "crown of rejoicing." I never more shall 'ear 'is sweet voice," and will not be comforted by his sons though Reuben says that all must have been by the will of God—"Who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind." Jacob rises but with age and grief and leaning on his staff—he will follow him to the grave mourning.

The next scene is supposed to be a prison in Egypt, Joseph walking up and down meditating. Jacob's darling, no longer in the coat of many colors, nor yet in that of Pharaoh's court, but in that of English every-day life, to wit: drab striped trousers, velveteen shooting-jacket, turn down collar and blue satin spotted-with-white neck-tie, reflects on his varied fortune, on the pleasures of his early home with his father's tender love for him. Now "that vile woman" has got him into the present scrape, but "he will not do it."

This is followed by the entrance of the keeper of the prison in black wide-awake hat, etc., bringing in Pharaoh's Butler and

Baker chained, in blue calico smocks and bands round the head, (these parts being taken by three of the brethren separated from the rest for the nonce). The keeper of the prison recommends the men to Joseph's care, who immediately comforts them, saying : "Pharaoh is wise. . . and professes extensive knowledge of the human heart, therefore there is every hope that he will recognize the innocence of his servants." After Joseph's explaining the chief points of the Hebraic religion to the new comers, they retire, presently re-entering at another opening. They have each had a dream which has made a deep impression on their minds ; but how to get these interpreted they know not, since "within these gloomy portals of a prison no wise magician can be found to explain them." Enter Joseph most providentially at the exact moment. He reproaches them for being still desponding, and urges them to trust in God. The Butler stands rocking with his arms behind him while the Baker leans against the supposed walls of the prison. Joseph then fully explains the dream of the Butler, to the great astonishment and joy of the latter, whom Joseph asks therefore to remember him when restored to freedom and honor, and the Butler promises. The Baker then tells his dream. Joseph explains this, to the Baker's consternation, urging him to : "Prepare to meet thy God," . . etc.

The next scene shows us the interior of the palace of the king of Egypt. The actor who was Judah is now representing Pharaoh seated in the Windsor chair, wearing a crown with "teeth" all round made of green and gold wall paper, and a red glazed calico sort of sheet to envelope himself with ; no sleeves, but hands and arms to be discerned underneath, working nervously when memory was at all defective. Then soothsayers are summoned, but they fail to interpret the dreams which have sorely troubled the King, and then Joseph is brought by the Chief Butler on the stage, the Butler having explained how his dream in prison had been interpreted rightly. Pharaoh's surprise is great, since Joseph could not possibly have known his intention by any other than supernatural means, for "my designs was all concealed within my own bowson." Pharaoh relates his dreams and Joseph explains them immediately, without a moment's hesitation, "Thy dreams, mighty king, is all one." He therefore recommends Pharaoh to appoint a discreet Ruler over Egypt, to provide against the approaching famine. Pharaoh and the

Butler agreeing to it, the former appoints Joseph immediately, placing his royal signet ring on Joseph's finger, and sends for robes and chains of gold. Enter Butler with red sheet and paper crown like Pharoah ; and puts it on Joseph, and a long gold watch guard round his neck, it glittering in the gas light ; Joseph standing calm and self-possessed, not bowing or kneeling, but taking all as a matter of course.

ACT II.

An interval of seven years is supposed to elapse between Joseph being made Ruler after the interpretation of Pharoah's dream and the famine which causes Jacob to send down into Egypt.

The actors, judging from their appearance were probably all mill hands, but one (Reuben) had only three fingers on his right hand, and another had lost a middle finger : a mutilation of constant occurrence in mills, where without the greatest caution the fingers are liable to be caught in the machinery and cut off in a moment. Their hands were moreover more or less black and oily, Jacob's especially.

Of general acting there could not be said to be any. The order was rather that of mutual recitation, not however in a sing-song disagreeable tone but natural : with the local accent and pronunciation. This was however amply sufficient to carry the attention, and indeed deep interest throughout, and the effect of Jacob the old and worn but not decrepid old man, always advising and counseling for the best when things were at their worst and most trying passes, was most striking and at times almost noble, if not grand. The attention of the audience was not of that unnatural and artificial kind which one sees when a number of the better class, as tradesmen's wives, are listening at a missionary meeting, but willing, and in fact involuntary. In the most affecting scenes, a pin might almost be heard if dropped in any part of the room. In the intentionally grotesque parts (as when in a later scene the brethren were eating) the merriment produced was equally natural and unaffected. In the intervals between the scenes, the young women ate oranges and looked as well as they could before the young men ; the older women suckled their babies and the men lighted their pipes instantly, to extinguish them however when the curtain rose.

The first Scene of the Second Act shows us Pharoah in his palace seated as before. The famine has come and "Joseph's wise provisions demand our 'artfelt thanks." The king is assured that the famine is not confined to Egypt, but that they may expect strangers from other lands to come in and buy corn. Pharoah sees the vanity of the gods in which he trusted, and declares that in future he will worship none other than the God of Abraham.

Scene 2. Jacob's tent. The patriarch is seated at the entrance conversing with his Sons. The famine has reached them and he proposes to send to Egypt to buy food. "To Egypt, Father," they say "shall we sojourn to Egypt?" Jacob dismisses them with his blessings, God will assuredly protect them : but Benjamin he retains with him.

After this we have a number of short scenes representing the life of Joseph in Egypt alternating with others in which we have the Patriarch and his Sons in Canaan, he in all his wordly prosperity ever lamenting the loss of his favorite son.

The journey of the Brethren into Egypt to buy corn following closely the biblical narrative is brought very vividly before the audience.

We come now to where the curtain rises and discloses the young men again in Egypt, for the provisions which they had bought are all consumed. With them is Benjamin, for the ruler, has refused to let them have any more food, or to release Simeon who had been retained in prison, unless they brought their youngest brother with them. They are in Joseph's house and are sitting on the ground while two of Joseph's servants distribute the messes, each in a basin of different patterns (having been borrowed from different neighbors), Benjamin's being in a white milk basin of larger dimensions. Before swallowing each mouthful they blew as though to cool the hot food ; and when the elder brethren had finished their own portions they rushed upon Benjamin's basin with their spoons and helped themselves at it. The audience cheered and laughed loudly at this last movement in the midst of which, *the curtain falls.*

Scene 11. *The curtain rising,* Joseph is seen alone. He ponders on what his brethren must have thought of his arranging for them to sit in the order of their birthright ; he will try them once more. He calls to the steward to send the Hebrews away with their corn but to put his silver cup in the sack of Benjamin.

In the next scene the steward is receiving his orders to pursue the brethren and to make prisoner the one in whose sack the cup may be found.

Scene 13. The brethren are seen on their way homeward, bearing their corn in what look very like pillow cases, on their shoulders. Reuben is saying, "Our father will be delighted when he sees all return in perfect safety." Simeon is rejoicing in his newly-acquired liberty, and Judah that he will be able to restore Benjamin safe and sound. They sit down and rest—"But who approaches in such great haste." They anxiously rise to look. (*Enter steward and servants.*) The steward accuses them of stealing the cup; they are most indignant and say that "he with whom the cup is found shall die, and the rest be bondsmen." A great parade is then made of searching the pillow cases, until at last it is found in Benjamin's, a brand new silver-gilt christening mug, which the steward holds up triumphantly, saying, "Bey-owld the cup." But they will not allow Benjamin to be taken alone; they will share his fate.

Scene 14. Joseph's house. Joseph asks his servants, "Be the Ebrews yet arrived?" And on hearing that they are come, sends for them. (*Enter brethren, bowing.*) Joseph reproaches them for their ingratitude and says that he shall keep Benjamin, the rest may go. Judah then makes a long and touching appeal to Joseph, telling of Jacob's deep grief when Joseph was lost, and that if Benjamin were gone they would bring down his father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, and as he was surety for Benjamin's return he prays that he may be retained instead. Joseph, having sent away his servants, exclaims, "I am Jorsiph, or yis I am Jorsiph, your long lost brother; is my father yit alive?" (Nothing could equal the grotesqueness of the surprise put on by the brethren, but the audience seemed much affected.) Joseph then recounts his history; he sends for his father, the children, flocks, herds, etc., and ends by falling on Benjamin's neck, pretending to weep. (*Curtain falls.*)

(One of our party was called out during this scene and as he was returing the ticket-taker pulled him by the coat-tail, eagerly enquiring, "Assay, how duz it goa?" The audience clapped loudly at the end of the scene as the curtain fell.)

Scene 15. Jacob's tent. The patriarch is seated in his "Windsor" chair, as before, leaning with both arms on his thick yellow walking-stick. He soliloquizes in a desponding strain :

"Few indeed have been my days compared with those of my great forefathers. They have appeared like a shadow which declineth and then vanisheth away. But though few they have been full of evil" (Though so rudely given it was impossible to see and hear the sorrow of the old man without emotion. During the latter part a tired infant began to cry in the back seats, and the mother tried to pacify it with "whist, wh-is-ht," but others, more impatient of the interruption in so important a scene, testily called out "Silence!")

Enter servants announcing the return of the brethren.

Jacob rises to meet them. Reuben advances:

"Beloved father, rejoice with us
For we have pleasing news for thee.
Joseph, thy son, is yet alive,
And is ruler over Egypt."

Jacob falls back fainting into his chair; presently he gasps out,

"Can it be true, or do ye mock
Me, my sons? Surely I have endured
Sufficiently already. Then why will ye
Tear open wounds in some measure healed,
Making them bleed afresh. 'Tis very hard;
Oh, yes! 'Tis very wicked."

Reuben—

"Dear father, we do not mock thee,
Joseph is indeed yet alive
And desires us to sojourn to Egypt
As proof of the truth"

He points triumphantly to the preparations made by Joseph for his removal.

"Bey-owld yon carridgiz!" he exclaims.

Benjamin breaks in—

"'Tis trew, fahrther, Joseph is yit alive
For I myself have seen him, and
Be'old the 'andsome present given to me—
Three hundred pieces of silver"

He takes them out of the portmonaie of brown morocco leather with gilt fittings, to show Jacob. Jacob is convinced.

"It is enough,
Joseph, my son, is yet alive;
I will go and see him before I die."

(*Curtain falls.*)

Scene 16. Jacob, with his sons, arrived at the land of Goshen. The patriarch, surrounded by his family, is saying : "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me. Oh, yes, it is true, my son Joseph is yet alive, and according to promise I shall have the pleasure of beholding him once more"

Enter Joseph and Judah. Joseph and his father meet and fall on each other's necks. Jacob then recovers himself : "Blessed be God for this delightful surprise." Joseph comforts him : "Checquered as thy life has been thy days shall close in peace." (Baby in the back seats crying again, but at last hushed.) Joseph then forgives his brethren. Jacob praises him for the noble line of conduct he has pursued. "Thy kind forbearance towards thy brethren manifests a spirit of trew dignity. Oh, my son, 'tis more blessed to forgive than to resist injury." Joseph will not receive any praise, however, having been merely an instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and his life has been throughout a scene of providential blessings. Jacob then addresses all his children and declares Joseph to be a type of the future Saviour who is to be despised and rejected by mankind. "This holy redeemer shall give his life as an offering for sin, and his garments shall be stained with blood, for it is written, He shall tread the wine press alone and he shall make his grave with the wicked and the rich in his death, because he had done no violence, neither was guile found in his mouth" His future glory was next prophesied, and "the adoration of the redeemed with united voices shall proclaim and crown him Lord of all !" *Curtain falls, with great cheering; rises immediately, and the performers sing with great sweetness to a good old tune*

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"

and the audience join in.

The curtain falls for the last time, but in a moment a man comes through the opening, and standing in front in plain clothes (best Sunday ones), thanks the audience for their attendance and for having listened so patiently, announcing farther that "as there was a many that had not seen it the piece would be acted again next Saturday night."

The sacred dramas have gone on in the West Riding time immemorial, according to a traditional word of representation with words, etc., which seems to have been spoiled by the employment of various printed books, well meaning but not very artistic pro-

ductions, which the people have got hold of, using them to a greater or less extent as they please, in some cases extemporizing the dialogue as they go on.

Many are the testimonies to the powerful effect on the audience by these representations. A clerical friend writes : "The great hall was thronged, and I saw an invalid who had been carried in ; she had not been out of her bed for four years before, and I may say that rude and rough and entirely untrained as all was there was a life and charm about the performance which carried the spectator to the east. There were scenes, notably that of the bloody coat of many colors, when the patriarch is told by the brethren about his son, which fairly opened fountains, so deep was the emotion. Many came again and again to see the piece. One evening, observing the great attention shown by a young artisan, I asked if this was the first time he had been there. "No," he replied ; "when I go in for a bit of amusement I think once may serve, but here it is good for the soul, and I think I may go again." Another time I overheard a woman of the working class exclaim, "Well, those who have never read the Bible before have the pages open before them now."

In a handbill which has been sent to us we see :

"Odd Fellows' Hall, Brighouse. The young men, in connection with a Wesleyan Chapel at West Vale, intend repeating their grand recital of Joseph and his brethren in character, at the above place on Saturday next, December 17th, 1870. Doors open at half-past six, to commence at seven o'clock. Reserved seats, 1/-, second seats, 6d, back seats, 8d. The proceeds to be devoted to the building fund."

Another handbill mentions the "representation in character of Joseph and his Brethren," at Warksop (in Yorkshire, like the last), during the week beginning with Easter Monday, April 10th, 1871, by the Sacred Illustration Society of Sheffield, formed by a Roman Catholic association, going about from place to place, acting religious plays to further objects of charity, taking no profit for themselves. The prices were 2/-, 1/-, and 6d. As with the Wesleyan performances, they commenced with the hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way."

On returning to Canaan with Benjamin they sang the well known hymn

"Forever with the Lord."

And in a scene in which Jacob and his sons are worshipping at Beersheba on their way to join Joseph, they sing

"Guide us, oh, thou great Jehovah."

"A grand entertainment, entitled Joseph and his Brethren," according to some handbills, was acted on October 26th, 1880, by the Primitive Methodists in a Durham pit village. Apropos of this acting in Durham it has been remarked : "If the pitman be religious he is commonly a very glowing coal of Primitive Methodist fervour ; he preaches, and plays and sings with as much vehemence as he wields the pick ; more grim and more fervent than the Yorkshireman."

The same piece found favor at about the same time among the iron workers of Staffordshire, at Briarley Hill, being placed on the stage by the Primitive Methodists there.

But of all places where the drama was acted Sheffield bore the palm, for here there was an attempt to give it a more artistic turn, the dresses being made more appropriate and more care being taken with the manner of recitation. Of course it was impossible to cloak the strong dialect of the district. With all this the piece could hardly have been better received than it was in the country places, for everywhere the story touched the hearts too deeply to be injured by the telling. While none of the listeners had a notion of any part being grotesque, Jacob foretelling the Messiah with all the circumstantiality of a later prophet, and saying, "as it is written he shall tread the wine press alone," seemed quite natural to them.

The wonderful furore which seized the working class mind (says an eye-witness), very unreasonably roused the hostility of the regular theatre, for the class frequenting "Joseph and his Brethren" were not play-goers generally, and there could be no rivalry, seeing that the poor artisans were "nowhere" as actors, and could never clash with the attractions of the regular stage. However, they interfered, and before the Court succeeded. The poor people, legally, had not a leg to stand upon for the hall where the piece was performed was not a licensed place for stage performances, and what was more, the libretto had not received the Lord Chamberlain's *imprimatur*. The authorities expressed themselves afraid of the Holy Scriptures being brought into disrepute and positively forbade such representations. Should people wish to act them privately, and if nothing were charged for seeing them, no objection would be made. This was fifteen years ago. Occasionally, as we have seen, the drama has been acted, and for money, in country places. Probably to the insignificance of the localities and the rarity of the performances is

due the fact of their having been overlooked. Considering that there was nothing in the way of scenery and very little to attract the eye ever crowded audiences composed of deeply attentive working people showed that the performances touched an unmistakably sympathetic chord. There can be no doubt that there are many of the higher classes imagining that there was nothing of the kind nearer than Oberammergau who would have been extremely interested by witnessing a Yorkshire mystery.

Impressed with these reflections, and desirous of ascertaining whether the authorities who had the guardianship of morals on the stage were really against such performances the following enquiry was addressed to the Lord Chamberlain's office by the present writer :

"Whether I, or any one else, can nowadays place dramas taken from the Old and New Testaments (the libretto and the acting being perfectly moral), on the stage, charging money for the exhibition. Of course the previous steps required in the case of secular pieces, more or less suited to raise the moral tone of the people, would have been taken."

A courteous and decided answer was returned :

"I am desired to inform you that no such pieces as your letter appears to contemplate will be licensed for representation at any theatre or any other public building licensed for dramatic representation in Great Britain."

Let any one think for a moment of the pieces which either on account of the words, the acting, or what is suggestive to the mind offend against morals or good taste that have passed the dramatic censorship in not very remote times, and he may realize the oriental proverb, old at the time of our Lord's using it, about "Straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel !"

I. S. A. HERFORD.

ARTICLE VI.—IS THEOLOGY A PROGRESSIVE SCIENCE?

LEARNED and excellent men answer in the negative. They are quite sure of it. They can give us their reasons. Theology rests on no quicksand of experiment and theory, like the common sciences. It is built on the rock of Revelation. It is not human, but Divine. It comes from Him who has made no mistakes and can make no progress.

The Book, moreover, of which theology is a digest, has been, for centuries, an open book. The best Christian scholarship of each successive age has shone with full light upon it. Men to whom its original languages were vernacular have expounded it. Whole libraries have been written upon it. Physical science has owed its progress, largely, to the discovery of "fresh fields and pastures new." Disclosures of material objects and facts and phenomena, before unknown, have widened its domain. But no such discoveries remain to be made in the Scriptures. They are old "placers" which scores of generations of miners have worked.

What claim to be new doctrines, therefore, are only old heresies, repaired and refurbished, or, to change the figure, Styrian rivers that, after long flowing through hidden channels, have emerged, in our day, to the light. History repeats itself. These are revolutions that are sure to go backward. And what better fate awaits the theories that swarm from the brains of the neologists of each new generation? What proof that, in perishing, they will leave the least residuum, of any value?

The canon of Scripture, moreover, was long since closed. Its Author, had He chosen, might have published an inspired quarterly or monthly magazine. He had infinite resources of new truth. Of fresh disclosures there might have been no end. But it was, evidently, no part of his plan to feed men's curiosity. The Athenians, who spend their time in nothing else but either to hear or to tell some new thing, reappear in

every generations. But the great want of mankind is not so much new knowledge as new character. The Socratic and Platonic theory that moral evil grows only from ignorance, that men are sour only because not ripe, is shallow and false. The roots of sin strike deeper. Larger stores of knowledge than we have in Scripture would only busy the brain at the expense of the heart. For the building of character and the guidance of life, only a few, sterling principles are required. Therefore it is, that the New Testament, though immeasurably more comprehensive in its reach than the Old, is less than one-third its length. And the entire book covers, with no need of "progress in theology," the entire duty of man.

New statements of old truths, of course, there may well be. Improved adjustments of these truths are quite possible. The doctrinal symbols of the earlier ages were colored by the general sentiment and the controversies of the time. Often, it must be granted, they were rather "dogmatic slogans" than calm statements of Christian opinion. But the changes required are of the form, not the substance. The old theology may be cast in new molds. But it must still be the old theology.

Once more. The applications of the ancient truths vary with modern emergencies. New opportunities impose new duties. New forms of sin arise. Advancing light increases obligation. That which seemed innocent is found to be wrong. Obedience to "kings," in this country, at least, is no longer required. So, with directions to masters and slaves—and, perhaps, to wives, to obey "in all things" their husbands. In the current use of principles, therefore, theology has new services to render. But, in its substance, from age to age, it abides unchanged. The coins may vary, but not the gold.

We have aimed to state fairly the case on the conservative side. Let us see what reply can be made.

Whatever jealous distinctions may be drawn between theology and other sciences, few will deny that it is a science. But what, then, is the meaning of this word? A sufficient definition for our purpose is—systematized knowledge. We collect, for instance, all facts and laws discoverable, in regard to the flora of the earth. Then, by classifying them, and studying the laws that govern them, we construct, in the course

of centuries, a science called botany. So with natural history, from the fauna of the globe, chemistry, from the elements and forces of which it takes cognizance, geology, from the rocks and their disclosures, astronomy, from the phenomena of the heavens.

In like fashion we construct our theologies. The Bible, like material nature, is an exhaustless field of research. As we gather the isolated teachings of Scripture and reason upon them, gradually arises a dogmatic system called theology.

Now, as the flora of the earth is one thing, and botany quite another, so the Bible is one thing and theology quite another. Time was when plants were classified by their size, the large and the small in different genera. But, later, came out the fact that the smallest blade of grass at our feet is of the same genus with the huge bamboo that towers above us. So with another science. Centuries ago were observed, on and within the earth's crust, singular forms which looked suspiciously like the remains of small shell fish. Forthwith theories arose and strove and chased one another out of existence. The deluge had brought the creatures up on the ground where their shells were left. But too many of them were found deep-bedded within the strata, to allow that hypothesis. Voltaire supposed specimens discovered on the Alps to have been dropped by pilgrims on their way to and from the shrines of saints. But unfortunately, to say nothing of those found within the rock-formations, others appeared where no pilgrim could have been. A third theory made the shells "freaks of nature," like the Old Man of the Mountain in Profile Notch, and Mrs. Grundy and other figures, in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado. But, as if in contempt of that brilliant suggestion, the fossils persisted in taking only one type—that of the shells of crustacea. None were knives, spoons, hooks, chains, or other such objects as might, from the theory, have been expected. So, slowly, the scientists felt their way along, till the fossils were allowed to be what and whence they evidently were, and the whole modern science of paleontology began to take shape. In like manner chemistry has had to struggle through the limbo of alchemy, and astronomy through that of astrology.

Theology, also, has emerged from a chaos of crude theories. At different periods of its history, it has taught that we all sinned responsibly in Adam, scores of centuries before we were born; that in him we lost our freedom of choice; that the Saviour of men redeemed them by giving Himself as a ransom, in their stead, to Satan who had taken them prisoners in fair fight in the Garden of Eden; that non-elect infants are lost beyond redemption; that sin is the necessary means of the greatest good; that the Creator, knowing it to be such, nevertheless forbids it, and punishes it not so much out of wisdom and benevolence as from retaliation—because it gratifies the “wrath-principle” in Him.

That no school of theologians would defend these propositions to-day, is, itself evidence of the progress that theology, no less than its sister-sciences, has made. As the mediæval astronomy and chemistry misinterpreted nature, so did mediæval theology the Scriptures.

But if theology is progressive, if opinions, believed to have been drawn from the Scriptures, and held for centuries, are to be abandoned, why will not the fundamental truths of Christianity be set aside? Simply because, as being the bed-rock of the Scriptures, they are, like the Author of the Book, immutable. Does any scientist fear that, in the progress of his researches, the laws of nature will be shaken, that gravitation, heat, light, motion, the electric fluid, will prove to be chimeras? The grand, basilar principle of Christianity, as its Founder constantly taught, is love to the Infinite Father, and to his whole human family. The entire system is love organized and set at work in society. Its doctrines and precepts are out-works around that stronghold. And there will be no revolution against love. The inborn instincts of human nature respond to it as supreme and impregnable.

The question whether theology is a progressive science is not one merely for doctors of divinity to split hairs upon. It emerges, as we shall see in the sequel, into practical life. It bears upon the welfare of men. The object of this paper is not to defend controverted views. It is hard, indeed, to find anything on this field which has not been controverted. But there are lines of advance along which most Christian thinkers move in unison.

One of these is the transfer of emphasis from the Divine sovereignty to the Divine benevolence. Between the ancient view that the Creator punishes the iniquities of men as a satisfaction to his own wrath, and the modern view that He punishes through the operation of retributive laws deep set in the moral nature of man, and through the fearful anguish wrought in awakened consciences by his own wounded love, the difference is immense. If the suffering, so inflicted on the guilty, is more severe, since love, abused, cuts deeper far than wrath, yet for the loyal and obedient, the whole heaven, as it were, is illumined in the glow of benevolence. And a retribution which the offender is seen to have prepared for himself, is rather reinforced than repulsed, from within him, by the acquiescence, in dumb despair, of his own moral sense. So then we escape the mental *hemiopia*, in which the Infinite One is seen either exclusively as a pitiless judge or exclusively as an over-indulgent Father. He stands, like the Pillar of Cloud and of Fire, in both light and shadow,—light to them who live in love, as children of the day, shadow to them who turn aside, with faces sullenly set toward the dark.

Progress has been steadily made, too, in a more intelligent interpretation of Scripture. In this process we have learned, how superficial are they who suppose the whole treasure of that exhaustless mine to have been long since exhausted. It was anciently accounted a volume in which is taught, throughout, one and the same grade of external morality. For the unavoidably slow, ethical development of a barbarous people, from century to century, no allowance was made. Since the Book had all proceeded from the Unchangeable One, and was held to be all verbally inspired by Him, the conclusion was drawn that the outward morality, taught in it, must be everywhere at the same level.

To the holders of this view the Old Testament offered insolvable problems. Going no farther, for instance, than the imprecatory psalms,* in which the writer so bitterly curses his

* E. g. Ps. cix. 9-16. Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow: let his children be vagabonds and beg, and let them seek their bread out of their desolate places. Let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let strangers make spoil of his labor. Let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any to have pity on his

enemies, they fell into perplexities from which there seemed no escape. To extricate themselves from the slough, they sought foothold in ingenious theories. The enemies denounced were personified sins, like Mr. Slaygood and Giant Despair in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. When that gave way, they made the Psalmist to have supposed himself the direct mouthpiece of the Most High, execrating his, Jehovah's, enemies.

But, clearly enough, to a candid reader, these and like evasions of the meaning were gotten up for a refuge. The words mean what they say. The enemies were the personal or national enemies of the writer. He curses them because he thinks it right to curse. And, in so doing, he uses language which the New Testament, in its language or spirit, rebukes on almost every page.

Here is the problem. How shall we solve it? Two "ruling ideas of the early ages," to adopt Canon Mozley's phrase, sufficiently cover the case. One of them was the law of retaliation in kind. That an offender should suffer precisely what he had inflicted, was thought to be absolutely ideal justice. If his cruelty made widows, let his wife become a widow. If he had murdered others' children, let no pity be shown to his own. To imprecate this ideal retribution on his head was thought to be the first instinct of an upright soul. And because, with the best light attainable in half barbarous times, it was honestly believed to be right, it *was* right. No angel in heaven can do better than the best he knows.

The second "ruling idea" of the age was, that children are morally and responsibly part of the personality of their parents. They were held guilty for the sins of their parents.* As the body might be punished for the guilt of the soul, so the son for that of the father. Under the impression of this idea, the extermination of the innocent children of the Canaanites brought no shock to the moral sense of the Israelites. They regarded them as we regard young vipers, which we kill in the same nest with vipers full grown. That the babes of the Baby-

fatherless children. Ps. cxxxvii. 8, 9. O daughter of Babylon, that art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the rock.

* See this idea corrected at a later date. Ex. xviii. 1-21.

lonian oppressors should be dashed on the rocks was fully in accord with the usages of war.

But why did Jehovah leave his people under the shadow of such ruling ideas? For the same reason that He left them under the notions of their day as to astronomy, geography, biology, the physical sciences in general. The time had not arrived, in which He could wisely enlighten them. Dull scholars they were in his school. Only slowly, from age to age, was it possible to lead them forward. Too much light would have rather dazzled and blinded than illumined and led. "God is patient because he is eternal." He can afford to wait. Men could not be worked like machines, or moulded like clay into perfect models of character. As free agents, they must be instructed and gradually refined and directed.

But a still deeper question remains. It was under Divine direction that Joshua ordered the massacre of the Canaanite children. The great Jehovah, who was blinded by none of these "ruling ideas," made Himself responsible for the extermination. The embarrassment here is all due to confounding outward acts with inward motives. Every tyro in ethics knows that no outward act, as such, has any moral character whatever. In one man, ignorant of any harm in it, the act is morally innocent. In another, who knows the injury of it, the act becomes guilty. A man in the night is walking ignorantly, therefore innocently, toward a precipice. When the morning breaks, if he still continues, he commits suicide. Now if we ignore this distinction between the act and the motive, if we assume that polygamy, slavery, the massacre of infants in war, and other like barbarisms, are, *per se*, in any and every age of the world, morally wrong, there is no possible defense of the Divine policy in the Pentateuchal period. But when men, inspired from on high, permitted or even authorized, these practices, the practices were innocent. The idea of any guilt in them had occurred to no one on earth. That, in future centuries, they would *become* guilty in those who should be favored with more light, signifies nothing.

If, with this distinction, between the act and the motive, in view, we perceive that these usages were, in their day, guiltless, the question whether Jehovah enjoined or only endured

them, sinks into insignificance. It is certain that He did enjoin acts which, if done to-day, would shock our moral sense. Take, e. g. the direction (Gen. xxii. 2),* to Abraham to slay his own son. It is quite inconceivable that any such command would be given, for a like purpose, to a Christian father of our time. With utmost energy his whole moral nature would revolt from it. He could hardly be made to believe that the direction had come from above. But, in Abraham's day, the father was universally held to have the power of life or death over his children. Long afterwards this power was recognized in the laws of Greece and Rome. There is no trace of evidence that the conscience of the patriarch was disturbed by the requirements. It was only the impending loss of a son, through whom he had hoped for a great posterity, that constituted the trial of his faith. That he was arrested, before the sacrifice, and so refrained from it, is irrelevant to the question before us. For, if it is wrong *per se*, to slay one's innocent son, then Abraham was guilty in *designing* and *planning* to do it. And Jehovah would become *particeps criminis*.

Our Lord, in reply to the Pharisees (Mark x. 4), covers the matter before us. Moses (Deut. xxiv. 1), had freely permitted divorce. Says Jesus, "For your (i. e. your ancestors),† hardness of heart, he wrote you this commandment." The barbarism of the times was such that a man, prevented from divorcing a disagreeable wife, would have made her life miserable. He was Divinely encouraged to do, therefore, in his ignorance, what, in the time of our Lord, amidst greater light, was forbidden.

But how could the barbarous practices of men be obviated by allowing them? It was by patiently instilling the general principles that would, in time, undermine them, and by raising, at other points, the moral tone of the whole people. It must not be forgotten that the very Book, which, for a time, authorized these practices, has long since, in every land in which it is accepted, made way with them forever.

Before the progress in theologic thought, by which this graded character of the outward Biblical morality was recog-

* See Mozley's "Ruling Ideas of the Early Ages," pp. 1-30.

† Paul, on Mars Hill (Acts xvii. 30), recognized the same Divine policy.

nized, the Book which "is in advance not only of the age, but of all ages," was thrown in the way of every modern reform. The line of argument for slavery e. g. was very simple. Slavery existed in Bible times. The author of the Book allowed it. He is immutable and infallible. Therefore He approves it to-day. Our venerable and beloved Quaker poet, in "A Sabbath Scene," epitomized this use of the Book, while northern divines were defending the fugitive slave law. A panting runaway, with her owner at her heels, flees for refuge into a church. And the obsequious preacher replies to the demand of the master:

"Of course I know your right divine
To own and work and whip her :
Quick, deacon, throw that polyglot
Before the wench and trip her ?"

So the Mormons argue for polygamy, the moderate drinkers oppose total abstinence, the objectors to a larger sphere of work by Christian women, in our churches, set the Book against that, and a fanatic in Massachusetts, a few years since, appealing to the example of Abraham, murdered his own child.

But the progress of theology is too large a theme for an article in a periodical. All openings of the contents of Revelation are but phases of that grand "History of the Work of Redemption," which Jonathan Edwards long since showed the Book to be. It is redemption, too, in a broader sense than the renewal of single souls. It is the regeneration of society. It is the ushering in of a better age in all cabinets and counting rooms, at all council boards, in all homes, no less than in all hearts. It is the disclosure of the truth that the confused and often conflicting movements in the tides of human affairs, the advancing strides of civilization, the ripening to their fullest fruitage of sciences, arts and literature, resolve themselves, when profoundly viewed, into the Redemption which the Book unfolds.

As one climbs the ascent of a certain peak of the Rocky Mountains, he plunges into a wilderness of forest and underbrush, of deep, mysterious gorges, of beetling cliffs, of gigantic snow banks, stretching away, above, below, to right and left,

in wild confusion. He is lost in a pathless waste. But, descending again and traveling to a distance, as he turns to look, he finds these snowy acres falling into line and assuming shape, and slowly the "Mountain of the Holy Cross" spreads out to him, in spotless splendor on its broad, shaggy bosom, like an old crusader, its magnificent symbol of the world's redemption. So do the intricate, and often perplexing lines of national thought and life, the uplifting and refining forces at work throughout Christendom, blend, under the ordering of Providence, in the grand evolution of

"That far-off divine Event
To which the whole creation moves."

The progress is constant. The process is unalterably one.

G. B. WILLCOX.

UNIVERSITY TOPICS.

PROFESSOR ELIAS LOOMIS.*

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT DWIGHT AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

"AND YET I AM NOT ALONE, BECAUSE THE FATHER IS WITH ME."

THE words of Jesus, which he used of himself and of the experiences of his own life, come to us oftentimes with a peculiar tenderness and power, as we think of the way in which we are ourselves led onward towards the Eternal Kingdom. He had a higher nature, indeed, than ours, and so there was a deeper meaning in that which he said from time to time, when it was spoken of what he was passing through, or what was before him, which we cannot appropriate to ourselves. But notwithstanding this, he was our elder brother, and life was for him, in a most real sense, what it is for us. We have fellowship in his sufferings and in his joy. We even, as the apostle says, fill up that which is behind of his experiences,—as if he had, in the fullness of his brotherhood for us and of his participation in our life, left for each and every one of his followers some part of his own earthly history to be filled out and made complete in ours.

With thoughts like these of our relationship to the Master, I could not but recall the words of his which I have read, when I heard, a few days since, that our friend, whose burial brings us here this afternoon, was dying. Alone, and yet not alone, he lived his quiet, studious, thoughtful, faithful life for many years. Alone, and yet not alone, he took his way to the place where he could be tenderly cared for by the Christian kindness which gives help, and, if it may be, healing to rich and poor alike, when he saw that a serious, and perhaps fatal, illness had come upon him. Alone, and yet not alone, he passed, by gentle and easy steps, out of the consciousness of life—as calmly, and with courage as undisturbed, as he had moved forward in the time of

* Professor Loomis died at New Haven, on Thursday, August 15th, 1889. The funeral services were held on Monday, August 19th, at Battell Chapel.

strength and health—and then, after a day or two, in the same quietness of spirit, into a new consciousness of a new life, a life of which we here know so little, but of which we have so beautiful a vision. What words could more fully and fitly express our thought concerning him at the end, than these which Jesus said of himself on the last evening of his earthly life ; I am not alone, because the Father is with me.

Our friend, who has lived among us and has been of us, was a man of solitary life in one sense, and yet not in another. By reason of the peculiar circumstances of his history, and the ordering of Providence for him, he was left alone many years ago. The removal by death of the chosen partner of his joys and sorrows deprived him of his home, and the blessings belonging to it, even before he came to this place for his permanent work here. The passing on of his children, as time moved forward, toward their independent work and experience in maturer life separated from him, after a few years more, those on whom his thoughts and affection had centered for the future. The very studies in which he found his chief pleasure, and through which he was able to accomplish so great results, were such as, of necessity, parted him from the daily life and thought of most of those who surrounded him. The peculiar constitution of his own mind, also, disposed him to quiet reflection, and to solitary searching after truth, and led him to a dwelling, as it were, in the region of the laws of nature in the heavens and the earth. All things thus tended to keep him by himself, and even laid this necessity upon him in large measure. He had, moreover, a satisfaction in his own researches and his own thinking—a calm joy in the accurate, and steady, and even working of his powers, and in the clear vision of his mental eye commanding the sphere of abstract truth, which gave him a manly feeling of sufficiency for and in himself, and at the same time made him feel himself independent of the world. His mind could always turn inward and find what it most desired. It was not forced, for its very happiness and comfort, to look outward towards others, or to ask help from them. Nature and education, also, made him a man of few words ; and men of few words are wont, more than other men, to live in and with themselves. For all these reasons—reasons having their foundation in the Providential dealing with him, in the gifts and developments of his mind, in his chosen studies and spheres of thought, and in the

power of meeting for himself the wants of his inner life—he was a man who lived, in a peculiar sense, alone.

But he was not a lonely man. The hermit element, if we may so call it, which resolutely withdraws a man from his fellows, and often puts him in an attitude of hostility to them—to their thoughts, and customs, and their daily manner of working—was altogether foreign to his nature. The element in character which makes one shun social life with a sort of bitterness, or with a condemnation of it as foolish or useless, or with no care for it at all and no capacity to enjoy it, was equally unknown in his experience. He did not live apart from the world because he did not believe in its life, or wish to belong to it, or take any interest in what was outside of himself or his personal thoughts and studies. He was no solitary man in this unlovely or unmanly way. On the other hand, he was ready to teach others, and to work and write for their benefit. He was kindly and generous in his feeling; willing to hear the calls of need or benevolence, and to respond to them; glad to talk with his friends, and with men whom he met everywhere, if they would talk with him; disposed to follow, in his reading and his thinking, the public life of the day; open to social and friendly intercourse, in the ordinary lines of such intercourse, in a degree far beyond what many, who knew him only casually, could believe. He was a man who studied the great subject of education, and was willing to express his views upon it for the help of others who, like himself, were engaged in the work of teaching. He had a large outlook toward the future and the best things in this sphere of education, as I know from my own observation of him. He had the kindliness of social life, as well as a sympathy for it. He was a man who lived much alone, but he was not, as we have already said, a lonely, solitary man, in the sense that he saw nothing, or approved of nothing, or wished for nothing beyond himself. He was a man, therefore, who could be alone, and yet not alone:—alone in his work, in his thoughts and his satisfaction in them, in his solitude of life which was forced upon him by the progress of time and the separations of this passing world; but not alone, because the avenues of his soul were open to the kindly and noble impulses of the best life, to the thoughts which were constantly coming in towards him from the earnest men about him, and from the larger world, and above all to the influences and powers of the Kingdom of God. The scholar's life is often a

life which moves on along a solitary pathway. This is true especially—and from the necessity of the case—of the life of a scholar in the exact sciences, where pure thought abides by itself so largely, and only comes forth through its beneficial and practical results to meet men in their daily living. But the scholar's life is not, of necessity, a life of selfish separation from the world and its interests, or a hermit's life buried of choice in its own seclusion. And our friend's life was no such hermit or selfish one.

He was alone in the passing years before his death, as he was at the time of his dying, because the years, as they went, left him alone, and the studies, as they engaged his thoughts, carried them away from the common thinking of men, and the words, which so clearly expressed what was passing in his mind, were as few as they were clear and well chosen. But he was not alone at the end, or in the earlier time—as we may be sure, from what we knew of him—because his spirit, in its inmost dwelling-place, turned towards the Divine Father, and found its rest and peace in Him. He was a follower of the Lord Jesus, in the communion of his disciples—believing in the great truths of the gospel, and trusting in the personal Saviour with a strong and peaceful faith. His life moved steadily along its course in this Christian belief, and when the monition of the end came, he laid himself down to die as quietly as, in other years, he had laid himself down to sleep, or had wakened to the life of a new day.

I have spoken in this way of the life of our honored friend, because the words of Jesus came to my thought so impressively as I heard of his solitary sickness and dying—with no family friend near him, or able to render him the tender offices of affection, but yet with a friendly ministry from others, moved by Christian sympathy or by the regard and friendship arising from long association in the University. But he was more than what we have thus said of him ; and though we may not tell here of all that he did for science, or of the results in good which came from his studies, yet as we bid him farewell, we may say to each other a word or two of his mind and his life.

He was remarkably gifted by nature with powers which fitted him for the work that opened before him. He had a penetrating insight, which enabled him to see and apprehend mathematical truth. He comprehended the relations of things, and was able to hold before his mind all the intricacies which pertained to any

investigation or any problem. He delighted in original research, and had the patience and painstaking earnestness which are essential to the highest results in science. His mind enlarged in its desires, and in its efforts, as he rose higher and higher in his work. He grasped the facts which were presented to him, and the truths which he discovered in his seeking for them, with a firm understanding and a hold that could not be lost. He moved easily and calmly in his studies. There was no friction, no disturbance or perturbation, no loss of force, no weariness, no undue haste, no failure in patience, or energy, or honest intention, or honest work. He was, in all these things, what we conceive a pure mathematician ought to be, if the ideal is to be satisfied.

He had another gift which belongs to the best mathematical minds—the power of clear statement. Among all the lecturers whom I have ever heard, I know of no one who surpassed him in this respect. His words were excellently chosen. There were just enough of them to express his idea, and no more. The thought which he had was thus transferred to the hearer, if the hearer listened with attentive ear, exactly in accordance with the speaker's thought, and exactly in accordance with the truth which he wished to convey. This same clearness characterized him everywhere. In the few meetings of a business nature, which I have had with him during these past two or three years since his health became feeble, I have been uniformly impressed with the incisiveness of his mind and the exactness of his expression. He would, in the most penetrating way, lay hold upon the precise point of difficulty or of importance, and then, in the briefest and most distinct manner, set forth what he conceived to be the right step to be taken or the right measure to be adopted. I have gained a new esteem for his mental force and ability, whenever I have thus met him. He was, indeed, no ordinary man. The testimony of all who had a familiar acquaintance with him will be harmonious in confirmation of this word. The remarkable success of his published works, which have been adopted and approved in so many places, will bear additional witness to the same word. The fact that he accomplished in the department of meteorology what no other scholar in our country has accomplished will add its evidence also, and with its own emphasis.

As a teacher, he exhibited the characteristics which marked him as a man. His pupils knew what he taught them, unless

they thoughtlessly disregarded the opportunities which were given. Those among them who were possessed of ability in the lines of his teaching found in him a man who was as competent to help and guide them as he was willing to do so, and as willing as he was competent. Few of them knew him well, because of a certain reserve which characterized him, but all respected him and had no doubt as to his intellectual gifts or his knowledge. They left their college career behind them with that kind regard for their teacher which all students of this University have for an able and honest scholar, and, if they saw him afterward, they had reason to believe that he never had other than kindly thoughts towards them. There was a certain strangeness about his inner and his outer life to their imagination, which seemed to make him almost unknowable. But, at the same time, they felt him to be—what he was—a man of uncommon force, of clear apprehension of truth, of just and right perception, of fair and unprejudiced mind, and of ability to enter fields of thought and knowledge which are closed to the life of many.

He was a warm-hearted, generous friend of the University.* He came here as a Professor and permanent officer twenty-nine years ago, when he was already nearly fifty years of age. But he came as if to his old home. His affection for it, which had been kindled in his undergraduate life, and afterwards while he held for three years the Tutorial office, had never died away or been lost. He entered upon his work with enthusiasm, consecrating himself for all the future to the interests of his Alma Mater. He was ever ready to promote the well-being of the mathematical studies here, and by his instructions, and counsels, and plans, to secure the best possible results. For nearly a quarter of a century, he was an active and energetic worker in the daily life of the institution. The years which filled up this long period of instruction were themselves filled with abundant fruits of his own individual studies, in his publishing writings, which brought a rich reward to himself and added to the honor of the University. But these years were carrying him forward towards old age, and when they were ended, he realized that his work must be less pressing than it had been. Gradually at first, and

* The measure of the generous affection which Professor Loomis had for the University, was indicated by the munificent bequest which he made in his will. He gave his entire estate, amounting to about \$300,000, to the Astronomical Observatory of the University—one-third of the sum to be devoted to its uses at once, and the other two-thirds, after the death of his sons.

afterwards more fully, he passed it over to other and younger men, reserving for himself only special classes, composed of persons whose gifts and enthusiasm in his own branches of study made it a pleasure to teach them. Then followed feebleness of the physical man, and ill-health which pointed to the end—and he laid aside his public duties entirely. He did not cease to be active, however. He pressed on, with unimpaired vigor and clearness of mind, in the work which he loved as an investigator and a student. With the utmost care he prepared and arranged his results, that they might be given to the world, and prayed that he might live until he had completed what he had undertaken. About eighteen months ago, he said to a friend of his, and of mine, who was calling upon him: "I am very weak, but I hope I may live until I have finished the work which I have now in hand" (alluding to some special papers connected with the theory of storms). "This will occupy about a year longer—and then I shall be perfectly ready to die at any time."

The year longer, and a little more, was granted him. He moved on calmly, intelligently, hopefully, from day to day—cherishing with care what remained of his strength, and enjoying the powers of the inward man while the outward man was slowly losing its life. The time of the end was at hand. As the vacation, in the midst of which we now are, began, he directed his course towards one of the quiet villages in which he has been accustomed recently to spend his summers—hoping, no doubt, that he might gain strength enough for another winter, but yet thinking, no doubt, that the door of the other life might ere long open to receive him. The warning voice, which told him that it was opening, came to his hearing after a little time. He rose up at once, and turned his face homeward—to the city of his home for nearly thirty years—and calmly awaited the end. Alone—with no friends of his family circle beside him, with no knowledge, at first, on the part of his College friends that he was here—he gradually yielded to the power of his disease. Afterwards, when the kindly faces of some of his younger colleagues were recognized by him, and he saw them ministering in love to his needs, he gave them welcome and his thanks. Then he became silent, and apparently lost the thought and vision of the earthly life. And then the gateway opened indeed, and in a moment he was gone. Alone, yet not alone. The Father was with him. The blessedness of the Father's house dawned upon him, and what was to us the sunset of that summer day became to him the sunrise of the eternal morning.

YALE UNIVERSITY BULLETIN.

NO. 96.—WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 28, 1889.

Sunday, September 22.—*Public Worship*—Battall Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. President Dwight. *Yale Young Men's Christian Association Monthly Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M. Address by President Dwight.

Monday, September 23.—*College Faculty Meeting*—7 Treasury Building, 4 P. M.

Wednesday, September 25.—*Philosophy of Religion* (University Lecture)—Professor Ladd. 194 Old Chapel, 4 P. M.

Thursday, September 26.—*Law School*—Fall Term opens—Junior Lecture Room, No. 18 Court House, 12 M.

Friday, September 27.—*Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 89, Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M.

Yale Law School.—The Faculty will meet the classes in the Junior Lecture Room, No. 18 Court House, at 12 M., on Thursday, September 26.

Graduate Courses in Philosophy.—Professor Ladd will meet all graduate students of the University, who may be interested in philosophical courses, at 194 Old Chapel, Saturday, 21st inst., at 2 P. M.

Graduate Courses in Political Science.—Courses of Graduate Instruction in Political Science will begin on Monday, September 30, and the days immediately following. The time-table will be published during the present week.

Instruction in French.—Professor Knapp offers to hear an outside class in elementary French (without charge), once or twice per week, at 4 P. M., for the preparation of those members of the Sophomore and Junior classes in college, who, having pursued German heretofore, desire to elect French next June. Seniors can enter for the year. Names must be handed in within one week at 202 Durfee Hall.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Mr. Wilstach's reason for putting forth a *NEW TRANSLATION OF DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY** is based on the conviction that only by a rhymed translation "can our hope to approximate a reproduction of the effect created by the original; that the form is so inseparable from the soul of the work as to compel the translator to accept all risks involved in the effort to reproduce it." Only one successful translation of soul and form is recorded in history, and Mr. Wilstach's temerity was noted when his purpose was first heralded. Perhaps the most novel feature of this attempt at an ideal translation is the metrical system adopted. Much stress is laid upon Dante's regard for the numbers three and nine. In order to reproduce in English something equivalent to the effect of the *terza rima*, the following rhyme scheme, with divisions into stanzas of nine lines each, is employed; *abbaccededffghhgi*, etc. This is not the most difficult scheme in the world to follow, but Mr. Wilstach has not followed it with ideal success. The rhymes are at times not even as good as Spanish rhymes, and at times rhyme is wholly disregarded. Many of the lines are a foot too short or a foot too long, and violent inversions are too common. So the translation is lacking in sympathy of form and simplicity of style. Mr. Wilstach is not sufficiently a master of the technique of verse to make his work a dangerous rival in the field.

The edition is rich in notes compiled from all available sources, and those who read Dante for information may get much that is curious here. We quote two notes, one for commendation, the other for condemnation. After some six or seven score words of comment on the lines,—

" 'Hah ! Satan ! Hah ! Prince Satan ! ' as a hen
Disturbed her clucking clamors widely spreads,
Plutus began."—

we have the following :

* *The Divine Comedy of Dante*. Translated into English Verse, with notes, by JOHN AUGUSTINE WILSTACH. In two volumes. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. \$5.00.

“Possibly, also, is here, as in the case of Minos, another instance of our Poet’s contempt for an organized judiciary, for it would seem from an anecdote recorded by Benvenuto Cellini, that he, Cellini, in Paris, heard a judge rebuke a disorderly person in court with the words: ‘Peace, peace. Satan! Go! Peace!’ and Cellini says that he has concluded that Dante and his companion Giotto, in their ramblings about Paris, heard these same words from the bench. Is it not possible that they might have been addressed to Dante himself, who, in his zeal to impress upon his artist-friend some favorite opinion, was disturbing the peace of the court-room.’”

What a life of Dante might be built by such speculation! but really the “favorite opinion” would be interesting here. Mr. Wilstach’s note on Purg. xvii, 72, is curious and interesting: “‘Frequent stars shed from the heavens their light.’ *‘Le stelle apparivano da piu lati.’* The first line of this tercet, line 70, marks THE MIDDLE POINT OF THE COMMEDIA. According to the authority of Lombardi, the name of the first student calling attention to the circumstance that each of the three divisions of the Commedia ends with the word ‘stars,’ is Giuseppe De Cesare Napoletano. I believe myself to be the first student of Dante calling attention to the circumstance that the middle sentence of the whole Commedia turns on the word ‘stars.’” A genuinely valuable portion of the notes is the apparently exhaustive collection of parallel passages from Virgil, whose works Mr. Wilstach has profoundly studied and well translated.

ERNEST WHITNEY.

THE EXPOSITOR’S BIBLE.*—Three more volumes, all bearing well known names, have been recently added to this series to which we have already directed attention. They do not differ essentially in plan and execution from their predecessors. The book of Dr. Dods on I. Corinthians seems to us to be a particularly successful attempt to combine exact interpretation with a popular form of presentation. It is a faithful reproduction of the apostle’s thought and not a series of homilies merely based upon or suggested by the Epistle in hand.

Bishop Alexander’s book on John’s Epistles has more of a sermonic character, but the discourses are accompanied by exegetical

* *The First Epistle to the Corinthians.* By MARCUS DODS, D.D. The Epistles of St. John, by WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D. The Book of Revelation, by WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 1889.

notes and by the Greek text and comparative versions in parallel columns.

Professor Milligan here presents, in another form, the substance of those views of the Apocalypse which he has before elaborated in Schaff's *Popular Commentary* (1883) and in the *Baird Lecture* (1886). He thus states the conception which determines his interpretation: "That conception is that the Revelation of St. John presents to us in visions the history of the Church moulded upon the history of her Lord whilst he tabernacled among men. . . . St. John does not merely see the Church suffer. He sees her suffer in a way precisely as her Lord did" (p. 316).

A SECOND EDITION OF STRONG'S THEOLOGY.*—Inasmuch as an extended notice of the first edition of this work appeared in this *Review*, we merely call attention now to the fact that a large number of additional references and some modifications of statement have been made in a second edition. The work has deservedly attracted wide attention and been received with much favor. From many of the author's opinions we dissent, but this fact abates nothing from our appreciation of the wide reading, great diligence, and abundant learning which the volume exhibits on every page. It is a treatise which all students of theology may consult with profit. We know of no other of its kind which has references to so wide a range of theological literature.

* *Systematic Theology*. Second edition, revised and enlarged. By AUGUSTUS HOPKINS STRONG, D.D., President and Professor of Biblical Theology in the Rochester Theological Seminary. A. C. Armstrong & Son. New York. 1889. pp. 760.

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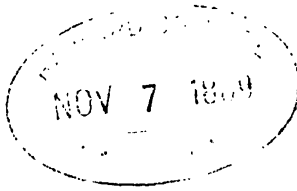
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NEW ENGLANDER

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No. CCXXXVI.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

ARTICLE I.—THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COINAGE PROPOSED IN THE AMERICAN CONFERENCE.

THE present condition of silver as a money metal under the laws of western Europe is anomalous and altogether experimental. It has however been a determining factor in the great world-wide depression in business during the last sixteen years; it has brought unmerited disaster in no common degree to large numbers of people, and undeserved advantages to others. Some change in that condition is inevitable. Either silver must ultimately cease altogether to be a legal tender in the larger operations of trade, or it must be restored by law to the place by the side of gold which it has maintained through all historic time down to the beginning of this extraordinary experiment now going on.

The adoption by the American nations, whose representatives are now sitting in conference, of a common silver coin made legal tender money in all, by treaty, with coinage unlimited, as that of silver was prior to 1873 and as the coinage of gold

now is in a few of the commercial nations, will be a matter of primary importance. It will affect the price of silver bullion in every open market, as well as powerfully tend to the restoration of silver by law to its former status as money where it is now discredited. It will beneficially affect American interests in ways not obvious to a casual glance.

The practical utility of such a coin—its every-day business convenience—would amply justify far more expense and effort than it will cost. But this is among the least of the benefits such a measure will bring.

Many of these countries produce silver to a greater or less amount. The price it brings to-day, as a commodity, the rate at which it is exchanged for other things, is to a very great extent controlled by the amount of it which ceases to be mere bullion and becomes *money* by the operation of the open mint and by being made a legal tender in the payment of debts. The force of law within certain limits on the price of silver as a commodity has just had a striking illustration in our trade dollar compared with our legal tender dollar. After the trade dollar was deprived of its legal tender function it became simply bullion, and it took one hundred of them each having 420 grains of standard silver to equal 85 legal tender dollars each having only 412½ grains of precisely the same material. This fact constitutes a positive demonstration of the absurdity of the claim that "no act of congress can add *any thing* to the value of silver or detract *any thing* from the value of gold." Yet upon a belief in this false and unfounded statement the whole financial policy of this nation has rested for the last sixteen years. It is a plain case of a defective analysis of economic "demand."

All the coin of the several nations represented in this conference, outside of the nation that coins or adopts it by law, is merely bullion, not money, in the absence of an international agreement such as is proposed. And so, not being fitted for one of the chief special functions of silver—the payment of debts and use as money—it loses part of its exchange value as the trade dollar did. Then silver goes to market in a relatively useless crude and unfinished form and sells at a loss, as carriages would do if they were sent to market without wheels or paint. The

aggregate loss directly incurred in this way in all these nations on their silver product alone is more than thirty millions of dollars a year.

By an international agreement as to the form and device of a special common coin made a legal tender in all these countries, their immense precious silver product will go to its market and its practical use with a value largely increased in every commercial nation in the world. To ignore this plain fact is as absurd practically as it would be to sell our silver dollars in the London market for the price of silver bullion, simply because one could not pay British debts with them.

But even this advantage great and manifest as it is will be only the small dust in the balance when compared with the other benefits of this international agreement.

To-day the trade relations of Great Britain under the guidance and control of her most capable minds are so widely extended, are so enormous, so fortified by her public policy and her domestic laws,—have been so long prosecuted by the united force of her army and navy, and her common capital, by the fortunate early inventive genius and sturdy perseverance of her people in manufactures at home, by their early daring and maritime and commercial enterprise abroad, their unrelenting aggressive fierceness and force where these qualities avail to push their trade, their wheedling concessions and adaptations to the whims and caprices, the prejudices and the wants of customers where these will serve,—that she has brought the whole world perpetually in debt to her. Every year she contrives to send to almost every other people more in value in trade exchange than they send to her. This she can do the more easily as she is for the most part able to *fix the price* both on what she sells and on what she buys. She has thus gone far towards reducing the whole world to something akin to commercial vassalage, and by her will and law largely controls the price of labor and of the products of labor in every quarter of the globe.

This yearly balance of trade with other nations in her favor, the yearly recurring interest on the investment debts due to her, the profits of her carrying trade, the actual tribute money which year by year she wrings from dependents like the people

of India, all enable her to add another and distinct source of profit to all the rest in the sale of exchange; and by simply enacting that gold alone shall be a legal tender in payment of debts due in England, she greatly increases the profit of this exchange.

The weaker dependent nations use only silver money; this additional source of added profit was early discovered but it was finally adopted into her law in 1816. This was afterwards in 1844 supported by another law providing that the Bank of England, largely controlling all British monetary resources public and private, should on penalty of forfeiting its charter buy and pay for every ounce of pure gold offered for sale upon its counter the sum of at least £3 17s and 9 pence. So that gold bullion could never even temporarily become cheap and easy to pay with. This source of exchange profit for Great Britain had been anticipated and considerably interfered with by France. Under the guidance of Napoleon, France in 1803 publicly announced to the whole world—intending particularly to be heard by these silver-using dependent nations—that the French mint would forever remain open to all comers to buy or exchange gold for silver or the reverse at a fixed rate of one pound of gold for 15½ of silver or the reverse. So long as this attitude was maintained by France every silver-using, debt-paying tributary of Great Britain had some measure of relief from this added profit on gold exchange made compulsory upon all debtors by British law.

So although California and Australia poured out upon the world immense quantities of gold in the fifties, this public offer at the French mint kept the price of gold steady relatively to silver. And when afterwards the Comstock lode and the Mexican and South American mines poured out immense volumes of silver, such as is never likely to occur again, still this open offer at the French mint kept the price of silver steady relatively to gold.

But Germany after the war of 1870-1 exacted of France an indemnity of 1,000 millions of dollars, intending it at once as a crushing blow to France already deeply in debt, and a first movement in imitation of the money-making policy of Great Britain. Germany had then relatively small foreign trade and

little or no national debt. She was a silver-using nation. She apparently conceived that the gold standard of payment was the foundation of the pecuniary prosperity of Great Britain, and with the faithfulness of the Chinese tailor putting a patch on the new pantaloons because the old ones had a patch, Germany resolved to have also only gold payments and to discontinue silver as a legal tender and to build up a foreign trade. She subsidized her ships and sent them out to seek for and build up that trade, throwing away the advantage—in building up such a trade in the face of the rivalry of Great Britain—of having the same kind of money that her customers used, and so of offering them exemption from the exactions of the profits on gold exchange. Gaining little by exchange on balances on a trade having small proportions, she began vigorously to sell her silver and coin gold, expecting to make gold the sole legal tender in payment.

France partly in fear, partly in rage, and wholly in disregard of consequences to the commercial world, withdrew her beneficent offer of an open mint and market and exchange of the money metals at a fixed rate which she had successfully maintained for seventy years through difficulties greater than those which then confronted her—withdrawn this incidental protection, so long extended to silver-using and dependent nations compelled to pay gold tribute to Great Britain,—and first restricted and finally shut up her open market for silver. Then came the opportunity to the capitalists who control the policy of Great Britain. They had been waiting for it for more than fifty years, they could now surely reap an abundant harvest of profit on their gold exchange—profit in the downfall of the prices of the great staple raw materials they were forced to buy—profits in the rise in the value of all the evidences of debt, which she held in immense amounts against almost all the people of the world. If they could make sure that no other great nation would take up the position just abandoned by France, what profits far beyond Dr. Johnson's "dreams of avarice," would be open to their grasp. None but the United States had so great a motive of pecuniary interest to interfere, and the position and power to interfere successfully with these magnificent prospects of illegitimate gain. It was to the last de-

gree important for them that the United States should *not* keep their mint open to the unlimited coinage of silver. They accordingly sent over Mr. Ernest Seyd, who had written a book to point out to debtors—to dependent and silver-using nations—the evils which were sure to follow the closing of the French mint to silver and its practical demonetization. He appeared, nevertheless, at Washington to induce the United States Congress to practically close their mint against the free coinage of silver and to aid in its demonetization. He succeeded in this most extraordinary mission—succeeded in so altering our mint law as in effect to make the people of the United States pay back the amount of the Alabama claims more than ten times over every year for the next succeeding fifteen years—succeeding in compelling them at their own enormous expense to build up a rival to themselves in the most important sources of their wealth—a rival to their production of wheat, of cotton, and of silver itself—succeeded in making by law itself the lawless achievements of Warren Hastings and Clive, of Cortez and Pizarro, in the wholesale devastation of nations, appear like the rude bungling of apprentices by the side of the work of a master in their line.

Of course Mr. Seyd had powerful allies here and powerful clients abroad. He claimed, perhaps falsely, a short time before his death, to have accomplished his purpose for so small a sum as £10,000 sterling. Surely no bribery was ever more successful. No successful bribery ever produced so astounding results.

But finally, four years afterwards, over the clamors of newspapers, over the predictions of bankers, over the maledictions of financiers, over the sophisms of economists, over the veto of the President, our Congress passed a bill to restore the coinage of silver and its legal tender function. But the act at last contained a fatal proviso that there should be not an open mint—nothing likely to interfere with the plans of Mr. Seyd and his clients and their allies in this country. That proviso was that not less than two (2) millions nor more than four (4) millions a month of legal tender silver dollars should be purchased and coined. This extended some relief directly to the people of the United States, but it left them indirectly, but no

less certainly, the helpless victims of the trade policy of England through this very juggle with silver.

See just how it is done—just where the money-making victimizing comes in.

It is a tale often told and needs telling many times more.

Recall the general fact that England, up to this time, has contrived to keep almost all other people in debt to her—those debts rather increasing than decreasing on the whole. Her relations to the two hundred and fifty millions of India are peculiar. The British Government compels them as an aggregation of conquered peoples to pay her in plain tribute about 75 millions of dollars a year—also, as interest on public loans for suppressing their mutiny, for constructing canals, railroads, and telegraphs, for salaries and wages of officers and privates in the military and civil service, other large sums.

This is a constant drain always increasing, always hopeless of escape or end, and it is compulsory payment. The trade generally in favor of England may vary from year to year; this fixed drain remains; she anticipates and collects the tribute money, by what are known as "Council Bills on India," drawn on the public treasury at Calcutta, Bombay, or Madras, and payable there in silver rupees, which are not money outside of India and have in London only about the value of uncoined silver. These council bills are sold at auction for gold sovereigns to be used for the general purposes of the Government. Since France and the Latin Union closed their free mints and open offers for silver bullion, these bills have sold at a discount, and that discount is now about 25 per cent. on their gold price before that event. But these same rupees in India are at par—that is they will now buy just as much wheat or cotton, or other products of that country, as they would have done twenty years ago, before the fall in their London price.

This is a fundamental fact in the situation and it is not at all generally known or its consequences understood. But its existence is fully established by the concurrent and uncontradicted testimony of all the witnesses. It is an admitted fact in the situation and one with which all parties have to deal, however it may be explained.

Look at the consequences of it in this country. A wheat merchant in London first buys these council bills, payable in rupees in India at 25 per cent. discount—a profit on his money of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. to begin with. He so gets four bushels of wheat for the price of three. With wheat so purchased, he compels, by competition in London, all other wheat growers to fall in the price of their wheat $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. before they begin any bona fide competition outside of this juggle with silver.

London is the greatest single market in the world for wheat to be consumed. The price by this competition fixed there sets the price for the whole crop of wheat wherever grown. It is equivalent to a loss of nearly one-third of the value of the whole of our wheat crop—equal to a loss of more than 150 millions of dollars a year on the wheat crop alone. The same juggle with silver in the same way creates a loss of more than 60 millions of dollars a year on our cotton crop. On our silver product it creates a loss of about 16 millions a year. On every other production of this country, sold in the markets of Western Europe in competition with similar products of India, there is a corresponding loss. It grows out of this juggle with silver.

Such is a part of the price we pay for tuition in the little kindergarten school of finance, that John Bull opened with Mr. Seyd as principal teacher sixteen years ago, and in which he has been ever since cutting the eye-teeth of the Yankees. Of course it is a sum in the aggregate far greater than the whole national debt at the highest figure it ever reached.

But this is not the end nor the worst of it. All debts, private, corporate, and national incurred before 1873, have been increased to an immeasurable extent by this silver juggle, in the amount of service and commodities they now command. The man who then promised to pay one hundred dollars, equivalent to the product of sixty days' work then, is compelled to give the product of eighty days' work now, in order to appear to keep that promise good. National debts that are now loosely estimated at 70,000 millions of dollars have by this juggle been increased at least 20 per cent. or 14,000 millions of dollars of merely bejuggled profits—"unearned increment" to the fund holders—and taken from the tax-

payers without the slightest pretence of any consideration being given for it.

The amount of such "unearned increment" in the aggregate of private debts is literally incomputable. If the aggregate of private debts exceed the aggregate of public debts, the unearned increment on the private debts has been greater than that on the national debts, and they have in addition drawn to the coffers of creditors, by foreclosure and otherwise, property pledged and mortgaged as security for debts greatly in excess of the face value of the debts themselves. This operation of transferring these immense amounts of property from one set of persons and delivering them to another set of persons without any consideration whatever, is commonly alluded to in economic dissertations as a "Redistribution of Property,"—a phrase that might well have delighted the soul of Jesse James when he was "re-distributing property" on the plains.

Over merely 15 millions of dollars of Alabama claims our government made a great, a justifiable, and triumphant struggle. Over a tax of three pence a pound on tea the Revolutionary patriots fought during a glorious and triumphant war seven years long, and we cover their names with imperishable renown. But over these "claims" Republican and Democratic administrations alike have slept. No man has pointed them out more clearly than Daniel Manning, Democratic Secretary of the Treasury; no man has been more vehement in denouncing the iniquity of the present situation than the Democratic senator from Kentucky, Mr. Beck. In season and out of season, senators Jones and Stewart, and Teller, Republicans all, have pleaded this most righteous cause, and urged immediate and decisive action, to end once and for all a situation as disgraceful to our intelligence as it is oppressive to our ability to pay.

But the money cost of this foreign juggle and domestic blunder with silver, altogether unprecedented in the history of mankind, is not the whole of it.

Its moral aspect—its effect on the spirit of the people—has been demoralizing and depressing to a very great extent.

The gradual decrease in the value of all property and the simultaneous gradual increase in the weight of all debts and all taxes, have left their marks on the national spirit and life. The shadow of immense portentous calamities seems darkening over the land. It is paralyzing the energy and repressing effort among business men ; it is breeding a profound discontent among workingmen ; it is teaching a lesson that may hereafter return to plague the teachers.

The combination of all these immense, continuous, certain, monetary and moral losses—losses national and international—losses individually and collectively all patiently borne so far without mitigation or open revolt,—should make us ready to unite with our brethren of South America and Central America in measures for a common relief through a common coinage and an open mint for the coinage of silver on the same terms as gold, and so to shut up forever the great fountain whence these bitter waters have so long and so abundantly flowed—make us ready to encounter some serious risks for the chance and the hope of escaping from the destructive certainties that are involved in the present situation.

JOSEPH SHELDON.

ARTICLE II.—CONSIDERATIONS TOUCHING THE
SCHOOL QUESTION.*

I do not write this as having any final and settled opinion respecting the form in which the controversy between the public and the parochial schools ought ultimately to be decided. Where wisdom concerning this matter is running to waste in the streets, especially of Boston, a little ignorance may not be amiss now and then. Ignorance that is conscious of itself is, I believe, regarded as not wholly without value by thinkers.

It is true, during this late contest, it was almost as dangerous, not to a man's life, but to his reputation, to disagree with the multitude that were shouting "Protestantism forever," as it was in the time of Titus Oates and his Popish plot. I have seen it affirmed that one of the leaders of this crusade against parochial schools has declared in public that the archbishop had provided cells for his refractory subjects underneath his new cathedral. But this, I take it, is a piece of "chaff." I cannot believe that the leader in question is such an idiot. An ignoramus in Roman Catholic matters he has sufficiently shown himself to be, to say nothing of his scurrilousness, but there is no reason to suppose him underwitted.

We know what foulmouthed abusiveness must be submitted to by Protestant proselytizers in various Roman Catholic regions, such as Naples, or Spain, or some of the South American States, to come no nearer home. The higher intelligence and stronger sense of equity which, on the whole, belong to Protestantism, hardly allow this vileness of speech to be equalled on our side. It is true, one demagogue, hitherto notorious for his persecuting spirit within his own denomination, towards those that were more brotherly than he, has devoted himself to abuse of the Roman Catholics so indecent that at last female composers would not set it up. But he seems to have proved too

* The writer of this article has presented "considerations," many of which it would be well for all to keep in mind, even if they cannot agree with him in every particular.—ED. NEW ENGLANDER.

much, even for the stronger stomachs. But how utterly destitute of that charity which rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth, a great many have been, appears from nothing more clearly than from the fact that when the editors of the *Congregationalist*, wishing to give the people of Boston an account of what Indulgences really are, published a full explanation of them from Professor George P. Fisher, they were accused, in quarters where we should least have expected it, of treachery to the Protestant cause! They were not named, indeed, but were indicated too plainly for mistake. I do not hesitate to say, that the majority of Protestants in Eastern Massachusetts no more wish to know the rights of the controversy between us and the Catholics than if they had been so many Neapolitan lazzaroni.

If this were merely an ordinary exhibition of ordinary prejudice, it would not be worth while to waste very many words about it. As Mrs. John Stuart Mill has said: "The world has only begun to outgrow injustice." But there are some outbreaks of animosity which are peculiarly dangerous. Mr. Edwin D. Mead is a leader of the contest against the parochial schools, or at least against the methods of the priesthood to sustain them, yet he declares the spirit of no small part of his associates to be precisely that which leads to a religious war. He has expressed a just horror, that a professor of a university has suggested to Protestant masters and mistresses that they may do well to commit a penitentiary crime, by intimidating their Roman Catholic domestics, under threats of dismissal, into voting at the school elections with their employers and against their pastors. Those who, like Dr. Lansing, propose disfranchising the Roman Catholics, are comparatively mild. They propose a provision of law. And as what they desire is about as likely to happen as the sun is to fall out of the sky, we need not spend many words upon their lunacy. We tell the Catholics they are the slaves of a certain Order, and they tell us we are the slaves of a certain Denomination. Which is right, or are we both right? At all events there is no denomination that will be able to bring about any Protestant Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, not to say any Protestant Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The worst of the matter is, that this unrighteous animosity has been provoked by a righteous and reasonable fear. No Protestant can dispute that ever since the Reformation there has been, as Goldwin Smith has described in a powerful article in the *Independent*, "a wonderful conspiracy of reaction," headed by the Curia, and animated by the Jesuits. It has not been a conspiracy of wickedness, but, as described, of "reaction." Bad men and saints have both been involved in it, but, bad or good, they were reactionaries. They have done good in many cases and in many places, by staying destructive tendencies. But they have stayed them only by inducing immobility, not by transforming them into higher and purer apprehensions of older truths.

The Reaction has not been directed against Christian living, sound morals, or the public good. The Jesuits have exemplified sound morals, for the most part, in themselves, and have been glad to see them exemplified in the laity. But these have been and still are things by the way with them. Their minds and hearts have been occupied with maintaining the older hierarchy in power, and they have seldom hesitated, for this end, to distort doctrine, to excuse immorality, and to ride mercilessly over the public good, even when their plans disintegrated kingdoms, as in the case of Poland, or depopulated them, as when Germany by them lost half her people, and Bohemia three-fourths of hers. There is not the slightest reason, indeed, to believe that they are at present plotting the disintegration of the United States, any more than of the planet Mars. But if they judged that the breaking-up of either would advantage their great aim, and knew how to set about it, no one who knows anything of them can imagine that scruples of remorse would be very likely to hold them back. However, as an English gentleman says who has once belonged to them, they have fallen so much behind the culture of our age that they are timid in grappling with the world at large. Nor have they ever really recovered from the shock of their dissolution by the illustrious Clement XIV. They are more mischievous than before within their church, but less directly mischievous outside it.

But if the old concentration of their immediate attack is less

to be dreaded by the world than once, this is small matter of joy, if the whole vast mass of Roman Catholicism is to be set in motion at their suggestion, and is instinct with their spirit in a degree in which it was never instinct before the dissolution of the Society. Then devout Roman Catholics did not hesitate to criticise and oppose Jesuitism very sharply, and some popes, notably Innocent XI., did not hesitate to exhibit a strong and very effective dislike of it. But since the restoration of the Order, no pope, so far as I know, has failed to work, on the whole, according to its mind. Dr. Carl Hase says that Pius IX. disliked the Jesuits. But his ends and theirs, his conceptions of religion and the world and theirs, were identical. They were his auxiliaries or he their instrument, whether they liked each other or not. Leo XIII. is commonly supposed to dislike them very much. But he has yielded to them in a point as to which Pius was immovable, the condemnation of a large part of Rosmini's teachings. Dr. Littledale does not seem so far out in intimating that for practical issues the whole Roman Catholic Church may now not unreasonably be called a body of Jesuit Tertiaries.* Some of the English Catholics of old family have been within a few years very energetic against them. But their voices seem soon to have died down. Probably this futile campaign against them has something to do with the movement now said to be making in England to introduce Old Catholic priests from Germany. Those who join Döllinger and Sister Augustine in opposing the Jesuits are likely to find themselves, sooner or later, in communion with Döllinger and Sister Augustine and out of communion with Rome.

Matters are now therefore very much the same with us as they were with the English when they had all gone wild over the pretended Popish plot in the times of Charles II. There was also a real Popish plot then, and there is a real Popish plot now. There was a dangerous plot then, and there is a dangerous plot now. The conspirators then were Charles II., his presumptive heir, the King of France, and the Jesuits. The conspirators now are the Jesuits, the Catholic Irish, as a body, the Curia, and such members of the American hierarchy and priesthood as are men after the heart of the Jesuits and the Curia.

* Of course using the term loosely, since there are no Jesuit nuns.

We have no right to say that the Roman Catholics are plotting against us so far as they are simply and above board endeavoring to convert us. This is their undoubted right, although a great many Protestants are fatally hampering their own cause by overwhelming under one indiscriminate torrent of denunciation the legitimate and the illegitimate endeavors of the Roman Catholics to gain ascendancy. But it is only intrigue that is worthy of denunciation. We may not be exactly able to define a particular ecclesiastical intrigue, but we all know and feel that there is such a thing going on actively among our Catholics. There can be no doubt that a good many Roman Catholic priests use the most unscrupulous terrorism to break their laity to their ends, and exhibit the unworthy bribes of money and place, or the latter at least, to persuade Protestant politicians to connive at their silent infraction of fundamental principles of public action. We have rested on these so securely that portentous infringements of them have been perpetrated by the Roman Catholics before we could be persuaded that there was any danger. It is not that they, from their point of view, have not a perfect right to accept and to solicit public aid. But the whole character of their plans for securing this, especially in New York, and for contravening various other principles of our public policy, has been furtive and an abuse of public confidence. The archbishop's palace and Tammany Hall have stood in an intimacy of intercourse and effort which has been damning to the Christian fame of the former and of more than one of its occupants. The two archbishops of Baltimore and New York may be taken as the two poles of Roman Catholic effort in the United States. Cardinal Gibbons represents the genuine and zealous Roman Catholic combined with the genuine and zealous American. Deeply occupied with the hope of reconciling the ancient Church and the modern Republic, his weapons, so far as we can see, and so far as we have any reason to believe, are altogether those of the children of light. Perhaps the same is true of the Archbishop of New York. But if this is the fact, it is no very deep offence against charity to say that it is by no means equally *in promptu* to believe it.

There is therefore, a Roman Catholic plot, carried on against our public weal by men who are just as really conspirators as Guy Fawkes. As Goldwin Smith says again, and as we may remember that Thackeray in "Henry Esmond" portrays with much humor, Jesuits have, from of old in the Anglo-Saxon world, always had a great way of forming the most ingenious and promising plots, and of always seeing these plots collapse. Their combinations have had every promise of success, but have almost always had the sad drawback of refusing to go off. The Society, a fruit of the Basque genius, has mastered the knowledge of the Latin genius, and has shown itself also fatally effective in its dealings with the Germans and Slavonians. But when it has crossed into the Anglo-Saxon world, it has found itself all afloat, like Mephistopheles in Greece. Its impotence has been less complete, for even here it has exhibited considerable power of doing mischief. But it seems to lose the power of doing effective and consecutive mischief. Like the dynamiters, it may blow up an occasional seat or chair, but has never succeeded in blowing up a parliament house, literally or figuratively.

Yet, to quote Goldwin Smith again, it may work a great deal of havoc in the United States and Canada before the final collapse of its conspiracy, and there is no reason why we should suffer this. What objection is there then to our encouraging a general feeling of alarm over Roman Catholic schemings among us, even though a great part of the particular forms in which this alarm exhibits itself may be chimerical?

Doubtless it is better to be fantastically alarmed than not to be alarmed at all. It was said, and I think judiciously, that if the late Emperor Frederick had lived, he and his wife, with their profoundly rationalistic views of religion, would have probably opposed a very ineffectual resistance to the encroachments of Rome. Such people underestimate the power of Rome to do harm, because they underestimate the strength of religion generally. It was not the Latitudinarians of England that overthrew James II. although they were concurring, but the Non-conformists and the High Churchmen. And William II. who takes the impulses of his policy from a more positive school, shows a sturdy indifference to the blandishments of the

fair and false Duessa which promises better than perhaps we could have expected from his father.

But yet it is none the less true, that wherever opposition has been made to Rome, it has been the reason in it that has been strong, and the ignorance, passionateness, partisanship, cruelty, in it, that have made it weak. It is strange, how many ages one false element of a good work will operate, to encourage succeeding conspirators against good. The illegality of Cicero, in putting Catiline's accomplices to death without law, has been urged, and not ineffectively, against the better cause by a crowned conspirator and brigand of our own day. When a Protestant church-historian was the first to prove the falsity of the Pope Joan legend, his fellow-Protestants reviled him, for giving so much encouragement to the Papists. When Bellarmine died, those who had smarted under his polemics circulated through the North of Europe a tract in which they described this disinterested and godly man as dying in aggravated horrors of despair. Mosheim libels those two high and pure souls, Hildebrand and the Countess Matilda, in that way which, once thought so effective, has in our age been a main force in driving over Protestants into the arms of Rome. And, as a Roman Catholic friend, a clergyman, remarks to me, these boundless slanders of the elder polemics would be much more disintegrating on both sides than they are, if it were not that the ethics of controversy have of late risen into so specifically higher a region that we look back upon the old contentions with a comparative independence of them. The mass of people, however, are on the old plane, and, abating the blood-thirstiness of two centuries ago, the tone of controversy against the Catholics may often remind us of what Lord Macaulay says of the public temper of England under Titus Oates. The real conspirators and the real conspiracy against Protestantism were lost out of mind while the multitude went mad, to the shedding of innocent blood, the blood of priests and laymen, of commoners and noblemen, on outrageous charges supported by the testimony of the vilest of mankind. The history of the Popish Plot of Titus Oates is of itself enough to confute the fallacy of those who think that because there is a real conspiracy

of Rome against us we need not use much pains to put down the belief in false conspiracies. Spotless excellence, the integrity and truthfulness of a whole life, instead of availing to procure credit to the protestations of innocence, were treated as only the surer proofs of guilt. It was argued, against the truth of human nature and of history, that the more excellent a man was in himself, the more certain he was to contradict the in-born law of veracity for the benefit of his church. And just the same fundamental unreasonableness, though with less ferocity, prevails among us. I have a letter from a Roman Catholic bishop, whose opposition to Protestantism and to Liberal Catholicism, though very intense, is thoroughly frank and undisguised. He complains that the most explicit testimony which they can give, supported by their highest authorities, makes little impression, that all their testimony is suspected and discredited, no matter who they are, or what it is. This is true, and it is most iniquitous. We have no right to deal so with the testimony and declarations of the Jesuits themselves, no, not with those of the *professi quatuor votorum*. Disingenuousness, evasion, virtual falsehood, have sufficiently abounded among them. Ecclesiastical institutions of any kind which govern the Church instead of being governed by the Church, are pernicious nests of equivocation. The humility of their professions and the arrogance of their aims cross each other in a way that often drives them into disingenuousness to cover up their real doings. But, speaking by no means with a profound, but with a decent measure of knowledge respecting them, I do not hesitate to say, that you could no more bring home a direct and positive falsehood to the authorities of the Society, one published with their formal sanction, than you could bring it home, say to the management of one of our great missionary boards. Each, remaining in due subordination to the Church, will be frank towards her. Each, if tempted beyond this lawful line, will be found at once arrogant and evasive. But neither is likely to be found guilty of an authorized lie in black and white.

Is the present controversy against our public schools a part of the Roman Catholic conspiracy? Yes, and No. It is taken up into the conspiracy, and actively promoted by it. Rome,

like the England represented by Lord Palmerston's government, has been disappointed in her hope of splitting our Republic. But she has not yet given up the hope of splitting our people. Yet I think we have a right to believe that this controversy is mainly a home matter. The strain of the quarrel here, thus far, is by no means so intense as it has been in Belgium. There, as we are credibly informed (for I do not pretend to rest on documentary evidence) the government offered the priests every facility for giving the children regular and frequent doctrinal instruction, at the public expense. But because they could not appoint and dismiss the teachers, and entirely control the schools, they waged against the schools a war in which every instinct of charity, forbearance, righteousness, and common decency of behavior, was set at naught in a way that lacked nothing of the worst deeds of the Inquisition except the power to rack and burn. I have no scruple in saying, that if the people of Belgium knew no way to rid themselves of such a priesthood except to abandon the Christian name, and throw themselves back on their unsupported instincts of religion and right, they would do well to abandon it. Christ would hold his hand over them, and when the evil yoke was broken beyond repair, would begin again to build up his true kingdom within them. I know how persecuting the continental Atheism is. But this is only the heathen soul of Roman Catholicism, working itself loose from its Christian mate. When it is finally divorced, then Catholicism, always strong for martyrdom, will be able to suffer martyrdom without inflicting persecution. Her persecutions, as Froude well suggests, are the old Druidical fierceness, which, under other forms, has been craving, from age, to age, its sacrifices of fire.

But even here this sacerdotal fierceness seems to have been rather Belgian than Roman. Just what part Rome took in it, I am not sure. Some say that Leo secretly fanned the fire while pretending to allay it. I should not like to call this eminent and excellent gentleman "an old Italian fox," but I suppose there is no harm in saying that he is an Italian. Yet, if his influence had not been, on the whole, felt by the Belgian hierarchy as somewhat unpleasantly conciliatory towards the civil authority, I hardly see how even the crazy-headed old

Bishop of Tournay could have so lost control of himself as to bring on his own deposition by raving at the Pope as a mere Judas Iscariot in the chair of Peter.

However that may be, I am sure that the stand taken by the Roman Catholic authorities in our country against the public schools is not a wanton disturbance of our public quiet, and has not been mainly instigated from Italy, by either the White Pope or the Black. No doubt it has come opportunely enough for the purposes of conspiracy. No doubt the controversy is alarmingly complicated by that fatal incompetency of Italian Catholicism to comprehend the world of English speech which is a sign that *Mene Mene* has been written against its right of control. No doubt coarse and brutal priests, here and there, have worked it in a coarse and brutal way. Are we to have a monopoly of indecency? But the controversy over the schools rests, in the main, on the action of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. And the action of this Council, though weighted with many of the lumbering archaisms of the Middle Ages, is, on the whole, the action of a body of upright, friendly, Christian men, and genuine Americans. The Bishops show, alike in their decrees and in their pastoral address, that they are fully aware of the impossibility of concord between their views of the relations of Church and State and those which are certain to control a predominantly Protestant country. It must be so, for allowing that the Church and the State are both Christian, the Roman Catholics lay the emphasis on the Church and we on the State. We allow that where the State turns out atheistic, we may be driven back into committing a good many things to the Church that at present seem to us more properly matters of civil concern. But this retrogression, however necessary it might ever be, would seem to us a very great disaster, whereas Roman Catholics, of the distinctly ecclesiastical type, would glory in it, as the highest exemplification of Christianity. The Conciliar action of the Roman Catholic pastors has shown a full sense of this irreconcilable divergence and of the grave possibilities inclosed in it. But it has not been marked by heady recklessness, or contemptuous carelessness towards the strong national opposing current. There are conspirators, doubtless, in this body of chief pastors, some conscious, some uncon-

scious. There are those in whose eyes whatever is not Italian (or Irish) is heretical, and who are planning to do their best to choke and drive back the development of our national genius. But the body of the bishops is not a body of conspirators. They show a sincere disposition to accommodate themselves to our habits of thinking and acting as far as is consistent with their own fundamental doctrines of the correlative obligations of Church and State. This is not very far, it is true. But surely we are not to call them conspirators because they do not turn Protestant, in order to make it easier for us to carry through our legislation!

Let me here first dispose of a cart-load of controversial rubbish, that is shoveled about from paper to paper, by disputants that understand neither what they say nor whereof they affirm. First, we are told, that no Roman Catholic can be, consistently, a republican. And this in face of the fact that the strongholds of Catholicism in Switzerland have been for ages the intensely democratic mountain cantons! What is it to Rome whether the government of the state is hereditary or elective? Our great quarrel with her is, that since Hildebrand she has always been so contemptuous of the civil order as not to care *enough* for such questions. Let nations only hear her voice obediently as to that wide range of conduct which she holds it to be within her competency to direct, and they may appoint their magistrates as they like. It is true, she has favored the monarchy in France, and disfavored the republic. But this is only because the republic has been steadily and persecutingly atheistic, and the monarchy has usually been Catholic. Give her presidents and premiers to her mind, and she would whistle Bourbons and Bonapartes

“down the wind,
To prey at fortune.”

Then we are told that Roman Catholics cannot be loyal, because they contradict the Declaration of Independence. Do they deny its *political effect*? Not at all. But they contradict some of the reasoning which Thomas Jefferson has introduced into it. I do not know of anything in it which need offend a Catholic's doctrinal conscience. But if there were, it is not

Jean Jacques Rousseau's reasonings in it that give it legal effect, but the great national act to which these are merely the preamble. Let Catholics themselves teach us breadth. They say that they are bound by the definitions of the Church, but not by her arguments, or her allegations of contingent facts. And even so the value of the Declaration was that it made us a nation. We may judge its logic at our pleasure, but we all rest upon its achievement.

Some again tell us that the Federal Constitution contradicts Roman Catholicism. Where, pray? It is the most purely formal document in the world, simply describing how senators, representatives, and presidents shall be chosen, and other officers appointed, and how powers shall be divided between the Federal and the State governments. And pray what have these things to do with religion? Let America become Papist, or Buddhist, and not a pin of all this machinery need be displaced. As to the prohibition of establishments and religious tests, Rome doubtless looks askance at it. But there those prohibitions are, and there they will stay, until three-fourths of all the States put them out. And when Rome persuades her laity, or the Boston zealots persuade *our* laity, to re-introduce such things, the world will have reverted to an age so incongruous with this, that present canons of judgment will have no application to it.

In short, our system of government imposes no tests of opinion. It does not ask whether Protestant would like to persecute Catholic, or Catholic Protestant. So long as a citizen obeys the law, and if he dislikes it, moves for its modification in a regular way, he is a loyal American. He is not bound to to admire the present principles of administration or to give them his moral concurrence. What are parties for, but to ventilate principles?

But we are told that we never can tell how soon Roman Catholics will disobey the law. Very true. No Christian, Catholic or Protestant, can tell how soon he may have to disobey the law. The Rev. Mr. Davis, of Boston, has lately been disobeying the law, and suffering for it. Is Mr. Davis a disloyal man? He is a heartily loyal man. But he is a Christian, and a Christian's loyalty has always this limit: "We

ought to obey God rather than men." How many there are of us who have the proud remembrance that for years together we disobeyed that statute of the United States which contradicted God by declaring: "Thou *shalt* deliver to his master the servant that escapeth from him." Dr. Richard Fuller, a South Carolinian, said, amid our just applause: "Where there are laws forbidding to teach the slaves, disobey them most industriously." And if a State should now pass laws which essentially interfered with the Divine law as expressed in the deepest parental instincts, and compelled us to see our children put under atheistic teaching, it would not be Roman Catholics only that would deny the validity of these laws. God, apprehended in the Christian reason, is the sole source of authority. If any one denies this, he is not a Christian. If we, as Protestants, deny this, we give ourselves over, bound hand and foot, to the Catholics. We should then leave them in sole possession of the Christian traditions. Christ would no longer be our Master, but Hobbes. And those modern writers who admire Hobbes do not, I believe, pretend that one can be a Christian and follow him.

Just two hundred years ago, in 1688, the Roman Catholic King of England, with "that perverse stupidity" which the Catholic Dictionary very justly notes as the principal trait of his character, succeeded in driving into the front, as the great representative of Freedom, a Church whose traditions had all made her a representative of Prerogative. She has benefited ever since by the heroic attitude into which, however unwillingly, she was forced then. And we seem not less likely to do the Roman Catholic Church a kindness against our will. She has not usually been, in our apprehension, conspicuous for her deep sense of individual and parental rights. But we seem likely to compel her into so effective and sustained an advocacy of these, against an inquisitorial interference of the State, as involves the danger that vast numbers of Protestants will rally around her, as the English nonconformists rallied around the Seven Bishops. Doctrines have been advanced of State interference which would reduce the bond of parent and child to mere physical procreation and sustenance. But it is to degrade the family, to strip its relationships of their ethical value.

If I believe (as I do not) that my child, in the public schools, is taught virtual atheism, or is deprived of essential Christian influences, what right has the State to outrage my parental feelings by irritating and inquisitorial means to drive me into using the public schools when I prefer private ones? The State has the power, but this is not a question of power. In matters which concern the deepest unity of family life, are we to hear Protestants advocating a recurrence to the abhorrent methods of the dragonnades?

For what did Louis XIV. do? He took away from Protestant parents their control over their children, and put these into Catholic schools, in order to promote the religious, moral, and civil unity of his kingdom. His methods were harsher than our century could endure, but his principle of action does not seem to have differed essentially from those which a great many Protestants are urging upon us to take up towards Roman Catholic parents. They have adopted principles of religious education which "displease the king," as Louis XIV. put it, and therefore they are to be hunted down and the control of their children's training is to be taken from them.

It is to be hoped, however, that if we imitate Louis, we shall do it undisguisedly. Some are not willing to incur the odium of prohibiting private schools outright; but are casting about how they may do it by indirection. If a law were passed simply providing that private teachers shall sustain certain definite tests of general competency, I do not see how any one's rights can be invaded, or how the State would be going beyond her just power of control. If anybody raised an outcry over such a requirement, I think we could afford to turn deaf ears to it. But many are not content with this. They want to give school boards arbitrary power to refuse approbation. And they want to extend the same arbitrary power to the suppression of books, and even of branches of study. In other words, they would virtually make private schools public schools minus public aid.

Now I know at least of no Protestant who doubts the right of the State to require that private schools shall teach certain things plainly necessary for good citizens to know, such as the outlines of our history, and our constitution, and of general

history, and that by means of manuals approved as essentially correct. But what is meant by contending for the right of the State to suppress books, not as incompetent, but arbitrarily? I can think of no meaning except to reserve to King Demos the right to smother any minority opinions as nearly to death as can be done without having the look of suppressing one religious sect in the interest of another.

I have read a printed report of an oral address, furnished by the author, in which you seem to hear his very screams and see him foam at the mouth, over the outrageous iniquity of Roman Catholic authors who dare to prepare school books that interpret great public events from their point of view rather than from ours. Mr. Froude, it has been truly said, views the Reformation as the unmingled triumph of the righteous Oromasdes, and the Catholic reaction as the unmingled triumph of the evil Ahrimanes. Now to judge from the tone of this speech, I should say that the author would not be hard to persuade that it would be a sound public policy to bring Froude's histories into our public schools, and to force them upon Roman Catholic children. But that the Catholics should dare, in their own private schools, to introduce books representing the Reformation as the triumph of the evil Ahrimanes, and the Counter-reformation as the triumph of the good Oromasdes, or, to speak Christianly, of the good God, that is intolerable.

This author foams and screams his best because, he says, the Baltimore Council, among other books forbids Lord Macaulay's History to be used in the public schools. Now the Council does no such thing. It could not do so, for the simple reason that it refuses to give any sanction to the public schools, or to regulate in any way an institution which it reprobates. It does, however, what it has a perfect right to do, namely, prescribe to Roman Catholic parents under what circumstances and with what precautions they may use the public schools consistently with their religion. I need hardly say that it does not mention a single book or author. Nor does it say to parents that they shall not let their children use any book prescribed in a public school which they are permitted to frequent. It simply prescribes that where erroneous books are studied, the parents shall see to it that appropriate correctives to the error

are supplied at home. But if they had reprobated Macaulay's History by name, they would not have gone a step beyond their right. What Protestant synod or conference is there that would not raise the most indignant remonstrances if our children, in a public school, were required to learn the Jesuit Deharbe's catechism? Yet this, though more dogmatically definite, is not one whit more intensely Catholic, than Macaulay's History is intensely Protestant. It is a gloriously Protestant book, in which every Protestant youth ought to be indoctrinated. It would do more to fortify him against Romanism than any theological book that I know of. But what better right have we to compel Roman Catholic children to learn it than their parents have to compel our children to learn Deharbe's catechism?

This roaring and tearing speech goes on to mention what it is pleased to present as Catholic misstatements. The speaker's one argument after each is: "You lie! you lie." This scandalous behavior, however, does not make it any less true that he cites various statements which hardly deserve any better name. But it is all one to him whether he is dealing with a misstatement of a verifiable fact, or the statement of an antagonistic inference from commonly acknowledged facts. "You lie" is the one answer to either. It is not the citizen that appears here, but the furious rival hierarch, abusing the character and functions of the citizen. Yet this person is a darling of the strife, its very Achilles. He much better deserves to be called its Thersites.

But leaving these malignant indecencies, let us consider the subject in itself. While it is true that Cardinal Gibbons and most of his brother bishops are not willingly conspirators against the frame of our polity, but that he, and a good share of them, are zealously attached to it as a whole, yet this concession really leaves the case a very much more serious one. A conspiracy may be watched, detected, exploded. But a frank, kindly antagonism, founded on essential principles, cannot be so dealt with. Take, for instance, the regulation of marriage. We Protestants, as Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon says, have here surrendered our consciences to Caesar. But if we had not, we should still believe that, within the limits of a Chris-

tian view of marriage, and without insisting on a civil enforcement of its highest standard, we ought to concede to the State a large share in the regulation of it. But Rome has authoritatively declared that our Lord, in raising marriage between the baptized into sacramental rank, has taken it, with all its incidents, entirely out of the hands of the magistrate. According to her a civil court, in deciding any question whatever that depends on the validity of a marriage, has absolutely no right or authority except to procure an authenticated copy of the episcopal finding, and to regulate its own sentence, without exception or protest, upon that! The State may decide for the unbaptized. But for all the baptized, or for the cases in which one of a pair receives baptism, or where a baptized person marries an unbaptized, questions of conjugal obligation, legitimacy of children, and, more or less, even of descent of property, are to hang entirely upon the mind of the Church, which will take such incidental account of civil legislation as seems to her right. This would be to extinguish *in radice* a wide scope of the fundamental jurisdiction of the State. Yet this, which would be far more intolerable than any claims the Church makes respecting education, is not a conspiracy. It is a great deal more confusing, and more destructive to civil unity, than if it were. The State allows the Church to say to any of her members: If you marry so and so, your marriage has no moral validity, and you, as an unchaste person, shall be debarred the sacraments. But that she should say: This marriage has no *civil* validity, and no Roman Catholic judge ought to give it effect, is something which she can say, of course, since speech is free, but the saying of which emphasizes tremendously the truth of James Russell Lowell's remark, that our republic can assimilate anything *Protestant*.

The difference between us and the Roman Catholics is not that they believe that the right of the State to command has limits and that we do not. The difference is, that we believe that the right of the State to command has limits, and also the right of the Church, and that in the case of conflict, the enlightened Christian conscience must decide which more perfectly represents the mind of Christ. Cardinal Newman says the same. But Cardinal Newman is not the Roman Curia.

And any Protestant who will read the book of Archbishop Heiss "De Matrimonio," or that of the Jesuit Lehmkuhl, will, I think, conclude that here is a maze of irrational complications, and heart-breaking complexities, compared with which the most careless administration of marriage-laws in our State courts is a plain path for the upright to walk in. The State with us is careless, but open. Rome is lofty in theory, but even allowing an honesty in the Curia which we have no right to allow, her marriage-laws, a thousand times over, confound common sense, outrage righteousness, and torture pure affection. Her influence among us, this way, being irresistibly mitigated and diluted is, as Dr. Peabody says, good. But let her have her own way, and her little finger would be thicker than the loins of Caesar. May she long be spared among us to hold up the noble ideal of Christian marriage, and to upbraid us with our scandalous laxity respecting it. And may we long be spared Italian, or semi-Italian, attempts to show us how to exemplify it.

Just the same is true of Education. Various Protestant clergymen are eager to assure the State that a public education absolutely secularistic will content them. But the great body of Protestants, I believe, hold that a secularistic education means an atheistic education. Those who think otherwise have no right to speak for Protestantism.

Protestantism, therefore, and Catholicism agree that education ought to be Christian. They believe that the presupposition underlying it ought always to be God, and not mere impersonal force, Immortality, and not mere secular interests, Christ, as the norm and source of the spiritual life, and not the mere unregulated sway of present tendencies. They have committed themselves to Christ, for time and eternity, and they will not consent that their children should be committed to a system of education of which these truths are not the conditioning principle.

But here Protestantism and Catholicism part company. Protestantism, in its legitimate and final development, regards Christianity, not principally as a *depositum fidei* in the sense of a system of supernaturally revealed doctrines, but rather as a light in which everything is to be seen, God, Man, and Nature.

Consequently its final Theology is universal knowledge. Distinctively theological instruction, though valuable, it holds to be decidedly subordinate, and destined to merge more and more into general science. It is, therefore, not greatly disquieted if catechetical instruction is not given in public schools. It finds it easy, and easier as time goes on, to compromise by surrendering this. The ultimate Protestantism will doubtless be absolutely undogmatic. When truth shines in Christ by its own light, then, all truth and all life being Christian, there will be no such thing as *distinctively* Christian, that is, distinctively theological, instruction.

But Roman Catholicism can acknowledge nothing as a Christian education which is not distinctively and extendedly dogmatic. Of course, then, if our public schools were thoroughly satisfactory, in a religious regard, to Protestantism (which they by no means are) they could not possibly be satisfactory to Catholicism. Either the teaching in these must be undogmatical, or for the most part, it would be dogmatically Protestant. That is, in the view of Roman Catholicism, the instruction in most of our public schools cannot fail to be either unchristian or heretically Christian. However mild and reasonable and little inclined to make trouble our American Catholicism might be, it is hard to see how it can ever consent to our public school system so long as this is so distinctly separated from dogmatical, Roman Catholic, Christianity. We have no right to say that Roman Catholic opposition to it is a mere display of hierarchical wantonness. It is the result of an essential opposition of principle.

There is in New York an eminent body of priests, the Paulist Fathers. They are mostly Americans of the English stock, and all of them, I believe, converts from Protestantism. Although living under a monastic rule, they take no monastic vows, but leave the society at their pleasure, without loss of ecclesiastical standing. They are intensely American in feeling, and during the Rebellion were all, as I understood, zealously attached to the Union cause and to the Republican party. Their late eminent and excellent Superior, Dr. I. T. Hecker, is quoted as having assured a reporter that they were working for an ecclesiastical independence of Rome as distinctly marked as

our civil independence of England. Rome, of course, was to remain the centre of Doctrine, and to have the right of evoking any cause whatever to her tribunal. But, supposing the interview genuine, as I have no reason to doubt, Dr. Hecker meant that Rome was to be shown reason for using her supremacy only at supreme conjunctures, leaving the whole course of ordinary church government in America to Americans. Dr. Hecker's very last article is highly agreeable to such positions. Then if this opposition is a mere foreign impertinence obtruded upon us, we should expect the Paulists to receive it very ungraciously, and to echo it very faintly. Whereas they seem to be almost the head and front of it. It is they, I believe, that have invented the description of the public schools as "headless, heartless, godless."

The Roman Catholic opposition to the public schools appears, therefore, to be no separable part of their system, but to be interwoven inextricably with all their conceptions of Christianity. Mr. Edwin D. Mead's proposal, therefore, to punish by law the excommunication of the laity who patronize the public, where there are parochial schools, is in effect a proposal to punish a church for daring to have a standard of religious action at variance with a civil policy. This would be the reintroduction of a State church, except that the church would be absolutely the slave of the State, and would have to provide for her own support. It would be the absolute reversal of our whole American system. This allows the courts to intervene, even against excommunications and depositions, where these are evidently wanton or malignant, or imply a breach of contract. But the moment we go beyond that, we involve ourselves in all the endless troubles of State and Church on the continent of Europe. Bismarck has tried it pretty thoroughly, and the result has been—Canossa.

If we do legislate after Mr. Mead's advice, logical necessity will not let us stop here. The only ground on which this policy can be justified is the assumption that whenever the State declares a thing civilly lawful, the Church has no right to declare it religiously unlawful. Now the State often requires the citizens to do military duty. But the Society of Friends excommunicates all her members that comply. We

must therefore enact that no monthly meeting is to disown a Quaker for taking part in a muster. The State encourages voting. But the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Old Side, excommunicates its members if they vote. The offenders must therefore be escorted to the communion table by the *posse comitatus*. The State permits those that have a license for it to sell liquor. Therefore it must be made actionable for a church to put such a man, if a member, out of his membership. Nay, St. Louis once formally licensed a yet more infamous calling, to which the city of Hamburg allows no one to pretend unless she is a communicant in good standing. I do not see but that logical consistency would require us all to imitate the city of Hamburg.

Lord Macaulay says that the principles of universal justice were at stake in the person of that vilest of wretches, Titus Oates, after his iniquitousness was brought to light. They proved not strong enough to protect him against a lawless excess of retribution, and in consequence lawless excess of cruelty became the note of legal penalty in England, until the Bill of Rights raised a barrier. Now we may, if we like, contend that our American Catholicism is no better than Titus Oates. Be it so: then again the rights of all are at stake in the person of Titus Oates. Between foreign atheism and domestic bigotry and the inconsiderate haste of men who, like Mr. Mead, are neither atheists nor bigots, we are drawing near to the verge of a precipice. French republicanism already says: "The clergy must be taught to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and they must be taught that *all* is Caesar's." God save American republicanism from this inverted spiritual despotism. As Mr. George William Curtis has said, French republicanism seems inclined to use the methods of Philip II. for the opposite ends, and is likely, with him, to wind up by killing all the living plants of free development. God save us from the evil contagion of such an example.

When our public schools were established, we had virtually one religion, Protestantism. We now have at least three, Protestantism, Catholicism, and Secularism. One of these *must* be at the basis of our system of public instruction, because it is simply impossible that an extended system of educa-

tion should exist without a constitutive thought concerning ultimate truth at the bottom. If it is Protestantism, then Catholics cannot use it without perpetual perturbations of conscience. If it is Roman Catholicism, then Protestants cannot use it without perpetual perturbations of conscience. If it is Secularism, then Christians, Catholic, and Protestant, cannot use it without perpetual perturbations of conscience, always excepting those Protestant clergymen that are so ready to sacrifice their children to Moloch.

Now the basis of our school system ought to be Protestantism. We are in fact, and ought to be by legal decision, a Protestant Christian country. We do not want schools in which we have to mention the Lord Christ with bated breath. Nor do we want schools in which we cannot mention Luther, and Knox, and Calvin, and Latimer, with full confidence and honor, not withholding it from St. Francis de Sales and St. Charles Borromeo. A school in which our children are not free to study Macaulay's History, and recite the Battle of Ivry, is only half a school. But where is our sense of equity, if we want to dragoon the Catholics into sending their children to such a school? Their right, without restrictive legislation, or injurious speech on our part, to establish schools of their own, seems as plain as the sun at noon. But the question of a remission of taxes is another thing. We do not exempt a Quaker from military taxes because he is opposed to war. We, if a Protestant country, at least ought not to support Roman Catholic schools. Beyond that let a Protestant people decide. And if the Roman Catholics anywhere gain a majority we are not to ask more than we have been willing to grant.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

ARTICLE III.—OUR INDEBTEDNESS TO THE NEGROES
FOR THEIR CONDUCT DURING THE WAR.

THE first item in this indebtedness is the fact that they did not rise in insurrection. It was in their power to have wrought a carnival of blood. If they had turned to this mode of redressing their wrongs, they would have brought on an embarrassing complication of the issue, for the Union army would probably have been turned upon them to put them down. General Butler, in April, 1861, wrote to Governor Hicks, of Maryland: "I have understood within the last hour that some apprehensions are entertained of an insurrection of the negro population of this neighborhood. I am anxious to convince all classes that the forces under my command are not to interfere with, or countenance an interference with, the laws of the State. I am, therefore, ready to coöperate with your Excellency in suppressing most promptly and effectually any insurrection to the laws of the State of Maryland."

Union officers went about surrendering slaves, who had come within our lines, to their masters. Col. Tyler, on the 4th of July, 1861,—note the day—declared to the rebels of West Virginia that he had given his soldiers peremptory orders to arrest such slaves. Gen. Thomas W. Sherman, landing at Port Royal, made a proclamation to the rebels that their "local institutions" should not be disturbed. So, Gen. Dix, in Virginia, and Gen. Halleck, in Missouri. Gen. McClellan, from the headquarters of the army of the Potomac, made proclamation that "the forcible abolition of slavery should not be contemplated for a moment." With these pronouncements, it would have been the natural thing for these officers to have used the army, as Gen. Butler had announced, to subdue an insurrection. Southern white people were disappointed that they had not been subjected to such an uprising. In the fall of 1865, at Augusta, Ga., I heard Dr. Wilson in his Thanksgiving sermon, make, as one of his points, "let us give thanks that our servants behaved so well during the war." Gen. Gordon, in a

speech at Cleveland, said: "The behavior of the black race was such that while we were away, not one solitary white woman was insulted by them in the entire Southern States." John Brown had counted upon the rising of the blacks. But they were too wise to fall in with such a foray. Gen. Fisk, at Nashville, was informed by President Johnson that an insurrection was brewing in northern Alabama and was ordered to go and ferret it out. Tracing the matter up to an old preacher, and charging him with preaching insurrection, the General got this plump reply: "Why, I was jes a preaching on de *resurrection*." And we are debtors to the negroes that they did not attempt anything more sanguinary.

Moreover, that good behavior of the blacks during the war has been a helping factor in the process of civil and moral reconstruction. Gen. Sherman, in his North American Article, says: "Every Southern gentleman who has a spark of knight-hood left in his nature should take off his hat to the old bondman who stayed at his home to care for his mistress and the young ladies, while he was himself away fighting to destroy his own Government and to strengthen the fetters which bound his slave to the master."

Then who can tell our indebtedness to the blacks for their sympathy and their prayers in behalf of the Union cause during the struggle? They were such adepts in the use of cipher in prayer that they could manage it even in the presence of their masters. They prayed for Abraham Lincoln as "Old ride-up." When, after the war, the whites of a certain locality had passed a resolution of thanks for the good conduct of their servants, an old man said: "They needn't have done that, for every now and then we were falling behind a stump or into a corner of the fence and praying for the Union soldiers."

And who can cast up our obligation for the direct aid they gave our army? Our men did not know the country. They did—its roads, its swamps, its fields for forage; and they became our allies as guides and helpers. Gen. Hunter said: "These loyal slaves are everywhere remaining on their plantations to welcome us, aid us, and supply us with food, labor, and information." During a missionary meeting in Madison, Wis., Gov. Rusk said to his guests: "I'm not much of a man for

missions, but I believe in helping to educate those negroes. In the army, wakened at the gray dawn by a rustle of the brush, looking out we would see the whites of eyes and the ivory of teeth glistening upon us, with the message: 'Massa, the rebs are over here, so and so, look out!' and then the man would be back to his home and his work as though nothing had happened. And they never misled us." To the sick and wounded Union soldier and to the escaping prisoner they were the very soul of kindness and fidelity. John Rogers' "Wounded Scout" was but a symbol of this service. Limp and pale by the loss of blood, he leans upon his rescuer—the manly form of ebony clad in rags—and is being tenderly borne to the cabin house in the swamp to be nursed into vigor and then helped back to the Union lines.

Dr. Charles Jewett, that old temperance war horse in the East and in the West, had two sons as captains in the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored), one of whom is Capt. Charles Jewett, of Grand View, Tenn. He tells me of black men who, taking advantage of night storms, would come in at Morris Island with boats, bringing back our soldiers, who had been lying out sick or wounded, and then going back into slavery to watch for more. He also tells me of a marvellous feeding of two of our men as escaped prisoners by a little colored girl. In the capacity of laborers in the Engineer's and Quartermaster's departments they furnished us one hundred and fifty thousand men, thus taking the place of as many enlisted men.

But the great item of our indebtedness to the negroes for their conduct during the war was for their service as soldiers of the Union. It took us nearly three years to be educated into a willingness to allow them a chance in our army as fighting men. At last, in our distress, we cried out, "Oh, black men, come over and help us." With alacrity they sprang to our side. And this they did, knowing the Confederate purpose to deny them the rights of prisoners. "No quarter" was to be the cry for them. So it was at Fort Pillow, where "No quarter" was the rebel yell, and the surrendered garrison was savagely massacred. Let Gen. Forrest report for himself: "The river was dyed with the blood of the slaughtered for 200 yards. The approximate loss was upwards of five hundred

killed, but few of the officers escaping. My loss was about twenty killed."

But still the black man faltered not in his patriotism. In South Carolina he filled his first regiment. Rhode Island he honored next. Then for Massachusetts he raised her gallant Fifty-fourth. As this last was planning to pass through New York on the way to the front the Chief of Police of that city telegraphs to Gov. Andrew that he will not be able to protect it against mob violence. And so it flanks these rebels in the rear and sails around to meet the rebels at the front. But soon the black troops have their revenge on New York. Her own first regiment of black men is about to move through the city, and its colonel, upon warning given, declares: "Give me room to land my regiment, and if it cannot march through New York it is not fit to go into the field." And then, the police having cleared the way for them to land, with loaded musket and fixed bayonet, with company front and martial music, they march down Broadway, turning their menace into an ovation. It was just after those draft riots in New York, following the enlistment of negroes, that President Lincoln, writing of their enemies and referring to the coming peace, said: "Then there will be some black men who can remember, that with silent tongue, with clinched teeth, with steady eye, and with well poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation, while I fear that there will be some white men unable to forget that, with malignant heart and deceitful speech, they have striven to hinder it."

And so the work of enlisting went on until the number of colored volunteers had reached 178,975, of whom 37,723 were from the Northern States and 141,252 from the Southern; and the deaths from among the volunteer laborers would carry the number up by fifty thousand.

How, then, did the negroes come out as fighting men? It seems that early in their career of arms the very thing fell to their lot that was needed to test them, and to win the favor of the army, namely, desperate encounter. This came at Fort Wagner, Port Hudson, and the Petersburg mine explosion. At Wagner, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, under its young, wealthy and cultured colonel, Robert G. Shaw, is to come into the assault. All day and all night they have been marching

from James Island to Morris Island, and are then assigned to the head of the assaulting column of six regiments. After the preliminary bombardment of a hundred guns by land and by sea, "charge" is the order. "Through the blazings of Wagner, the cross fires of Sumpter and of Cummings Point, across the ditch and its rakings of howitzers dash the leaders of the column." They gain the parapet; they plant their flag; Gen. Strong goes down with a mortal wound; Col. Shaw sinks in death; a few of the negro braves, through the embrasures, gain the inside of the fort only to be cut down at once. For an hour the assaulting force battles with an enraged foe. Shattered and torn, with nearly one-half of its officers and enlisted men dead or wounded, the regiment is withdrawn to be reformed in line of battle for another charge, but it is not needed. The assault, as a test of negro troops, is a triumph. Mr. Ezra A. Cook, a publisher at Chicago, who was in this affair, writes me: "The bravery of this colored regiment was so conspicuous as to revolutionize the sentiment of the Federal soldiers, a majority of whom had been opposed to the colored soldiery up to that time. Those who had the most fiercely denounced their employment previously, after this assault expressed pleasure at being put into the same brigade with the colored troops." It was in this charge that after John Wall, the negro color-sergeant of the Fifty-fourth, had fallen, the flag was taken up and borne to the parapet and planted there by Sergeant William H. Carney, who, after having received three severe wounds, one of which shattered his arm, in his clinched teeth brought to the rear the torn banner, stained with his own blood, shouting: "Boys, it never teched the ground." When, as we all remember, a flag of truce called for the body of Col. Shaw, a rebel officer shouted out: "We buried him with his niggers."

The effort to capture Port Hudson was that "the Mississippi might go unvexed to the sea." New Orleans had early raised four regiments for its Corps d' Afrique. The First and Third were in at Port Hudson for their first engagement. The assault was from the rear, while from the river the gunboats played their part. The negro force, numbering 1080 men, was formed in four lines. The first two were led by Lieut. Col. Bassett, of Michigan. The enemy held his fire until the as

saulting column was within four hundred yards, when suddenly a sheet of fire flashed from the fort, and the air was filled with missiles of death. The slaughter was dreadful, but the shattered, bleeding columns only wheeled by companies to the rear, reformed, and again dashed down through the valley of death and charged for the guns on the bluff. Four distinct charges were made under orders by these raw black troops, who lost nearly one-half their number. A deep bayou ran under the enemy's guns on the bluff, which was almost as steep as a wall. The men failed in the capture, but they had won another victory for themselves as soldiers. Upon the fall of Vicksburg, Port Hudson surrendered unconditionally with 6,000 prisoners. And so public sentiment was giving in to the heroism of the black warriors. Col. Bassett praised his men as heroes. In New Orleans at the end of the war, I met Capt. Pease, who had himself been in that Port Hudson assault, and who, praising his colored men, said they never wavered from first to last.

As these regiments were leaving New Orleans the Colonel of the First, who for some reason was not going with them, delivered its colors with a brief, patriotic speech, closing with these words: "Color guard, protect, defend, die for, but do not surrender these flags." That color sergeant, Anselmas Planciançois, upon receiving them, made this noble response: "Colonel, I will bring back these colors in honor or report to God the reason why." And how did it come out with that color bearer? The correspondent of the *New York Times* wrote: "As the sergeant was gallantly bearing the colors in front of the enemy's works a shell cut the flag in two and carried away a part of his head—his blood and his brains spattering the beautiful banner, which fell over him as he embraced it in death." And so the brave Anselmas, unable to return the flag to the hands that gave it him, did "report to God the reason why." And there was a sequel to that story of Anselmas, the color-bearer. When he had fallen, in the generous rivalry of two corporals for the lifting up of the flag, baptized in blood, the contest was ended by a shot from a sharp-shooter that killed one of them, who, falling over upon the lifeless body of the sergeant, left his rival to seize the banner and carry it proudly

through the battle. And yet another sequel, as given me by Chaplain Henry L. Boltwood, of Evanston, Ill.:

"When stationed at Port Hudson, in the summer of 1864, I heard one night some strange voices near my tent. Not being able to make out what they meant I rose and looked out. Near by was an officer's cook house, and by a fire a negro man and woman were sitting trying together to make out the words in the New Testament. Neither was very proficient, but they stumbled along together, each helping the other. The first words I clearly made were these, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' It impressed me deeply, that, within a few yards of the spot where a black regiment first had a chance to show that colored men could fight, their kinsmen were reading the words of eternal life.

"The 'Tragedy of the Crater' at Petersburg gave the black troops another occasion to prove their prowess. The eight tons of powder had been placed in the eight tunnels dug under the rebel fort. Gen. Burnside had planned to put the colored men on the lead of the charge through the crater to be made by the explosion. For this those men had been in training for several weeks. As Gen. Meade objected to this order it was referred to Gen. Grant, who decided in favor of Gen. Meade. The explosion was a grand success, but the assault a failure, confirming Gen. Burnside's theory that the veterans, held so long under the heavy fire about Petersburg—such that they could not raise a head above the works without being shot at—would cling to cover more closely than the less seasoned black troops. Subsequently, Gen. Grant, before the committee on the conduct of the war, testified: "Gen. Burnside wanted to put his colored division in front, and I believe if he had done so it would have been a success." A few days after that affair there came to our city from one of those black warriors a private letter from which I quote:

"The rebels poured a heavy volley upon us, wounding Corporal Maxwell severely, and he was compelled to let the colors fall. Corporal Stevens then seized the colors and bore them up to the top of the works. He was quickly cut down. Corporal Bailey seized the flag and was killed instantly. Thomas Barrett, a colored private, seized the colors and bore them up to the top of the fort again. He quickly fell dead. Capt. Brockway then seized the flag and was mortally wounded and was

obliged to let the colors fall. Col. John A. Bross, of Chicago, attired in his full uniform, with the evident intention of inspiring his men, then seized the flag, rushed upon the top of the fort, planted it upon the parapet, drew his sword, took his hat in his hand, and cried : ' Rally, my brave boys, rally.' The boys did instantly rally up to him. He quickly fell in death."

I have dwelt upon these assaults of Wagner, Port Hudson, and the Crater, as giving the severest test of these black soldiers and as winning the favor, the admiration of the army, of the country. It would be edifying to our patriotism to follow them through the four hundred and forty-nine battles in which they participated, down the Atlantic coast, down the Mississippi, and along with the armies of the Potomac, the James, and Cumberland. In such a tour we would find them at Ship Island successfully resisting the assault of Confederate veterans twice their number; we would find them at Milliken's Bend, whipping the enemy that came yelling, "No quarter;" at Fort Powhatan, where the ex-slaves met three charges from the Virginia masters under Fitz Hugh Lee, and held out for a five hours' fight, carrying the day; at Bermuda Hundred, where they took six redoubts with their connecting rifle pits and captured seven pieces of artillery; at Decatur, capturing a battery with a loss of six officers and sixty men; at Dalton, where an inspecting captain reported to Gen. Steedman: "The regiment over there is holding dress parade under fire"; at Honey Hill, where in a battle that had 2,300 Union soldiers killed or wounded, as Capt. Jewett tells me, his men, lying down to protect a battery, would beg permission and go out, a few at a time, to join in the fight, only a part of them coming back; and at Nashville, where a negro division was put forward to open the battle, and where, as Capt. Lyman told me, his colored regiment, in making the sixty rods to capture a bastion, had fifty-six men killed and one hundred and twenty-eight wounded. Capt. H. V. Freeman, of Chicago, addressing the students of Hampton upon the bravery of the colored troops, said:

"It was the second day of the battle of Nashville that the charge on Overton Hill occurred. Three regiments of Gen. Thomas's brigade—the 12th, 18th and 100th—were colored troops. These were put in with a division of colored troops—Gen. Wood's 4th Army Corps—for the

charge on Overton Hill. The first charge was not successful, owing to the wounding of Gen. Post of the 4th Army Corps—and also to the difficulty of crossing the ploughed ground. You know what Tennessee clay soil is when it gets wet—there seems no bottom to it. Going through that corn field, it seemed as if there was no bottom to it, and as we pulled our feet out,—all the while the cannons playing on us from the hill—each foot seemed to weigh a ton. At the bottom of the hill we got over a rail fence—all that were left of us—and found ourselves on good turf. It seemed then as if we could fly—but there were tree tops cut down, and as I saw my men struggling through them, they seemed to be sticking to them like flies in a spider's web, the rebel cannon sending in grape shot and cannister upon them.

The result was that the only men who reached the ramparts were men of the colored regiments. They scaled the ramparts, and every man who did was shot down. The first charge, as I said, was not a success, but the regiments did not retreat. Those left lay down at the foot of the hill, and at the next order to charge, with the whole line they swept over the ramparts."

And Gen. S. C. Armstrong, on the same occasion, added :

"At the siege of Richmond, I received an order to push my regiment—the 9th U. S. Colored Infantry—to the flank of Gen. Terry's divisions which was being hard pressed. Standing there in line we were harassed by an unseen foe hidden in the bushes. It was impossible to hold the position and I ordered my men to fall back, and, to avoid a panic and stampede, I ordered them to walk, and they did so the whole distance—shot at by the unseen enemy as they went, and having to climb over fallen trees and go through rough ground. They got back panting with fatigue and lay down exhausted. As they lay there, the order came from our brigade commander to go back over the same ground and retake the position. I knew that meant death for every one of us, but a soldier has only to obey, so I gave the order and we started. But Gen. Terry saw us going, and understanding the position, ordered us back and saved us. What struck me was that every man went forward. Exhausted as they were, knowing as they did the difficulty of the way and the certainty of death before them, not one man faltered."

At Fort Harrison, within five miles of Richmond, where the rebel garrison cried out, "Come on, darkies, we want your muskets;" they did come on, shouting, "Remember Fort Pillow," to capture those taunting cavaliers and their stronghold, and of which exploit Gen. Butler, on the floor of Congress, said: "It became my painful duty, sir, to follow in the track of that charging column, and there, in a space not wider than the clerk's desk, and three hundred yards long, lay the dead bodies of five hundred and forty-three ebony-colored comrades,

slain in the defence of their country, who had laid down their lives to uphold its flag and its honor as a willing sacrifice."

This is a story which one of their own number, George W. Williams, LL.D., by the press of Harper & Brothers, has told with wondrous effect in his volume, "A History of the Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion." Truly, as he says, "the part enacted by the negro troops in the war of the rebellion is the romance of North American history." His chapter, "The Cloud of Witnesses," is a cloud of testimony from Secretary Stanton and many great generals, all of whom put these black men among the foremost of soldiers.

They understood the issue, as when the ex-slave, standing guard and seeing his own master brought in as a prisoner, saluted him: "Ah, master, bottom rail on the top this time." They appreciated the symbolism of the Federal garb, as when another on guard said to those who would jostle his authority: "This nigger is of no particular account, but you must 'spect this uniform." They had the fire of patriotism, as when the soldier addressed his comrades thus:

"Our massas, dey hab lived under de flag. Dey got rich under it, and everything beautiful for de chillun; under it dey hab grind us up and put us in their pocket for money. But de fust minute dey tink de old flag mean freedom for us cullud folks, dey pull it right down and run up a rag of dere own. But we'll neber desert de ole flag, boys. We hab lib under it for 1862 years, and we'll die for it now."

Even while they were soldiers, they felt the need of education to fit them for their newly found citizenship. In the siege of Blakely, opposite Mobile, as told me by a Chaplain who was there, when the relieving officer came around in the morning to relieve the black soldiers who had been in the trenches all night, as the enemy's fire was heavy, he told them to lie down in the outer trench while he should go in to see how things were. When he came back he found them holding a spelling school. They were sitting with their backs up against the embankment, right under the fire, every man with his spelling book in hand, keeping up a regular fire of hard words. Neither the weariness of the long night in the trenches nor the firing that made them hug the bank, as they had a few moments of respite, could arrest this rattling musketry of the

spelling book. Some of the best work of the American Missionary Association at the South during the war was done among these regiments in Virginia, North Carolina, Louisiana, and along the Mississippi. The lady teachers became drill-masters in the tactics of Webster and of Ray. In that regiment at Nashville of which I have spoken, there was a school of a year thus taught by a young lady. It was in a big tent that would hold 500, and all but six had learned to read and another half-dozen had gone on so that they could do any sum in Ray's Higher Arithmetic.

Our indebtedness to these people for their conduct during the war—who can reckon it up? We early set about discharging a part of that obligation. We gave them their freedom. We clothed them with citizenship. We conferred upon them the suffrage. The Government is in covenant, before God and the nations, with these allies, whose late coming was like that of Blucher to our Waterloo. It maintains the rights of only an intended citizen everywhere around the globe. Will it keep faith with seven millions of native Americans, whose citizenship has been sealed in blood? The negro and the Government were the Joseph and the chief butler in the prison of that dreadful war. The negro, by his helping hand, gave prophecy of the reinstatement of the Government butler, and said to him: "But think on me when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me; and make mention of me unto Pharoah, and bring me out of this house." And shall the page of history be made to blush with the record: "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him."

Then we, the people, are under obligation, not only to see that our Government makes good its covenant with the negroes, but to go on with the means of Christian enlightenment in order to help them maintain their rights, and to make them the best possible citizens of this nation, our's and their's. We have the approved means at hand—the teacher and the preacher, the school and the church, the spelling book and the Bible—these that sanctify social life, purify politics, stimulate property-gathering, generate the conservatism that comes from tax-paying—these are the forces that are to dissipate the gathering tempest.

This is no time to relax our diligence. We have more of reparation to make, more acts of righteousness to perform as a guarantee for the peace of the present, for the safety of the future.

"The Nemesis of neglect" may bring on a war of races. But if we shall share with them generously of our citizenship and of our Christian civilization, we may avoid all this, and all the more enrich our national character, and with this make our own land the greatest benefactor of the Dark Continent, now rising so mysteriously to the gaze of the world. They are Americans, baptized as such by the sprinkling of blood. We must honor their rights of inheritance and of baptism.

"What honor, what dignity, hath been done to Mordecai for this?" said King Ahasuerus, as he came in the restlessness of the night to the record of the man who had discovered a conspiracy, and had saved the life of the monarch. "There is nothing done for him," said the courtiers. The riding upon the King's horse, in royal apparel, with the crown royal upon the head, was but a symbol of the exercise of sovereignty, conferred in honor. These Mordecais of the American captivity helped to crush the conspiracy that sought the life of our nation. Let now these American sovereigns come to their dignity. Let them ride in the royalty of a full American citizenship.

JOSEPH E. ROY.

ARTICLE IV.—THE HEIMSKRINGLA—OR SAGAS OF
THE NORSE KINGS.

The Heimskringla, or the Sagas of the Norse Kings. From the Icelandic of Snorre Sturlason, by SAMUEL LAING, Esq. Second edition, revised, with notes by RASMUS B. ANDERSON, LL.D., U. S. Minister to Denmark. 4 vols. London: John C. Nimmo. New York: Scribner & Welford.

THE new edition of Laing's translation of the *Heimskringla*, edited by Dr. Rasmus B. Anderson, late American minister to Denmark, brings again to public notice a history which is truly noteworthy. Little change has been attempted in the new edition save the addition of two maps, a partial correction of the spelling of proper names, and the addition of a few notes and dates, while some of the translator's notes have been thrown out as needless or irrelevant.

Although a somewhat more critical English translation would gratify a very few students, there is no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy and authenticity of the work as it now comes to the English reader. The three oldest known manuscripts were unfortunately all together in Copenhagen and were lost when the destructive fire of 1728 occurred. They had been written between 1260 and 1280, or within less than half a century of the time when the work was composed, and several copies of each had been made before the fire; but these copies differ so widely that the work of text criticism becomes exceedingly difficult and problematic. Dr. Vigfusson was of the opinion that the work has suffered terribly at the hands of careless and ignorant copyists who have abridged and omitted most recklessly.

The primitive chronicles of races form a small but important part of the great body of history. While they are always meagre in detail, faulty in chronology, abounding in heroic aberrations, and vanishing back into the misty regions of mythology, they still furnish points which indicate the course of

national and social life somewhat as the rocky islands of the sea are said to mark the trend of submerged mountain ranges and continents. The earliest of these chronicles are passed from mouth to mouth in the form of popular ballads and oral traditions embellished with rhythm and romance to aid the memory and charm the fancy. The rehearsal of these constitute the chief intellectual diversion, and the poet serves as author, publisher, and teacher. It is not till writing comes into common use, together with higher forms of civilization that division of labor is applied to all this large group of activities. After the skalds or primitive poets, comes a class of chroniclers who write down contemporary records as well as events culled from the traditions of the past.

These chronicles are often kept in the learned language of the court and are therefore inaccessible to the common people, but a worthy exception to this is found in the Old Norse chronicles, written mostly without royal patronage and in the one language which was understood by all. From six to eight centuries ago while all Europe was in a state of disheartening inactivity, and all those energies seemed dead which make for moral culture, literary advancement, and civil and political growth, the Scandinavian people had a busy work shop hid away in Iceland, where all institutions of culture enjoyed a steady and surprising growth. Of the literature here produced, the tattered remnants still surviving form several hundred works as large as average books of modern times. The characteristic modesty of the authors has prevented most of their names from coming down to us; but the names of three historians have stood the test of time by sheer force of their greatness, while a few others have survived by accident. The first is Arè Thorgilson (1067-1148); a century later lived Snorre Sturlason, and still later Sturla Thordson (1214-1284). It is to Snorre, the second of these, that attention is here directed as being the author of *Sagas of the Norse Kings*.

Snorre was born in 1178 at Hvam on the west side of Iceland, and was of the best blood of the race. According to the custom which prevailed among the better classes, Snorre was put out to be fostered. His lot fell with Jon Loptson, a learned and influential chieftain on the south side of the island. The

influence of this fosterage had much to do with the molding of Snorre's future usefulness, for the foster-father had received from his grandfather Sæmund a large mass of records, ballads, and traditions of earliest date and purest quality, and Snorre made good use of them during the eighteen years of his fosterage. At the age of twenty-one he married a wealthy lady whom he afterwards abandoned to marry another still more wealthy. This and other family irregularities, while they illustrate the worst side of Snorre's character, represent a state of society even more common then than now. He made at least two protracted journeys to Norway during his life, to which his enemies attached a political significance in view of the fact that Iceland soon afterward surrendered to Norway the freedom which had been enjoyed for 300 years. Modern students however hold that the evidence even though coming from his enemies is not sufficient to convict him of treason. At any rate he joined himself to an unsuccessful adversary of the king and was obliged to flee back to Iceland, where he was murdered (1241) in his own house and by his own kinsmen with whom he was always at variance.

The work by which Snorre is best known is what is variously termed the Younger Edda, the Prose Edda, or simply Snorre's Edda. It is a sort of handbook of mythology and poetry and is one of the most widely known of all old Norse books. But his most extensive work, and the one of most interest to the student of history is *Heimskringla*. The name has no significance as a title for the work, but happens to be the first important word in the text, and as it had no other title, this came naturally to be its designation among those who handled the parchments. The meaning of the word is the "world-circle," referring to the shore of the old world, which as the story goes on to say, "is torn across into many bights, so that great seas run into the land from out the ocean. Thus it is known that a great sea goes in at Njorvasund (Gibraltar) and up to the land of Jerusalem." He describes the Black Sea and a land beyond it in Asia called Asaheim (the land of the gods), in Asgard the first city of this land lived a chief called Odin. He is described as "a great and very far traveled warrior." It is not here stated that he was worshipped or that he

was considered as a god but as a man endowed with superhuman powers both of mind and body. He makes and un-makes kings and even gods at pleasure. "In those times the Roman chiefs went wide around the world subduing to themselves all people; and on this account many chiefs fled from their domains. But Odin, having foreknowledge and magic sight, knew that his posterity would come to settle and dwell in the northern half of the world. Odin then set his brothers Ve and Vile over Asgard, and he himself with all the gods and a great many other people (gods and people seem to be coördinate) wandered out, first westward to Gardarike (Russia), and then south to Saxland (Germany)." The place where he lived is still known as Odinse; he also gave his other name Sig (victory) to Sigtuna, a town in Sweden. He is said to have conquered all northern Europe but not deigning to act as king himself he furnished all his kinsmen and friends with kingdoms. His son Skiold got a kingdom in Denmark with his capital at Odinse. Hengest and Horsa traced their lineage to Odin through a son who ruled in Saxland. Frey, also called Yngve, ruled over all the Swedes with a temple at Upsala, and gave his latter name to a lineage of nearly thirty kings known as the Yngling dynasty who ruled in succession at Upsala.

"Odin died in his bed in Sweden; and when he was near his death he made himself be marked with the point of a spear, and said he was going to Godheim, and would give a welcome there to all his friends, and all brave warriors should be dedicated to him; and the Swedes believed that he was gone to the ancient Asgard, and would live there eternally. Then began anew the belief in Odin, and the calling upon him."

The first of the sixteen Sagas in Heimskringla, called Ynglinga Saga, is devoted to the first Swedish dynasty and so is not an integral part of the Norse chronicle. His idea in prefacing the work with this Saga was no doubt to give the lineal connection with Odin which the later kings considered so important. Only a page or two is given to each of these many kings, and yet it is of great interest because it is all we have that bears any semblance to a history of that time and people. It contains no dates, and there are no records of contemporary events either in Sweden or adjoining countries in

which one may hope to find allusions to these names. It seems probable that whatever aberrations these records may contain are due only to the distance which the traditions had traveled before being recorded, and that the names of the kings together with certain cardinal and rational facts relating to them may be safely relied on. For instance Fiolner was the third from Odin. He met his death while visiting with Frode, the friendly king of Seeland. There was a great feast, and as Fiolner was wandering about on an upper balcony very drunk and sleepy, while all the rest were asleep, he fell through a hole into a tank of strong mead and was drowned. In the ballad of Thiodolf the Skald it is said :

“In Frode’s mansion drowned was he,
Drowned in a waveless, windless sea.”

Onund, the twenty-fourth from Odin was noted for making roads, clearing forests and developing the agricultural resources of the country. He was killed with many companions by a landslide while traveling on a mountain road. A few improbable circumstances are related of some besides Odin, though most of this is attached to him. Dag the Wise, it is said, could converse with the sparrows and sometimes got news from them concerning his enemies. This dynasty is estimated to have reached its close about 821, having extended through an unknown period before this. In the first Saga Snorre relied for his information mainly upon a long epic poem, the *Ynglingatal*, composed by Thiodolf late in the ninth century. The poem is now lost with the exception of the verses which Snorre quotes by way or illustration or proof, with the sketch of each king. A fair and candid estimate of this and other sources of information is given in the preface :

“In this book I have had old stories written down, as I have heard them told by intelligent people, concerning chiefs who have held dominion in the northern countries, and who spoke the Danish tongue. Some of this is found in ancient family registers, in which the pedigrees of kings and other personages of high birth are reckoned up, and part is written down after old songs and ballads which our forefathers had for their amusement. Now, although we cannot just say what truth there may be in these, yet we have the certainty that old and wise

men held them to be true. . . . There were skalds in Harald's court (860-930) whose poems the people know by heart even at the present day, together with all the songs about the kings who have ruled in Norway since his time; and we rest the foundations of our story principally upon the songs which were sung in the presence of the chiefs themselves and of their sons, and take all to be true that is found in such poems about their feats and battles; for although it be the fashion with skalds to praise most those in whose presence they are standing, yet no one would dare to relate to a chief what he and all those who heard it knew to be a false and imaginary—not a true account of his deeds; because that would be mockery, not praise."

Arè wrote a record of the early kings which formed a basis for Snorre's work. Indeed portions of the preface and of the earlier sagas are copied from Arè whose work has long since been lost. An eye witness of the events of the reign of Harald, the second Norse king here described, could have conversed with the person who gave information to Arè; and our author gives in his preface two distinct lines of intimate association by which Arè did obtain facts for his early record.

After the first Saga the scene changes from Sweden to Norway. Halfdan the Black took possession of the throne left vacant at the death of his mother's father, and was in turn succeeded by his son Harald Harfager. Although still no dates are given the author tells us that Harald began to reign at the age of ten, and died at the age of eighty three. Through these two as well as the two following Sagas the account continues to be fragmentary, and yet if we compare them with the extant histories of other Teutonic peoples before 1000 A. D., they are certainly very creditable.

With the sage of Olaf Trygvesson, who reigned from 995 to 1000, Snorre's record broadens out into a comprehensive and well proportioned history of the period in Norway. The writer has in Olaf a subject worthy of his pen,—a bold strong character fitted to mold the destiny of nations. Driven to spend his early life in exile, he makes his way successfully at foreign courts and gains a prestige for his later life at home.

"All this time Olaf Trygvesson was in Russia, and highly esteemed by King Valdemar, and beloved by the queen. King

Valdemar made him chief over the men-at-arms whom he sent out to defend the land. Olaf had several battles, and was lucky as a leader of troops. He himself kept a great many men-at-arms at his own expense out of the pay the king gave him. Olaf was very generous to his men, and therefore very popular. But then it came to pass, what so often happens when a foreigner is raised to higher power and dignity than men of the country, that many envied him because he was so favored by the king, and also not less so by the queen. They hinted to the king that he should take care not to make Olaf too powerful,—‘for such a man may be dangerous to you, if he were to allow himself to be used for the purpose of doing you or your kingdom harm; for he is extremely expert in all exercises and feats, and very popular. We do not, indeed, know what it is he can have to talk of so often with the queen.’”

Olaf was chosen king over the whole country of Norway by the General Thing at Throndhjem. He had some years before been baptized into the Christian faith while in the Scilly Islands, and now as soon as he became well established as king, he took counsel with the leading men of the kingdom and decided to proclaim Christianity throughout the whole land and take such steps as might be necessary to secure its adoption. Most of his rather brief reign was occupied with this undertaking. Many of the people weré found to be unwilling to give up their heathen sacrifices and their conception of a future life in which fighting and drinking should be the occupation of worthy; and it is not clear that much effort was made to instruct them in Christian conceptions. It is certain that whatever conception of Christianity King Olaf himself or other Norse leaders had were faulty in the extreme, and their untamed warlike zeal harmonized but poorly with the gentle spirit of the gospel of peace. The account of the introduction of Christianity in Halogaland gives an impression of his missionary methods, though all his expeditions were not so free from bloodshed as this one:

“King Olaf fitted out and manned his ships and commanded himself his ship *Tranan*. He had many smart people with him, and when he was ready, he sailed northwards with his fleet past *Byrda*, and to *Halogaland*. Wheresoever he came

to the land, or to the islands, he held a Thing, and told the people to accept the right faith and to be baptized. No man dared to say anything against it, and the whole country he passed through was made Christian. King Olaf was a guest in the house of Harek of Thiotta, who was baptized with all his people. At parting the king gave Harek good presents, and he entered into the king's service, and got fiefs, and the privileges of lendsman from the king."

The Long Serpent, a war ship which King Olaf had built about the year 1000 was, from the description given, as fine a specimen of naval architecture as had ever been built at that day. The keel was 111 feet long, and there were 34 benches for rowers, besides being rigged for sailing. "The ship was both long and broad and high-sided and strongly timbered." Snorre tells us that the beam-knees were still to be seen in his day—more than two hundred years afterwards. "The head and the arched tail were both gilt. This ship was the best and most costly ship ever built in Norway." It appears from this and other structures that the Norse people of that day were well abreast with the most advanced nations in the practice of the arts and industries as well as in literature.

An interpolation of eight chapters not found in the oldest manuscripts of *Heimskringla* has crept into some editions as early as 1697. It consists of an account of the expeditions made from Iceland to Greenland and the American coast about the year 1000. It is inserted after Chapter CIV. of Olaf Trygvesson's Saga and is copied verbatim from the "Flatey Codex," a record written in Iceland between 1387 and 1395, nearly a century before Columbus went to Iceland in search of information to confirm his theory of the shape of the earth. The passage where it belongs is no doubt authentic but is not a part of Snorre's work. In this edition it is printed as an Appendix to Olaf Trygvason's Saga.

The Saga of Saint Olaf Haraldson, who was king of Norway from 1015 to 1030, is not only the longest of all these sagas but is also the best specimen of old Norse historical literature. He began his soldierly career at the early age of twelve. Many battles are described as occurring in quick succession during the next seven years. He was then proclaimed

king over the whole country by the several petty kings who had arisen and felt the need of a unified government. He then gave his whole attention to the uprooting of the heathenism which still cherished many customs contrary to Christianity. A large part of the Saga is devoted to the reforms which he introduced. At first he was popular throughout the country but his stringent enforcement of the new laws and customs were more than could be borne with composure by a people accustomed to so much license; he gradually lost his grip on the people; treachery and rebellion began to be felt in many places. Under these circumstances King Canute of England found it easy to reduce Norway to his own authority and so Olaf was compelled to flee into Russia where his remaining years were spent in the most rigid practice of what he regarded to be Christian precepts. Years afterward, when the king of Canute's appointment disappeared and Norway was left without a head, Olaf gathered a small band and sought to regain his kingdom. He would accept the services of no man who would not first accept the Christian faith and be baptized. He perished in the first encounter, but his memory was treasured by his friends first, and afterward all Norway came to see that he was a good and noble king who had done and sacrificed many things for the good of his people. Soon there spread over his memory the unearthly glamour of mediæval saintship. Snorre relates many miracles of healing and mercy which are said to have been wrought by Saint Olaf all along the century and a half afterward which is covered by Snorre's record.

The remaining sagas making in all sixteen bring the history in a fairly complete form down to the year 1184. In connection with each king there is a clear, comprehensive and pleasing account of his times, the employments at which himself, his warriors and his people were engaged, their prosperity or failure, the conquests or defeats of his earls, their marriages and relations with neighboring earls, and many valuable allusions to the neighboring countries. It deals with the political councils and Things or legislative assemblies, by whom called, their purpose and result, all religious movements of the times and especially in connection with the introduction of Christianity into the various districts including Iceland and Greenland.

The frequent mention which is made of women, the influence which they have in the councils of the men and their great activity in all proper affairs show that they held a position relatively to men, much higher than was common among other peoples of the time. Slaves in the eleventh century were allowed to hold property, cultivate land on their own account and buy their freedom—a favorable contrast with the Anglo-Saxon custom.

Of the old religion there is but little said. We read of Olaf's entering temples on his missionary expeditions and smashing images of Thor, and also of sacrifices of horse-flesh being made to Odin. Laing finds in this fact an indication of the eastern origin of the race because the practice is too expensive in the north to spring spontaneously from the people of that region, but Dr. Penka in his "*Herkunft der Arier*" and Viktor Rydberg in his "*Researches in Teutonic Mythology*" (translated by Dr. Anderson) are finding in this very religion a reason for believing that Scandinavia was the primitive Aryan home.

As one reads these volumes he cannot fail to be impressed by their solid literary character, and the broad culture of the author. It is strange that this *Ultima Thule*, lying under the Arctic circle, separated by an ocean from all the world, at an age when all the world was lying under an apathy which extended to every phase of human activity, should be able to produce such a work as this, and many others nearly as good. Surely our American scholarship would do well to become more generally familiar with this work of which Emerson said: "It is the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of the Anglo-Saxon race." Frederick Metcalfe says: "Here is a Macaulay in the thirteenth century." Carlyle says: "The early kings of Norway deserves were it once well edited, furnished with accurate maps, chronological summaries, etc., to be reckoned among the great history-books of the world." In this new edition these requirements have been fairly well supplied.

W. J. MUTCH.

YALE UNIVERSITY BULLETIN.

No. 97.—WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 5, 1889.

Sunday, September 29.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M.
Rev. Professor Harris. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30
P. M. Address by Professor Reynolds.

Tuesday, October 1.—*School of the Fine Arts*—School year opens.

Wednesday, October 2.—*Medical School*—Examination for Matriculation. Medical School, 150 York st., 9 A. M. *Philosophy of Religion* (University Lecture)—Professor Ladd. 194 Old Chapel, 4 P. M. *Class Prayer Meetings*—Dwight Hall, 6.40 P. M. *Semitic Club*—The Philadelphia Babylonian Expedition, by Dr. Robert F. Harper. Room B, East Divinity Hall, 7 P. M.

Thursday, October 3.—*Medical School*—Fall Term opens—Medical School, 150 York st., 12 M. *Preservation of Health* (Lecture to the Divinity School)—Leonard J. Sanford, M.D. Room B, East Divinity Hall, 3 P. M. *College Faculty Meeting*—7 Treasury Building, 4 P. M.

Friday, October 4.—*Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 89, Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M. *Lecture Preparatory to Communion Service*—Dwight Hall, 7.30 P. M.

Hugh Chamberlain Greek Prize.—The Hugh Chamberlain Greek Prize, being the income for one year of a fund of one thousand dollars, given in 1886 by the Hon. Daniel H. Chamberlain, LL.D., of New York City, is awarded to Winthrop Edwards Dwight, of New Haven, Conn., who was prepared for college by private instruction. Honorable mention is also made of the examinations of William Begg, of Hendersonville, N. C., who was prepared at the Hartford Public High School; of William Judson Lamson, of Montclair, N. J., who was prepared at the Montclair High School; and of William Lyman Couch, of New Haven, Conn., who was prepared at the New Haven High School, and who died as the result of an accident on August 10, 1889. This prize is offered annually to the members of the class entering college, for the best examination in the Greek required for admission.

Lectures in the Divinity School.—Leonard J. Sanford, M.D., late Professor in the Yale Medical School, will give a brief course of lectures, on the Preservation of Health, to the students of the Divinity School, in Lecture Room B (East Divinity School), on successive Thursdays, at 2 P. M.

Graduate Courses in Political Science and History, Fall Term, 1889.—The hours are announced as follows: Professor Sumner, United States History, Monday and Thursday, 10-11; Anthropology, Monday and Thursday, 11-12, 195 O. C. Professor Hadley, Corporations, Tuesday and Friday, 10-11, 194 O. C. Mr. Reynolds, Roman Law, Wednesday, 12-1; Constitutional History, Tuesday and Friday, 10-12, 4 Treasury. Mr. White, Local Government, Tuesday, 12-1, 195 O. C. Professor Brewer, Physical Geography and Political History, Monday, 8-4, 10 Sheffield Hall. Professor Adams, Formation of the American Union, Tuesday, 4-5, 244 Lawrence. The Courses will begin on Monday, September 30. Professor Wheeler will determine the hours of Course 15 after conferring with those desiring to take it and will meet them for that purpose Wednesday, October 2, at 11 o'clock, 196 O. C. The hours of Course 9 will be subsequently announced.

NO. 98.—WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 12, 1889.

Sunday, October 6.—*Public Worship, followed by Communion Service*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. President Dwight. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by Mr. J. R. Mott.

Wednesday, October 9.—*Philosophy of Religion* (University Lecture)—Professor Ladd. 194 Old Chapel, 4 P. M. *Class Prayer Meetings*—Dwight Hall, 6.40 P. M.

Thursday, October 10.—*Preservation of Health* (Lecture to the Divinity School)—Leonard J. Sanford, M. D. Room B, East Divinity Hall, 2 P. M.

Friday, October 11.—*Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 89, Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M.

Lucius F. Robinson Latin Prizes, in College.—Professor Peck will state the condition of these prizes for the present year (for Seniors and Juniors in Latin, and for Sophomores) at No. 176 Lyceum, on Tuesday, October 8, at 6.45 P. M.

NO. 99.—WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 19, 1889.

Sunday, October 13.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D. D., of New York City. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by the Rev. Dr. Vincent.

Wednesday, October 16.—*Philosophy of Religion* (University Lecture)—Professor Ladd. 194 Old Chapel, 4 P. M. *Class Prayer Meetings*—Dwight Hall, 6.40 P. M.

Thursday, October 17.—*College Faculty Meeting*—7 Treasury Building, 4 P. M.

Friday, October 18.—*Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 89, Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M.

No. 100.—WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 26, 1889.

Sunday, October 20.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. Loren F. Berry, of Fremont, Nebraska. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by the Rev. Mr. Berry.

Wednesday, October 23.—*Philosophy of Religion* (University Lecture)—Professor Ladd. 194 Old Chapel, 4 P. M. *Class Prayer Meetings*—Dwight Hall, 6.40 P. M. *Semitic Club*—Paper by Professor Harper, on the Oriental Congress recently held at Stockholm. Room B. East Divinity Hall, 7 P. M.

Thursday, October 24.—*Preservation of Health* (Lecture to the Divinity School)—Leonard J. Sanford, M.D. Room B, East Divinity Hall, 2 P. M. *Philosophical Faculty Meeting*—7 Treasury Building, 5 P. M.

Friday, October 25.—*Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 89, Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M.

No. 101.—WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER, 2, 1889.

Sunday, October 27.—*Public Worship*—Battell Chapel, 10.30 A. M. Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D., of the Center Church. *General Religious Meeting*—Dwight Hall, 6.30 P. M. Address by Professor Harper.

Wednesday, October 30.—*Philosophy of Religion* (University Lecture)—Professor Ladd. 194 Old Chapel, 4 P. M. *Class Prayer Meetings*—Dwight Hall, 6.40 P. M.

Thursday, October 31.—*Preservation of Health* (Lecture to the Divinity School)—Leonard J. Sanford, M.D. Room B, East Divinity Hall, 2 P. M. *College Faculty Meeting*—7 Treasury Building, 4 P. M. *Readings from Molière*—M. Bergeron. 197 Old Chapel, 7 P. M. (Open to all students.)

Friday, November 1.—*Last Day of applications for Remission of College Tuition*—7 Treasury Building, 10.30 A. M. to 12 M. *Berkeley Association* (Evening Prayer)—Room 93, Dwight Hall, 6.45 P. M. *Lecture Preparatory to Communion Service*—Dwight Hall, 7.30 P. M. *Political Science Club*—Organization of Work for the year. 195 Old Chapel, 7.30 P. M.

Beneficiary Aid to College Students. New applicants for the remission of tuition are requested to call at the President's Room, No. 7 Treasury Building, between 10.30 A. M. and 12., before November 1.

Students desiring a renewal of aid granted last year can obtain the form of application from the Dean, or from Professor Richards.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

LECTURES ON RUSSIAN LITERATURE.*—This little book will give its readers an understanding of the subject which it discusses which will be in an inverse proportion to its size. Of course, no one will expect—in a thin duodecimo—anything like exhaustive criticism. But for the purpose which the author—Ivan Panin—proposed to himself, it is as nearly perfect in its conception as can be, and these six short chapters throw a flood of light on what to most persons has seemed hopelessly obscure. There is a simplicity, too, in the explanations which are given which is in itself charming.

The author reminds us that Russian literature is all of very recent growth. But recent as it is, there are points of marked parallelism between it and the literature of older nations. Among all people, he says, the “earliest voices” have been those of joyous song. Then, the time comes when men begin to recognize the fact that life is something more than mere enjoyment; that there is evil in the world. So they resign themselves to lamentations; and literature becomes the expression of their unrest. The “singer” gives place now to the “lamerter, the reproacher.” “Job succeeds Miriam; Æschylus succeeds Homer; Racine and Corneille take the place of the troubadours; and Byron succeeds Shakspeare.” Then, in its turn, the period of mere protest against evil passes away, and literature becomes aggressive, and attacks all established institutions. “Tragedy is followed by comedy, sentiment by satire. Æschylus is followed by Aristophanes; Horace is followed by Juvenal and Martial; Racine is followed by Voltaire; and Byron by Dickens.” At last, men begin to discover that the powers of evil are not to be overcome by violence, but by faith in God, and by love towards man. “Greek literature ends with Socrates and Plato. Roman literature ends with Marcus Aurelius and Seneca.”

* *Lectures on Russian Literature.* By IVAN PANIN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889. 12mo., pp. 220.

Now all these phases of literary life are to be found among Russian authors. Panin has selected Pushkin as an example of the first phase; Gogol as an example of the second; Turgenev, of the third; and Tolstoy, of the fourth.

We cannot follow the author further, and must limit ourselves to giving a single poem of Pushkin.

“TO A FLOWER.

A floweret, withered, odorless,
In a book forgot I find;
And already strange reflection
Cometh into my mind.

Bloomed where? When? In what spring?
And how long ago? And plucked by whom?
Was it by a strange hand? Was it by a dear hand?
And wherefore left thus here!

Was it in memory of a tender meeting?
Was it in memory of a fated parting?
Was it in memory of a lonely walk?
In the peaceful fields, or in the shady woods?

Lives he still? Lives she still?
And where is their nook this very day?
Or are they too withered,
Like unto this unknown floweret?”

But Panin says that Pushkin is the “least” of Russian writers, because “he hath no purpose.” It was Gogol who was the first master of literature in whom a purpose is visible. “But,” he says, “it was not given to Gogol to announce the loftiest message, the message of peace, of love, of submission, the message of Tolstoy. The times of Gogol were not ripe for this. The times of Gogol called for indignation, for protest, and Gogol is the indignant protester.”

Of Turgenev all that we have space to say is that to understand his writings we must keep in mind the fact that he was the “literary warrior” who did service as the mortal enemy of the manifold evils which everywhere abounded in Russia.

And now Panin continues: “O my friends I cannot emphasize it too strongly that our gifts—whether they consist in wealth, or in the ability to sing, to paint, to build, or to count—are not given unto us to be used for our pleasure merely, or as means of our advancement, whether social or intellectual. But they are

given unto us that we may use them for helping those who need help. Talk therefore not of art for its own sake; that art needs no purpose, but is an end unto itself. Such talk is only a convenient way of evading the heaven-imposed responsibility of *using for others* those gifts with which a merciful power hath endowed their undeserving possessors. Art, therefore, to be truly worthy, must have a purpose; and, execution being equal, that art is highest which hath the highest purpose; that art lowest, which hath the lowest purpose."

It needs hardly be said that to Panin, Tolstoy is the noblest figure in Russian literature. He passes by his novels, declaring that Tolstoy himself now speaks of them as if they were nothing, and gives to him the first place, because "he proclaims above all the doctrine of Jesus."—"The burden of his message is the ever recurring, Brethren, follow Christ. Follow Christ with your heads, and your metaphysics will take care of themselves; follow Christ with your will and your passions will take care of themselves: follow Christ with your hopes, and your self-respect will take care of itself: lastly, follow Christ with your hands, and your work will take care of itself. Tolstoy's book is therefore only the fifth gospel of Christ, and Tolstoy himself is therefore only the thirteenth Apostle of Jesus."

One other word we must add. Panin claims for the works of his countrymen that unlike what has been the fact in other nations, those who have cultivated literature in Russia have been for the most part men of wealth, who were not forced, by the need of bread, to write hastily and without due preparation. They have had leisure to polish the works which they gave to the world, and bring them to perfection. Hence in Russian literature there is to be found a perfection of taste and a purity of style, which is one of its marked characteristics.

WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY.

EIGHT HUNDRED MILES IN AN AMBULANCE.*—Not the least of the attractions of this bright story of summer travel, in Wyoming Territory, is the fact that a large circle of the friends of the writer—widely scattered over the whole country—will read between the lines, and find in it a kind of counterpart to one of the

* *Eight Hundred Miles in an Ambulance.* By LAURA WINTEROP JOHNSON. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. 1889. 12mo, pp. 131.

most graceful and pleasing of the poems which gave to N. P. Willis a literary reputation, while he was yet a college student in New Haven. The poem to which we refer is addressed "To Laura W——. Two Years of Age." This child was the beautiful daughter of Mr. Francis B. Winthrop, of New Haven, who was a descendant of Governor John Winthrop, of Connecticut. Her mother was the sister of President Woolsey. Major Theodore Winthrop was her brother. Willis, in his college days, was received as a frequent visitor in the family; and the remarkably "sunny" expression which lighted up the face of the little girl, and which through life made her so attractive as a woman, inspired the verses which have been read by thousands. How many delighted parents have applied to the child who was the light of their own homes the lines which were first addressed to Laura W——!

"I would that thou mightst ever be
As beautiful as now;
That time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow.
I would life were all poetry
To gentle measures set,
That naught but chastened melody
Might dim thine eye of jet;
Nor one discordant note be spoken
Till God the cunning harp hath broken."

The veil which obscured the vision of the poet is now partly lifted. These happy memories of a journey of "Eight Hundred Miles in an Ambulance," which Mrs. Laura Winthrop Johnson put in writing when the recollections of its strange and varied incidents were fresh in mind, form a fitting sequel to the poem from which we have quoted, and give to those who never knew her the pleasing evidence that, to a remarkable degree, her long life did indeed prove to be

"all poetry
To gentle measures set."

The story is introduced by a few paragraphs from the pen of her friend and neighbor, on Staten Island—Mr. George William Curtis—who pays an affectionate tribute to "the singular sweetness and serenity of her nature, her catholic sympathy, her high intelligence, and her varied and generous accomplishments." Her

death occurred not many months ago, and Mr. Curtis tells us that "in all the amenities of social intercourse she was untiring; and her life, as parent, friend, and citizen, was full of beneficent activity and rounded with content. With gentle dignity and tender assiduity, of a happy temperament and in rosy health, loving and beloved, she greeted the inexorable advance of years and smilingly held Time at bay. Although past sixty she still had the aspect of her blooming prime. The music of the poet's salutation to the child of two years often murmured in the memory of those who saw in the mother and grandmother the child's 'sunny brow' still smooth and fair."

It is with regret that we abstain from quoting some paragraphs from these pages which show what the condition of Wyoming was only a few short years ago.

WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE DURING THE SECOND FRENCH EMPIRE* is a book that will make its way, and attract hosts of readers during the coming winter. The information here given, in a style that is attractive as well as condensed and clear cut, has hitherto not been generally accessible, except in works that are so extended that they are calculated to repel all except those who are disposed to make a serious study of the period. Mr. Murdock has sketched the story of the *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon; the Crimean war; the unification of Italy under Cavour; the rise of Prussia; the Schleswig-Holstein war; the Prusso-Austrian war of seven weeks; the Franco-Prussian war; and the fall of the Second Empire; in such a way as to give the general reader a very tolerable outline of the great events which make the period from 1850 to 1870 so memorable. We are confident that his book will stimulate very many person to go on to a study of the more elaborate works to which he refers as authorities.

We mention as one of the admirable characteristics of the author, the definiteness of his statements. The most rapid reader can never be at a loss to understand at once what he

* *The Reconstruction of Europe.* A sketch of the diplomatic and military history of Continental Europe, from the Rise to the Fall of the Second French Empire. By HAROLD MURDOCK. With an Introduction by JOHN FINKE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. 12mo, pp. 421.

means. He states clearly what was gained and what was lost by each one of the Great Powers in their long struggle for supremacy.

As an illustration, we will quote the paragraph with which he ends his account of the war in the Crimea, and describes the way in which the different nations were affected by the treaty of Paris, "in the days when the treaty was young."

Russia lost 250,000 men by wounds, exposure, and disease; France lost nearly 100,000; England 26,000; Turkey 35,000; and Sardinia 3,000. Russia entered upon the war to maintain her right of protectorate over the Greek Christians in Turkey, to humiliate the Porte, and perhaps destroy it. By the terms of the treaty of Paris, she not only failed in this, but lost her nominal protectorate over the Danubian Principalities. She also lost her supremacy on the Black Sea, being forbidden to maintain a naval fleet on its waters. She yielded Kars for Sebastapol and other points held by the allies, and was obliged to suffer a loss of territory on her southeastern frontier. Aside from the expenditure in blood and treasure, Russia stood as the principal loser by the war.

The Emperor of the French had entered the contest for military "glory," and to strengthen the insecure foundation of his throne. He gained the plaudits of an admiring world, which hastened to crown him as the sovereign of the first military power of Europe.

England had taken up arms to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire, to curb the ambition of Russia, and settle the Eastern Question. England was regarded in the light of a Power that had gained her ends.

Turkey fought for self-preservation; and, propped by the strong arms of the western powers, she still lives. Furthermore, she gained admittance into the great family of European States, with all that this dignity implied. The Sultan renewed the old pledge to close the Sea of Marmora to ships of war during the times of peace.

Sardinia fought to gain the attention and ear of Europe. The 8th of April at the Paris Congress demonstrated her success."

This concise statement is followed by an answer to the question: What, after the lapse of twenty-five years, have been the permanent results achieved by those two years of bloodshed in the East? Mr. Murdock says:

Russia has scoffed at the treaty, and resumed her sway on the Euxine, and in the Principalities.

The French emperor sleeps in exile, and the "glory" that the world awarded him has passed away in the wreck of his tinsel empire.

England still frets over the unsettled Eastern Question.

The "sick man" lives on, but his palsied hand has lost its grip on the north of the Balkan range.

Sardinia, and Sardinia alone, has proved to be the real gainer by the Crimean war; for from the day when the gallantry of the Bersaglieri on the heights of the Tchernaya gained Cavour an influential voice in the Congress of Paris, dates the birth of the Kingdom of Italy.

It is this method of summing up the results of each political struggle, and stating them succinctly and clearly, that will make this book valuable to those who have not been especially familiar with modern European history. Of course, in a duodecimo of 420 pages, no more than an outline sketch can be expected. So those who are already acquainted with the sequence of events will be constantly surprised to find how rapidly the author skips over the ground. For instance, the negotiations with regard to the cession by the Piedmontese government of Nice and Savoy to France, and the manifold complications and consequences of that cession, are barely alluded to, and on the reader is hurried! Yet we are not at all sure that even those who are the best informed will not take as much interest in these rapid sketches as the tyros in history.

Mr. Murdock has brought out prominently what has been learned, since the fall of the French emperor, about the inefficient condition of his army at the beginning of the Italian war of 1859; the wretched strategy shown by the French commanders in that campaign; and the personal incapacity of Louis Napoleon. The success which the French gained was due to the greater incapacity of the Austrian commanders. Radetsky was no longer living. The bulletins of Louis Napoleon were as untrustworthy as those of his uncle; and now that we know how utterly weak and contemptible he showed himself at Magenta, we can not read them without a smile. Very little is said of Mazzini. Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition is divested of much of the halo with which it was for a long time surrounded; and his rapid and marvellous success is ascribed in great measure to the fact that the whole population was weary of the oppressive rule of the Bourbon king. The Neapolitan army in Sicily simply crumbled away before the invader. Within the space at Mr. Murdock's command, it is too much to expect that he should have fully explained the character of the danger apprehended by the Piedmontese government, when Garibaldi appeared on the Volturno, flushed with victory. There was, of course, as the author points out, the possibility that that impressionable chieftain might throw himself on the States of the Church, but it is to be remembered that the Maz-

zinians were in large force in his army, and there were many of them who were urging him to establish a republic. We think that this was one of the facts that made it seem imperative to Victor Emmanuel that he should appear at once on the scene. Garibaldi's subsequent attempts on the Roman States are only alluded to.

The story of the rise of Prussia under Bismarck, and the exclusion of Austria from Germany, and the fall of the French Empire, is given on a somewhat smaller scale, but it is told in a very satisfactory manner.

The book is introduced to the public by Mr. John Fiske.

WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY.

GUÐRUN.*—Every one who has visited the Library at Zürich will have seen the famous letter, which Frederick II. of Prussia, wrote to Johannes von Müller, the editor of 'der Nibelungen liet' and remember that often quoted passage: 'Ihr habt eine viel zu vortheilhafte Meinung von diesen Dingen. Meines Bedünkens sind sie nicht einen Schuss Pulver werth, und würde ich sie nicht in meiner Bibliothek dulden, sondern herausschmeissen.' While reading the present volume it occurred to my mind, whether not many American and English readers would pass a similar judgment on Kudrun. For there is hardly a poem 'more sinn'd against' by interpolations than Kudrun, the original lays being actually buried under the mass of later additions not unfrequently stupid and utterly absurd, nay, even the text of the original parts has suffered from the hands of interpolators. The original poem consisted—as Müllenhoff's scholarly and thorough investigation has shown—of 414 stanzas and it is this part that justly can be called a German Odyssey (Gervinus). It is very much to be regretted, that the translator has not either confined herself to those original lays—so much the more, as for a *critical study* of the poem a going back to the Middle High German original is of course indispensable—or at least marked in some way those stanzas in print. For as Martin in the preface to his edition (p. xxix), says: 'it is highly to be recommended to every one who wishes to read the poem from an esthetic point of view, to read only this nucleus without paying attention to the inter-

* *Guðrun*. A Mediæval Epic. Translated from the Middle High German by MARY PICKERING NICHOLS. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. MDCCLXXXIX.

polated parts.' The preface is rather meagre. A short discussion of the different myths would certainly have been of great interest to a reader not versed in Germanic mythology. The translation itself is in general a faithful one. It is largely due to the somewhat difficult metre, that the translator has not everywhere succeeded in giving a literal rendering. The number of tautologies, abundant in the original, is still increased in the translation, thus in stanza 25, 26 and 1054, 2 ('now teach me, how to get accustomed to this' in the original, while in the translation it is = 1055, 1). Inaccuracies are not too frequent: 37, 4 'daz fi nâch dem sumere von des winters stunden solten bîten' does not mean 'That after summer was ended, they should spend the winter, with him abiding' but 'that they from (now) the time of winter should wait for the (beginning of the) summer;' 711, 3 'ouch vergaz er felten der vil liechten brünne' cannot mean 'Ne'er by him 't was forgotten to wear his armour shining,' 'niht vergezzen' is used here as in 1408, 1 'Ir ietweder des andern mit stiche niht vergaz.' Again in 354, 1. 2. 'freude' is not 'fun' but 'entertainment,' nor is 'wân' = 'when' (9, 4) but 'because.' 22, 4 'dâ von man daz maere wol erkennet' means 'from whom the lay has its name' and has nothing to do with Hagen's fame. 46, 3 instead of 'on them her glad eyes rested,' read 'on her their glad eyes rested : 1008, 2 the translator has without apparent reason deviated from the text, likewise in 1436, 1. 1322, 1 'oder' should be rendered 'and' or omitted, as it is the case in 401, 1. 2. 593, 3 etc. What can be the reason for using the hyphen in Gu-drun, Wâ-te?

HANS OERTEL.

"WHITHER"?*—Under this somewhat enigmatic title Professor Briggs has furnished the theological public some interesting reading. The main object of the book is to prove that much of the current and accepted theology of the Presbyterian Church has drifted far away from the Westminster standards. This purpose is carried out by a critical examination of the meaning of the Confession point by point and by placing the *dicta* of prominent leaders of theological thought side by side with its doctrines. It is thus a book for Presbyterians especially and is intended to

* *Whither? A Theological Question for the Times.* By CHARLES AUGUSTUS BRIGGS, D.D., Professor in the Union Theological Seminary. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York, 1889. Pp. 303. \$1.75.

throw light upon the mooted question of a revision of the standards in America. It certainly does shed some clear light upon that question. The book is a demonstration that either the Confession or current theology needs revision. We think that it makes clear some obvious necessities in each particular.

Dr. Briggs plants himself upon the Confession and stands forth as its champion. He proves that numerous departures from it have been made in accredited Presbyterian orthodoxy. He evidently holds that in the main they are departures for the worse, but, in some cases, our author expresses in the frankest manner his dissent from the standards. For example, he proves conclusively, what we think was evident on its face, that the expression "elect infants" was intended to imply the salvation of only a selected number of children dying in infancy. He then shows that the current theology has discarded this view, but without laying any basis for the opposite view in the system. The effort of Dr. Charles Hodge to find place in his system for universal infant salvation by defining the doctrine of justification by faith as applicable to adults only, is noticed, and our author continues: "It is vain to construct this doctrine of the universal redemption of infants on the ruins of the Protestant doctrine of justification by faith only. It is not necessary to destroy the Christian doctrine of the order of redemption through Christ. The relief is to be found in a more comprehensive view of redemption, and an extension of the gracious operations of God into the middle state, between death and resurrection, where the order of salvation begun for infants and others in regeneration, may be conducted through all the processes of justification by faith, adoption, sanctification by repentance, and glorification in love and holiness, in the communion of God and the Messiah" (p. 137).

Respecting the problem of continued probation, Dr. Briggs puts modern orthodoxy in the dilemma of accepting it, or of going back to the position of the Confession and of historic orthodoxy, that man had one probation in Adam and neither has had, nor will have any other. The conception of this life as a probation is one chiefly due to the influence of Bishop Butler and is a conception which will revolutionize eschatology, as it has revolutionized soteriology, if it is not given up. Dr. Briggs seems to prefer the view of one probation in Adam and the sovereign choice of some for salvation out of the fallen race that lost its one chance in him. He prefers, he says, "to trust with Calvinism to the electing

grace of God rather than to the modern notion of human probation" (p. 221). Whatever one may think of these opinions, it is certain that the accepted orthodox views of probation now current are in radical disharmony with the theology of the Westminster symbols. Theology may freely take its choice, but if it chooses the former, it is awkward to profess to hold the latter.

It will thus be seen, that Dr. Briggs throws down the gauntlet to the Presbyterian Church. He says in effect: "You no longer hold and teach your Confession." It is a serious charge; it is made by one in high standing in that church; it is sustained by strong argument and fortified by abundant knowledge of the history and intended meaning of the standards. If the main position of the book is true, it compels one of two inferences, either the Presbyterian Church must revise its standards, or, it must change its theology and return to harmony with its standards. Which does Professor Briggs favor? Which lesson is the moral of his book? In the consideration of some points he clearly advocates the latter alternative. Respecting others, he shows the disagreement and leaves the reader to make his own inferences. We have no doubt, however, that the book will be popularly construed to be a pamphlet on the side of revision of the Confession. As a matter of fact, it is rather a plea for the revision of theology.

We confess that from a careful reading of the book we received two somewhat inconsistent impressions. It seemed to be *confessionally* very conservative and *theologically* very progressive. We believe that many readers will not be quite sure on finishing the book whether Dr. Briggs considers a return to the Confession or further departures from it as, on the whole, more desirable.

The portions the book which are of greatest general interest treat of such living questions as the rights of Biblical Criticism, the necessity of progress in theology, and of increased Christian unity. The way is already open for union among Protestant bodies and should not be despaired of even with Roman Catholicism between which and Protestantism there is substantial agreement in essentials (p. 269).

The book has already awakened widespread interest and provoked many criticisms. After the smoke from the fusilades of the religious press clears away, it will be in order for scholars and theologians to take up the consideration of its positions and to discuss their bearing upon current theological opinion and prospective development.

GEORGE B. STEVENS.

ELLICOTT ON FIRST CORINTHIANS.*—A greater number of first rate critical works is available to the student in English upon First Corinthians than upon any other book of the New Testament. We have besides the treatises on this epistle in such general commentaries as Meyer's, Lange's, Alford's, and the Speaker's, the works of Godet, Stanley, Edwards, and Beet, not to mention the more popular books. Bishop Ellicott has added another valuable treatise to this number. The importance and interest attaching to this Epistle, arising partly from the character of the community to which it was addressed, and partly from the many passages of rare and striking beauty in it, may well justify the repeated effort of scholars to expound its language with the utmost carefulness and precision.

Bishop Ellicott's works on the shorter Pauline Epistles are so well known to students of the New Testament text that his characteristics as a commentator need not be enumerated. This volume closely resembles his earlier ones in plan and execution. It is above all things a philological commentary; that is, it aims to expound the sense by the close application of grammatical tests and principles. This fact will repel those who have too little time or patience to carefully follow the critical processes which have been necessary to the author's purpose. But we agree with him in saying: "If the student will patiently wade through these details of grammar, he will be rewarded by a real knowledge of the mind of the original, which, so far as I know, cannot certainly be acquired any other way" (Preface, p. 7).

In the construction of his text the author shows a conservative preference for the *Textus Receptus*, but gives due consideration, as he thinks, to the readings of modern critics. He has made, as heretofore, copious references to the Versions, and has called attention to the sermons of leading English divines upon passages of special importance. In this work he has added references to the principal treatises on Christian Ethics on account of the preëminently practical character of the Epistle.

We welcome the learned Bishop's Commentary as a valuable addition to our exegetical literature and as an example of sound and reverent scholarship.

GEORGE B. STEVENS.

* *A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians*. By CHARLES J. ELLICOTT, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. W. F. Draper, Andover, 1889. pp. 342.

THE INSANE IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.*—The author of this large and elegantly constructed volume is the President of the New York State Board of Charities; and the volume itself is dedicated "to his Excellency D. B. Hill, etc., and to my associate commissioners." The results of an investigation of foreign charitable institutions, "pursued without interruption through seven months," are here presented. The work is almost entirely confined to description of the institutions visited,—their sites, construction, management, and sometimes history,—with little or no admixture of comment or theory. A *Résumé* at the close reveals however, some of the wisdom of the author as gathered from his excellent opportunities for inquiry and observation. A number of plates adorn the volume.

We do not see how this book can fail to be of great interest to those who have upon their minds and hearts, the charitable care of the insane. It is not without decided interest also for those who are experts or inquirers regarding the workings of the disordered mind, while few narratives of travel and inspection can be more entertaining to those who are not repelled from the knowledge of the sad and painful and cruel things of life.

Among all the accounts given of the care of these unfortunates in foreign countries we have found most interesting and instructive, those of the "boarding-out" of the pauper insane in Scotland and of the "Provincial Insane Asylum of Alt-Scherbitz." In Scotland about one-fifth of the insane—largely pauper patients—are placed out to board in private families; here the residences of small farmers afford a convenient outlet for the chronic insane from the large asylums. The treatment they receive appears for the most part to be fairly satisfactory; nor is their conduct as a rule found particularly obnoxious to the sober and industrious peasants who receive them as boarders. In one case the housewife, referring to her patients, says: "They gie verra little trouble, troke aboat and are able to dae ony little thing for themselves." In another, the patients say of their hostess: "The mistress is verra kind to ilka body i' the house an' we help her to keep it in good order."

At Alt-Scherbitz near the railway line from Halle to Leipzig, is the group of buildings, surrounded by more than seven hundred acres, that furnished shelter and work and other provision for

* *The Insane in Foreign Countries.* By WILLIAM P. LETCHWORTH. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889.

the wants of six hundred insane folk and their attendants and officers. Here pains is taken to provide a simple healthful mode of life, with agreeable employment—as much as possible out doors—and intervals of relaxing amusement.

The report of the book is on the whole cheering though the subject is a sad one. For great improvements are constantly being established in the care of this class of unfortunates.

CHRISTIAN THEISM.*—We cannot better designate the character of this book than by quoting the author, as to the three objects had by him in view. They are—he says in the Preface: “1. To construct a progressive argument which shall be, not only logical in its methods and correct in its general conclusions, but likewise defensible in each individual part and item of it.

2. To free the subject as far as may be, from those obscurities and difficulties of which students in Theism are wont to complain.

3. To present the subject—without dodging any of its profound problems—in such clear and simple manner as to commend it to the general reader who is willing to think as he reads.”

It would be altogether too much to say that Prof. Purinton has succeeded perfectly in attaining these three objects. The book by no means shows the widest reading or the profoundest thought. It can scarcely be held to constitute a permanent contribution to the history of the great controversy between Theism and opposed views of the world. But it is clear, orderly, and sprightly; it is also characterized by much of what would be called “good sense.” It is therefore well adapted to interest and help that class of fairly intelligent but inexpert inquirers, which constitute, after all, far the larger number of readers of such books.

KANT'S CRITICAL PHILOSOPHY FOR ENGLISH READERS.†—The student who shrinks from the task of mastering the *Critique of Pure Reason* in the German of both editions, or who (however willing) is unable to enter upon this task, will find in these two

* *Christian Theism: Its Claims and Sanctions*. By D. B. PURINTON, LL.D., New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889.

† *Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers*. By JOHN P. MAHAFFY, D.D., and JOHN H. BERNARD, B.D. Vol. I. The *Kritik* of the *Pure Reason* Explained and Defended. Vol. II. The *Prolegomena* Translated, with Notes and Appendices. Macmillan and Co., London and New York: 1889.

volumes an admirable equipment for becoming fairly and agreeably familiar with the master-piece of the great thinker. We will suppose, then, a person of thought and general culture, who desires some more trustworthy and comprehensive knowledge of this philosopher than can be gained by reading the accounts of his system in histories of philosophy. We will suppose such an one to have reached the eminently sensible conclusion to substitute the reading of Kant for reading about Kant. Let this would-be inquirer procure the following three books: Watson's "The Philosophy of Kant, as Contained in Extracts from his own Writings," and these two volumes of Mahaffy and Bernard. Of these we should recommend that the *Prolegomena* first be carefully read. This is Kant's own explanatory treatise when his mind was in whatever state of transition took place between the first and second editions of the *Critique*. After this let Professor Watson's abridgment of the translation of Kant's earlier but more detailed and technical statement of his views be studied; and finally the Explanation and Defense (or paraphrase and commentary), of the *Critique*, by Mahaffy and Bernard.

In his translation of the *Prolegomena* Professor Mahaffy has followed the middle course between free paraphrasing and quite literal rendering. In this regard he differs from the plan followed by Bax, who is, with the exception of Richardson's rare, pedantic and obsolete (published 1818) work, his only competitor. Bax's translation aims to be quite literal. It accordingly throws upon Kant himself the responsibility, if the words seem to convey no clear conceptions to the reader. "I have," says Mahaffy (p. 7), "in many places endeavored to bring out the point of the argument by trifling additions or modifications." This plan we agree with the author in thinking to be better for the purpose which he has in view. It should not be forgotten that this purpose is the giving Kant's Critical Philosophy to English Readers.

This volume contains, besides the Translation, four Appendices. These are the principal passages in the "Kritik of the Pure Reason altered in the Second (and following) Editions." Appendix A is on the Deduction of the Categories; B, on the Distinction between Noumena and Phenomena; C, on the Paralogisms of Rational Psychology; and D, on the Intelligible and the Empirical Character.

We shall not enter on a detailed criticism of the Paraphrase and Commentary, given by Mahaffy and Bernard, of the Cri-

tique of Pure Reason. The meaning of many passages in Kant will always be disputed. No amount of explanation and defense can make the great master thoroughly self-consistent. Much less can the psychological basis upon which he rests his criticism be always maintained. But this does not require that we should abate in the least our appreciation of his matchless work and indisputable worthiness of being patiently and repeatedly studied. Neither because we should understand Kant in places differently from these authorities, do we the less appreciate and commend their work.

Let a word of well-deserved praise be added for those publishers who have done far more than all others for the study of Kant in England and America.

· EMPIRICAL LOGIC.*—Two previous works on the general subject of Logic by the same author evince his industry and interest in its study. These are the *Logic of Chance*, and *Symbolic Logic*, both rather large and important works. The "main original guiding influence" with him is ascribed in the Preface to Mill; although this influence, he thinks, "has subsequently generated the relation of criticism and divergence quite as much as that of acceptance." By the introduction of the term "*Empirical*" into the title we are to understand that the author does not believe, with Mill, in the attainableness of ultimate objective certainty, as the result of Induction, by any exercise of human reason. No novelty can be claimed for this treatise beyond such as consists in regrouping the familiar conceptions and in making a better appeal than heretofore to the recently accepted methods and results of the physical and natural sciences.

The Table of Contents shows us twenty-five chapters, of which the most important are those on the physical and the mental Foundations of Inference, on Definition, Division and Inductive Method. The short chapter on "Extensions of our General Powers of Observation" is particularly interesting.

The book, as a whole, is orderly, comprehensive and thorough; but it will, we fear, prove somewhat dry reading to other than professional students of Logic, and to them largely a matter of common-places. This is doubtless, however, due in part to the way in which the ground has previously been gone over.

* *The Principles of Empirical or Inductive Logic.* By JOHN VENN, Sc. D., F. R. S. Macmillan & Co., New York.

PHYSICAL REALISM.*—The author of this book would apparently have his readers believe that he has discovered and elaborated a new and superior philosophical system. The somewhat pretentious longer title (see below), implies this; indeed, we are expressly told as much in the earliest chapters. "Modern philosophy," says Mr. Case, "exhibits a constant oscillation between the opposite poles of the *ego* and the *non-ego*; and the two received kinds of realism are opposite currents in this oscillation extreme views are usually as untrue as extreme measures are dangerous. Is there a *via media*? I venture to propose a new Realism," (p. 22). But what is this new form of philosophy? No more concise answer can perhaps be found in the entire book than that given at the close of the chapter on Berkeley. "The real world includes, between the sensible and the supernatural, the natural world of insensible bodies and imperceptible corpuscles, which are physical objects of scientific knowledge inferrible only from physical data of sense." Now, in the crude uncritical meaning which would be put upon these words by the mind untrained in philosophy, they represent nothing which is new. Nor are they philosophical. By "the sensible," Mr. Case understands our sensations synthesized into objects of sense, and under the term, "the supernatural" he means to speak of God. That "physical objects," viz: things, exist, beside (Mr. Case says "between") God and our sense-perceptions, is undoubtedly nothing "new" to the unphilosophical mind. But until the author has told us something about the relations implied in this mysterious "between" and has defined what sort of real beings "insensible bodies" and "imperceptible corpuscles" are, and what justifies and is included in the "inference" referred to, and how data of sense, as such can be called "physical," etc., he certainly has done little or nothing toward establishing a new *philosophy* of Realism. Very little of all this does Mr. Case attempt, and less even does he actually accomplish.

The effort of Mr. Case to mediate between the cosmothetic idealist, who is loose in his logic, and the intuitive realist, who is not well up in natural science, can scarcely be called successful. It results in his making the following absurd answer to the question, "How can the sensible object be at once physical and inter-

* *Physical Realism*, being An Analytical Philosophy from the Physical Objects of Science to the Physical Data of Sense, by THOMAS CASE, M. A. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York.

nal?" "It is the nervous system itself sensibly affected." He even declares that "the hot felt is the tactile nerves heated, the white seen is the optic nerves so colored" (!) This will, indeed, be information to the students of psychology, whether from the introspective or the physiological point of view.

The book consists of two parts: the first being "General Proof of Physical Realism;" the second, a critical and polemical consideration of "Psychological Idealism." The latter contains chapters on Descartes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume and Kant.

It is some time since we have seen a treatise of about four hundred large pages put forth without table of contents or index. Mr. Case's book has not a trace of either.

FIRST AND FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS.*—The author of this book tells us that it may be regarded as "the cope-stone of what I have been able to do in philosophy." Indeed, it may be regarded as *his philosophy*; for he identifies philosophy with metaphysics, defines metaphysics as the "Science of First and Fundamental Truths," and states his conviction that he has now made this metaphysical science, which is preëminently philosophy, as clear and satisfactory as Logic has been, since the days of Aristotle. We do not agree with Dr. McCosh in his conceptions of the nature of metaphysics and philosophy, nor do we share in his conviction that it has all, under his hands, attained its final clear and satisfactory form. But we do regard this as on the whole the best book of its now aged and eminent author.

It would be not a profitable task to unfold the philosophical views of Dr. McCosh. They are widely known already; and those who are not acquainted with them and wish to become so cannot proceed more appropriately than to possess the book and read it. The author has the great merit of stating his views clearly; although in our judgment, the views themselves are far from clear in their ultimate import and bearing.

The appearance of this book regarded as the "cope-stone" of the author's work in philosophy, makes it fitting to say that, although he believes himself to have departed widely from the Scottish School, he is really its consummate flower. This school has done some good work and holds a place in the development of philosophy. But as a school it has had its day and is rapidly

* *First and Fundamental Truths*, being a treatise on Metaphysics, by JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., LL.D. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1889.

passing out of existence; indeed, we know of none of the new, vigorous, well-informed thought in philosophy which has not quite departed from this form of Realism, never to return to its embrace.

MERRICK LECTURES.*—The style and form of these lectures, are well adapted to the purpose for which they were designed,—viz: for delivery before the faculty and students of a school of a medium grade of culture. They are clear, simple, and direct; and with reference to these most desirable qualities are much to be commended. The estimate of the intelligent reader, touching the value of the knowledge they impart will depend largely upon his opinion of the merits of their author's views on questions of psychology and philosophy. The topics discussed are sufficiently indicated by the longer title given below.

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.†—A handsome and inexpensive little volume this, containing, besides Burke's famous essay, a short biography, "mainly compiled from the work of Sir James Prior," and corrected where necessary by more recent memoirs.

PROF. SIMEON E. BALDWIN ON "THE CENTENARY OF MODERN GOVERNMENT."—This address, which was delivered before the American Bar Association, at their annual meeting in Chicago, August 29, 1889, presents a review of the ends which have been proposed, and the immunities which have been secured, by modern legislation during the past hundred years;—a review of "what has been achieved, what retained, and what discarded." In this review, Professor Baldwin emphasizes particularly what has been done to secure the right of equality for all before the law; what has been done to secure the ignoring, in civil matters, of all distinctions of religion; what has been done to secure the spreading of education, information, and intelligence at public cost. He shows that the tendency of modern government everywhere has been to secure a popular representation in the legislature, based on

* *The Tests of the Various Kinds of Truth*, being a Treatise of Applied Logic. Lectures delivered before the Ohio Wesleyan University, on the Merrick Foundation, by JAMES MCCOSH, D.D., LL.D. New York. Hunt & Eaton.

† *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*. By the Right Hon. Edmund Burke; with a Biographical Introduction. New York. Scribner & Welford.

a wide and constantly widening grant of suffrage; to make the ballot more and more the instrument of suffrage, even in legislatures; to limit the suffrage by a provision for minority representation in office; to make a threefold division of the powers of government so that each branch shall be a check on the others; to arrange for a combination of a strong central government over a large territory, with due provision for the good government of every part. He calls attention, also, to the fact that modern government is becoming more and more a government by party, and that it has received an efficient support from journalism.

We quote a paragraph from what is said about the withdrawal of the State from its long alliance with Christianity:

In 1787, "the convention that framed our Constitution was sitting with closed doors in Philadelphia. Their work was, no doubt, in the main, a re-arrangement of existing materials. It took American institutions and put them in a new order and combination. But it did more.

Every delegate came from a State where some civil distinctions had always flowed from religious distinctions. There was, probably, no one of them who would not have considered himself an adherent of the Christian faith. The leaders were familiar with the political philosophy of antiquity, and with that of their own day; with Montesquieu and with Adam Smith. They found an unbroken current of authority in favor of uniting civil and religious institutions, to some extent, in every government. And yet, at the call of the youngest of them, Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, fresh from his law studies in the Inner Temple, they were ready to take this great step forward, by forever prohibiting all religious tests for office or public trust, under the United States. He made the proposition a month after the enactment of the Ordinance of 1787. The committee of detail, to which it was referred, took no notice of the suggestion in their report; but Pinckney secured its adoption as an amendment, and it stands at the close of the last Article but one.

In advocating the ratification of the Constitution in the South Carolina Convention, a year later, he insisted on this feature as all important. There was, he said, but one great government in Europe which provided for the security of private rights, and that withheld from part of its subjects the equal enjoyment of their religious liberties. Avoiding this error, we were to "be the first perfectly free people the world had ever seen."*

* *Elliott's Debates*, 319.

At this time, we must not forget, and for forty years later, the Test Act and Corporation Act of England excluded all men from office who were not members of the Church of England. Most of our own States retained some religious test as a qualification for the higher offices, and religious establishments were not forbidden in any, and expressly provided for in the Constitutions of six.*

This opening public trusts to all men, on an equal footing, found warm support from the leaders of the clergy, even in New England, where their influence was strongest. Fifteen ministers were members of the Massachusetts Convention, and all but one voted for the ratification of the Constitution.

"Many," said one of them, the Rev. Isaac Backus, with reference to this abolition of religious tests, "appear too much concerned about it, but nothing is more evident, both in reason and the Holy Scriptures, than that religion is ever a matter between God and individuals. . . . The imposing of religious tests hath been the greatest engine of tyranny in the world."†

"God, alone," said Rev. Phillips Payson, in the same body, "is the God of the conscience; and consequently attempts to erect human tribunals for the consciences of men are impious encroachments on the prerogatives of God."‡

The provision against religious tests for office left Congress still free to set up a religious establishment. One may well fall without the other. Such has been the slow course of English history. But when the sons of New England Puritans, New York Churchmen, Pennsylvania Quakers, Maryland Catholics, Virginia Cavaliers, Huguenot Carolinians, came together to join their independent commonwealths in a national life, they could not fail to see that church unity was impossible. The very fact, that so many of our States had had a state religion, was the strongest argument that the union should have none. New Hampshire, where Roman Catholics were debarred from office until 1877,§ was the first to propose a further guaranty of religious liberty as an amendment to the Constitution. Virginia and New York acted promptly in the same direction, and it was for want of this, among other provisions, that North Carolina refused to ratify the Constitution at all. At the first session of the first

* Delaware, Georgia, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and South Carolina.

† 2 *Elliott's Debates*, 148.

‡ *Ibid.*, 120.

§ June 21, 1788.

Congress, such an amendment, as we all know, was proposed to the States, heading a list of twelve; fitly placed first, because the most important, the most novel of all.

THE STORY OF BOSTON.*—It has been often said that the best way to acquire a love of history is to begin with the history of the town in which one lives. There is no village in the country so small, or of such recent settlement, that the story of its first beginnings and of its growth—however meagre and prosaic—is not of interest to its inhabitants. Then, next to the story of one's own town, the history of Boston and Washington, perhaps, will appeal to the interest of the largest number of persons. The Messrs. Putnam, of New York, have begun their proposed series of "histories of the great cities of the republic," with the "story" of Boston and of Washington. These two volumes have already been published. They are both illustrated with engravings and maps. They will soon be followed by others.

In the LIFE-WORK OF MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE† a personal friend of that well known authoress, with the permission of Mrs. Stowe herself, gives the story—in a very attractive manner—of the circumstances under which her various literary works were conceived and written. There are many interesting particulars stated which have never before been given to the public. In particular, an elaborate statement is made with regard to the last great event in Mrs. Stowe's literary career, her disclosure of the story which was confided to her by Lady Byron.

The frontispiece of the MAGAZINE OF ART for November is a photogravure reproduction in color of Solomon J. Solomon's "Sacred and Profane Love," which was conspicuous in the recent exhibition of the Royal Academy. A second paper on Millet opens the number, and is illustrated with the portrait of the artist, painted by himself, and with a number of examples of his work, including two full-page reproductions. Following this, is a

* *The Story of Boston.* A study of Independency. By ARTHUR GILMAN, M.A. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 507.

† *The Life-Work of the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."* By FLORINE THAYER McCRAE. Square 12mo, 440 pp., with 11 illustrations and ornamented cloth covers. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

second paper on "A Stroll through the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, Mass." by S. R. Koehler. The paper on "Current Art" is devoted to the *salon* of the past summer, and is well illustrated. "Artistic Advertising" is the title of a lively tilt between W. P. Frith, R. A., and the editor of the *Magazine*, as to whether art is degraded by being adapted to advertising purposes. Specimen pages of the decorative work in the Gladstone commemorative album are given, and then follow copious notes gleaned with care and taste. Cassell & Company, New York. Price 35 cents a number, \$3.50 a year in advance. A new volume begins in December.

The *ART AMATEUR* for October gives two large colored plates of even more than usual excellence—the full-length figure of a beautiful horse, after a study from life by the famous painter, Chelminski, and a highly decorative panel of nasturtiums. China painting receives most liberal attention this month, the designs, especially, being numerous and useful. The text abounds in practical hints, with working drawings for art needlework, wood-carving, illumination, and painting in oil and water colors. A new volume begins with the December number. Thirty-three colored plates suitable for copying or framing can be had, on certain conditions, by those who subscribe before January 1. Price \$4, single numbers 35 cents. Montague Marks, 23 Union Square, New York.

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The foregoing are but a small number of the letters and commendations I have received. Were I to present the whole, I must issue a volume. A thoughtful perusal of those already given will, in the mind of the educated men, implant a desire to know more of this marvelous work of reference, all information concerning which will be given by the undersigned:

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DECEMBER, 1889.

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No. CCXXXVII.

DECEMBER, 1889.

ARTICLE I.—THE MORAL OF THE PROHIBITIONISTS' DEFEAT.

It is a wise remark of Solomon that though you bray a Prohibitionist politician in a mortar with a pestle you will not succeed in pounding the nonsense out of him. (I do not quote with verbal accuracy, but that is about the sense of it.) It would be vain to expect the instigators and leaders of the late silly crusade for "constitutional prohibition" to learn anything from the series of overwhelming and humiliating defeats which they have suffered. They are undoubtedly quite capable of doing the same thing right over again, as indeed they do not hesitate to announce. But the rank and file of those who followed their assurances of victory into one of the most crushing series of defeats known in our political history, are not likely to set out at once on a new campaign without a change of policy, or a change of leaders, or both. They will insist on looking into this matter and finding out what the fault was,

and whose it was. And among the very first discoveries they make will be this:

I. The issue in the recent votes on constitutional amendment in several States was not an issue between the friends and the enemies of temperance, but only between a certain considerable faction of temperance men and the rest of the community. The utmost effort was made, during the campaigns, to hide or disguise this fact. "On one side," we were told, "are the good citizens, the good Christians, the ministers of the gospel, the upholders of law and order, the lovers of their country and of humanity; on the other side are the demagogue, the saloon-keeper, the pimp, and the gambler. Can you hesitate with which company you will go to the polls?" It was a campaign lie, of course, and a very effective one. But it will not be effective the next time. How far it was from the truth may be illustrated by a personal incident: I was present in a large circle of eminent gentlemen in an important university town, where this subject came up for friendly discussion. Among them were members of the various faculties of the university, and of different learned professions; there were men distinguished by their vigorous conflicts with "the rum power;" more than one had been a bold champion of the Maine Law in 1855, when that measure had not yet been discredited by the experience of a generation; and several of them had been residents of the State of Maine in the practice of their professions. I was much interested, as the question was passed around from man to man, to see how that company would divide. It *did not divide*. That entire room-ful, representing everything that is best and highest in citizenship, was absolutely unanimous in condemning "prohibition" as vicious in principle and mischievous in practice.

There is an obvious method of meeting facts like these, and of proving that nevertheless all temperance men are solid for prohibition—a method at least as old as Garrison, and probably as old as Satan: it is to allege that the dissentients from your favorite measure are in corrupt league with the enemy, and the secret victims of their own wicked passions. This method "*The Voice*" newspaper was not ashamed to adopt during the campaign, in circumstances peculiarly disgraceful to itself; or

rather, it was ashamed, no doubt, but it did it all the same. Of course, General Neal Dow did it—he *always* does it; he can't help it, poor old gentleman. It has become a fixed habit with him, like the habit of drinking, and we can only pity him as we "pity the poor drunkard." There was a time when this procedure had a certain measure of effectiveness. I have known, a good many years ago, a noble old man, one of the last survivors of the early temperance reformation, to be really quite annoyed for a time, to find himself pelted with vile names as a "rummy" by earnest reformers whom he had helped to fish out of the gutter and wash from their vomit, but whose projects of legislative quackery he declined to indorse. But at present, the evil words of these gentry have hardly any power of annoying. Their denunciations have about the same force with the resolutions in which the long-haired men and short-haired women who gathered around Mr. Garrison used solemnly, from year to year, to excommunicate President Wayland, and Albert Barnes, and Senator Seward, and Mr. Lincoln, as traitors to God and man. They may perhaps serve some purpose in bullying timid souls into voting for prohibition resolutions in an ecclesiastical body, but decent people are coming more and more to feel that it is pleasanter to stay in the outer darkness with such "rummies" as President Porter, and Professor Wayland, and Howard Crosby, and Phillips Brooks, than to be taken into the close fellowship of the sort of people whom we see through the windows quaffing their total-abstinence nectar inside the banqueting hall.

Thirty-three years ago, when the Maine Law, as a new broom, was doing some clean sweeping, there was substantial union among the friends of temperance and good morals in favor of it, at least as an experiment. And the result of the elections of 1855, in State after State, showed how triumphantly the friends of good order and good morals outvoted the enemies of society, if only they agree upon a measure for the public good. The proportion is not changed to-day. But (as the recent elections prove), a very large part of the friends of good order and morals are soberly and solidly convinced by the experiments of thirty-three years that the "prohibitory" law (so-called) does not work well, and that a law which does not work well is a bad law.

Now in this state of things there are (in Mr. Gladstone's favorite phrase) "three courses." One is to bully and brow-beat the dissentients into compliance and coöperation,—a course which has been pursued in the late campaign with great energy, but with so little success that it may as well be given up as hopeless. The second is to convince the dissentients by fact and reason that they are mistaken. This can hardly be said to have been tried; for, so far as my observation of the campaign extended, in two States, the argument of the female orator (for many, if not most, of the orators were of that gender) always stopped short just where the difficulty began to pinch. It gave harrowing accounts of the evils of intemperance, and there rested, with the easy feminine *petitio principii* that of course the way to deal with these evils was to vote her ticket. It may have been the safest way, to spend the evening's eloquence on the point on which all are agreed, and not to tackle the tough question which is the only one at issue. But if the second course is not to be taken, it remains to take the third course; and that is, since temperance men are hopelessly disagreed on the prohibition measure, and since they can only succeed through agreeing, to devise some useful measure on which they can agree.

This is a favorable time to consider the question, on what measure can honest and reasonable temperance men agree. In view of this year's demoralizing discomfiture, no sane man expects to see prohibition generally enacted and enforced for some years to come. The question, what shall be done in the mean time, is a fair question to all except those *jure divino* prohibitionists who hate one thing more than the horrors of drunkenness, and that is to see those horrors mitigated by anything else than their own favorite fad of legislation; who delight in seeing debauchery prevail, as the hopeful antecedent of their winning an election; who do evil that good may come; whose damnation is just. With such out-laws to reason, no counsel can be held. But there is no insuperable difficulty in finding a basis of at least partial agreement with the rest.

II. That basis will not include the idea of constitutional amendment, whether near or remote. The preposterous arguments to show that a constitutional amendment is better than

a statute will probably continue to satisfy the Women's Temperance Union and Senator Blair; but that grown men of ordinary intelligence will so much as affect to believe them, after the heat of the campaign is over, is not conceivable. The prohibitory amendment was to "take the question out of politics;" it was to "establish the policy of prohibition unalterably in the fundamental law," safe from the fluctuations of ordinary legislation; the rum power, in despair, would give up attempts to re-assert itself; "the traffic" should become extinct; a generation should grow up not knowing the taste of beer or cider; and "Time should run back and fetch the age of gold." These things and more did the well-intending orators promise us, if only we would resign our common-sense until after election. And they honestly did not know—bless their innocent hearts!—that their constitutional provision would be utterly inert, save to do mischief, except as it should be followed up by statutes; and that what the statutes should be—how effective or how ingeniously ineffective—would be for the legislature to say, and for the next legislature to unsay. The amendment might of itself frustrate whatever good is doing under existing laws; it might paralyze at a stroke the splendid work done in Philadelphia by brave and upright judges under the present law; but it could put nothing in place of it. It might make every saloon in the State unconstitutional; it could not make one of them illegal, nor subject the keeper of it to the slightest penalty. The constitutional article is good for nothing without a statute; the statute is just as good without a constitutional article behind it as with one, and just as stable. The vaunted experiment in Kansas is a case in point, where the constitutional amendment remained inert for years after its adoption, until at last they got a statute that would work. Whenever the liquor interest in Kansas is strong enough, it will not ask to repeal the constitutional amendment; it will simply amend the statute—slightly.

This argument of permanency, if it has any validity at all, is valid *against* putting "prohibition" into the constitution. It is peculiarly characteristic of "prohibitory" legislation that it operates for good only under narrow limitations of time or space. There are cases where it has been *permanently* effec-

tive, in peculiar circumstances, over a small area and population—as in Vineland, N. J., and Greeley, Col. And there have been cases—there were many in 1855—when it was *temporarily* effective over a whole State. But after twenty-five State experiments, ranging through forty years, there is only one solitary instance in which it is so much as pretended that the law has been effective over a whole State, for a period of ten years together. The record of one alleged success to a score of demonstrated failures is not such as to encourage sensible citizens to enact “prohibition” in any shape that shall hinder their repealing it promptly, as soon as it has come to the point when it is only an annoyance to honest people in their reasonable purchases, but no hindrance at all to tipplers and sots. Instead of the cry, “here is a measure which if you once adopt, you cannot get rid of it,” let the next campaign-cry be “try our little bill; if you don’t like it, you can repeal it.”

III. I do not believe it would be impossible to unite good citizens with substantial unanimity in a reasonable measure for the suppression of the drinking saloon. Only this measure must be devised and drawn with singleness and sincerity of purpose. This is what the prohibitionists on many a platform in the late campaign declared to be their one object—“down with the saloon—the saloon must go.” This was their motto—but their *program* was to enforce by law the practice of total abstinence on the entire population. Their warfare was against the saloon-keeper, but also against the brewer, the family grocer, the druggist, and against every farmer that owns a cider-mill. You can unite the moral sentiment of good citizens against the saloon-keeper and his business; you cannot unite it against all the rest. The attempt to degrade all these by law to the level of the tipling-house keeper can only result, in the estimate of confused consciences, in elevating him to their level.

Neither can the crusade against the drinking-saloon be successful, unless there is an intelligent recognition of those requirements of modern civilization which, in its mischievous way, the saloon does nevertheless supply; and with the recognition of these requirements, there must be an adequate provision to meet them. An absolute necessity, in a city like New

York, with its hundreds of thousands of homeless boarding-house or lodging-house population, is something *of the nature* of saloons—places where one can pass an hour, or an evening, in comfort and not in solitude. It is a disgrace to our civilization that the sole provision which it makes for this necessity is a drinking shop. But so it is; and as long as it is so, the drinking shop will not go. Doubtless it is a small matter to the malignant philanthropist and destructive reformer, what becomes of these hundreds of thousands when he has locked them out of the saloons with his prohibitory law;—let them sit on the curbstones. But it matters very seriously to them, and to the rest of us. It is time, at last, to get this Temperance business out of the rut of mere negation in which its whole philosophy of reform is summed up in two words, Abstain and Prohibit—first, what I won't do, second, what you shan't do. In the order of rational and stable reform, one thing comes before prohibiting, and that is providing. It is the proper business of us who demand to shut up the liquor saloons, to be ready with an answer to the question, What do you propose instead? And it must be understood that prayer meetings and the Young Men's Christian Association do not cover the whole field of this question.

Beside the requirement of saloons, is the requirement of a liquor trade—an absolute necessity to society, as every prohibitionist knows. Ample provision must be made, not only for sales plainly beneficent, but for all sales against which the law cannot make some reasonable presumption that they are likely to be mischievous. Unless this is done, your liquor law, no matter what name you call it by, will work with such friction that presently it will stop working altogether. There must be provision for liquor-selling, and provision for saloon-keeping. But the study of reformers and legislators should be to make sure that these two functions should never come into the same hands nor under the same roof. The device by which this end is to be legally secured is that very obvious and ancient license-law provision under which, for two hundred years, such a thing as a legalized tippling house was unknown in New England—the provision that no license shall be given authorizing liquor to be sold to be drunk on the premises. The law permitted the

vender, under the best practicable limitations and safeguards, to sell to those who came to the shop to buy and take away. But one thing (it said to the licensee), you shall not do; you shall not *organize temptation* and coax people to drink. You shall not make an attractive room and invite a man in to rest, or read a newspaper, or play a game, or hear a song, and then slip the decanter under his nose, or invite him up to a glittering bar to take something for the good of the house. That was the old New England license law, under which such a thing as a dram-shop was unknown. That characteristic American institution, the American liquor saloon, is a very modern affair; it dates from the beginning of the American Temperance Reformation, of which it is the offspring.

An effort to unite good citizens on this definite, practicable undertaking, the suppression of tippling houses, would be a hopeful effort. But let no one enter upon it without being distinctly made aware upon what warfare he has entered—that he will have enemies in front and in rear; in front the immense vested interest of the saloon, with its host of retainers; in the rear the organized bigotry and fanaticism of the professional reformers, resolved that no good shall be done unless it is done in their way, and busily engaged in shooting him in the back. It will be with him, as in the old slavery days with any one who, like Eli Thayer, undertook some great, practical, hopeful work against slavery, and found himself at once confronted by the fierce wrath of the slave power, and beset by Garrison and his gang, snapping and snarling, stinging and backbiting. It is precisely the same sort of people who then claimed to be the only anti-slavery people, and who now assume to be the only temperance people. They do no serious harm except to the cause with which they affect to identify themselves. They are capable of doing considerable mischief as allies; as enemies they are comparatively harmless, and far more agreeable. But however friendly they insist on being, they must not be trusted to command. The time demands not only a new program but new leaders—*non defensoribus istis*. The conduct of the cause should not again be entrusted to those blind who have just landed it ignominiously in the ditch.

IV. But what the Temperance cause, in preparation for its

next conflict, needs, even more than a new program and new leaders, is a New Morality; rather let us say, it needs to quit that doctrine of devils which of late years it has accepted at the hands of its "reformed drunkard" apostles, and go back to the morality of the New Testament. The fundamental falsehood of the prohibitionist school of moralists, the mother-fallacy of a monstrous progeny, is this—that no man is to blame for anything, if only he is powerfully tempted. This is the major premise; and the minor is like unto it—that the temptation to get drunk is the most powerful to which human nature is subject. Conclusion: *ergo* the drunkard is an unfortunate victim; pity the poor drunkard! More than forty years ago my father saw the beginnings of this pernicious ethics, and being a prophet, foretold the progress of it. Let me quote these few sentences of his, at the cost of making all the rest of my Article seem feeble:

"The time was, when drunkenness was deemed a dreadful sin, a base and beastly crime on the part of the drunkard, against his own nature, and against all his duties to his family, to society, and to his Maker; and some of us are of the same opinion still. In those days we had laws to punish a man for being drunk—laws which are not yet entirely effaced from our statute books. In those days a man was held responsible, not only for the fact of having made himself drunk, but for all the natural consequences of his having done so; and if an intoxicated man committed theft, arson, or murder, the intoxication did not excuse him, but was deemed to be an aggravation rather than a mitigation of his guilt.

"But for these few years past, a great effort has been in progress, to advance the welfare of society by suppressing all commerce in the means of intoxication. We do not here deny or question the legitimacy of the movement. But we ask whether in connection with this movement, there has not arisen in all quarters a habit of overlooking the guilt of the drunkard, and of exaggerating the guilt of the traffic and the trafficker. The drunkard, we have been often told, is less to blame than the man who sold him the liquor; and the liquor-seller, we are sometimes told, is less to blame than his temperance customers, who, if they would combine to lay him under an interdict, might compel him to come into their views; and in the same style of reasoning, these customers are less to blame than the town that permits that vender to have a license; and the town is less to blame than the State which might prohibit the traffic

absolutely;—and why not go straight through with this kind of logic, and say that the State is after all less to blame than God, who might have excluded the principle of fermentation from the universe and thus have saved us all this trouble? No, no! the drunkard himself, first of all and chief of all, bears the guilt of his own drunkenness. The temptations that surrounded him, he ought to have resisted; and had he resisted them, he would have gained a blessed victory: but with his destiny on his own hands, he wickedly bartered away his birth-right. And all the rhetoric and reasoning which would present that base, guilty, self-degraded wretch to our sympathies as a poor victim, overcome and borne away by the resistless power of circumstances and temptations, is of the nature of those evil communications which corrupt good morals.” *

It is my clear conviction that the wise and right way to begin the next campaign for Temperance is to levy open war against the pestilent heresy of these apologies for drunkenness and drunkards. It may be found that in order to get back to the Pauline ethics, we may find it necessary to revert to the Pauline discipline as to female speechmakers. For although it was the more or less “reformed drunkards,” glorying in their shame, who first inaugurated this gutter morality in Christian churches, the principal agency, at the present day, for maintaining and propagating it, with its demoralizing and depraving consequences, is the stump speaker in petticoats. The present state of the experiment with lovely woman in politics and in the pulpit throws a shadow of doubt over the promises of a paradisaical future to be attained by that agency.

* *New Englander*, October, 1846, Vol. III., p. 563; Article, “Shall Punishment be Abolished?”

LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.

ARTICLE II.—THE AMERICAN BOARD AT NEW YORK.

THE late meeting of the American Board has left on the minds of most of its members, and of the churches generally, a more favorable impression than any other meeting for several years. As time goes on, as the work of missions enlarges, as the desire for union among Christians is more deeply felt, and finds more frequent expression everywhere, all eyes turn to the oldest missionary society in this country for an example of the true spirit of brotherhood. The great respect felt for its founders, and its earlier members—with its noble line of presidents, and its missionaries renowned for scholarship as well as fervent devotion,—has made the very name of the American Board dear to all Christian hearts, and a title of the highest honor both in England and America. Meeting in the city of New York, after the lapse of more than two thirds as many years as make up its whole existence, and bringing together a larger number of its responsible members than ever before, it might certainly be hoped, that a wider view of Christian fellowship and obligation would be gained.

Nor have these expectations been disappointed. While the sense of danger may have led to some hasty expressions on the one hand, or to a desire to repress discussion altogether, it begins to be felt that after all, the way of safety is the way of openness and candor. Time and truth are always in league together, and if men can speak out their full convictions, and listen with a friendly ear to others, progress will surely be made in the right way. The great gain in the meeting at New York was a belief in the possibility of union, if a fair presentation were made on both sides. Hitherto such possibility has been openly or tacitly denied. The Board through almost all its history has ruled by unanimous or almost unanimous consent. Of late it has not been so. Agreement of two thirds and one third has been impossible. This view was broken down at New York. The strong assertion of the pastor of the

Tabernacle Church, that we could agree if difficulties were fairly met, found general response.

There is then a middle way. It is possible that the lines of distinction may be obliterated, that men may be regarded as worthy of the highest trust, who differ in many respects from the policy lately followed. Even in the Prudential Committee there should be a representation of other than a single view. Voting in the minority is not to be counted disloyalty to the American Board.

This is a great point gained, and made clear by the ballot, which showed changes and freedom of action on the part of some who have been always counted as the most conservative. Within the space of two hours of kindly and earnest discussion, mingled with entreaty, the minds of many were changed in their views of duty and expediency. The vote by which the Rev. Charles A. Dickinson was retained as a member of the Prudential Committee was a decisive admission of a new purpose. And the still further concession of many, in favor of withdrawing the nomination of the majority of the committee, showed that the time for conciliation had arrived.

Even before this, there was encouragement in the addition to the Prudential Committee of the President and Vice-President, men who are near to the hearts of the churches, and command the respect and confidence of all. But still more hopeful was the appointment of a committee of investigation,—a request long denied, and which, with the wise selection of the President, ensures a thorough sifting of all grounds of complaint, and an inquiry into the means by which even unfounded prejudices may be considered and removed. The platform laid down by the President, in his letter of acceptance, was admitted by all, according to a fair interpretation, to be a basis of union and harmony for the ensuing year.

But after all this has been joyfully and hopefully acknowledged, it still remains true that there are various elements of dissatisfaction that need to be harmonized. It is not enough that these elements be recognized, as deserving of respect, but that they be fairly met and relieved. The minority in the American Board represent, as they believe, a very general sentiment throughout all Congregational churches. The ob-

jections to its management are by no means new, and are far from being confined to any point of doctrine or school of theology. Some things are conscientiously demanded which must not be withheld. The Board cannot move on its way regardless of these demands, or expect the heartiest and fullest coöperation, even by the concessions already made, unless they be acted upon in the spirit of generous fellowship. It is the object of this Article to state these demands, which are not to be regarded as those of any particular party, or as offering a complete solution of the question, but an attempt at least to present those essential features, in which change is needed in order to promote true harmony.

I. Perhaps the most manifest claim is that our churches may have a closer connection with the Board. For years there has been a growing feeling that the churches were treated with scant courtesy by the ruling powers. Some have asked with wonder, how are these corporate members chosen, and many have been sensitive as to the discrimination that seems to them arbitrary and unreasonable. The churches have had no voice, even by way of recommendation. The choice seems sometimes to have been personal or accidental, and again the omissions have excited wonder. Certainly the Board has given no endorsement to the doctrine of "natural selection," or "the survival of the fittest." It is not to be supposed that any system would secure perfection in this regard. But if each church had the right to nominate to its local conference, and each conference the right to nominate directly to the Board, according to the vacancies to be filled, there would be a very different feeling among them, and names would be proposed, which otherwise are neglected or overlooked.

Of all our benevolent societies, the Board is the only one which offers to the churches no sort of representation. It has been said that the Board is responsible to its donors, and the selection is therefore put on a money basis. It may well be doubted whether this is altogether wise or Christian. Feeble churches may be strong in spirit. Our missionaries have often been nurtured in obscure places. To give a son or daughter to the Master's work is more than money and brings more friends to the cause than the largest contribution. It is clear that this

appeal of the churches ought to be noticed. There may be some better way of representation than any proposed, but it should be acknowledged that the Board is now a Congregational society. It was no idle threat, nor made in an unkind spirit, when Dr. Meredith said: "If the American Board is not a Congregational Foreign Missionary Society, I am in favor of making a Congregational Foreign Missionary Society as quick as it can be done." The churches are willing to wait patiently for overtures of union in some form or other, but they ought not to be treated with contempt.

This partiality is more manifest since some of our churches have two or three corporate members, while thousands have none. Congregationalists are not a jealous people, but they believe in the parity of the churches, and they would like to have a measure of respect shown to them all. Of late the number of corporate members has been increased, but that does not help the matter. If the directors of a bank were to double their number without consulting the stockholders, it might please some of those chosen, but would raise a rebellion among the rest. What the churches want is deference to their wishes, and a hearty sympathy manifested to them in some form or other. In fact, it is disrespectful to the churches, that while the question of representation is pending, and the committee still holds the instruction unanimously given a year ago, in this explicit form,—

"Resolved, That a committee of fifteen be appointed to consider the relation of the Board to the churches and individuals who make it their missionary agent, and the expediency, in view of the facts which they may ascertain, of securing a closer union between them, especially including the subject of the selection of corporate members; and that this committee be instructed to report what action, if any, they may deem wise in this direction, at a subsequent annual meeting of the Board,"

—it certainly has an aspect of indifference if not disrespect that the Board should proceed to elect twenty-one members, and appoint a committee to propose as many more perhaps another year. Should their number be increased tenfold, the question still returns, where is the fellowship of the churches, and the respect owed even to the least of them.

II. It is another demand of those dissatisfied with the present management of the Board that there should be more manifest sympathy towards our colleges and theological seminaries. A greater effort ought certainly to be made to promote a hearty union of feeling, and a confidence on the part of all our young men and women, in every stage of education, that the administration is doing everything that can be done to encourage their interest in the work of missions, and to make the way easy to enter upon this grand enterprise. Surely there are difficulties enough, in the natural shrinking from hardship and exile, in the surrender of plans of personal ambition and ease. Many who feel the pressure of Christ's call to go far hence to the Gentiles find ready excuse in obstacles that present themselves, in the claims of our own country, and in the affectionate solicitation of friends. It is sad indeed that any further stumbling block should be put in their way by those whose chief object it ought to be to strengthen their resolution and relieve their doubts.

It is never to be forgotten that the missionary enterprise was conceived in the hearts of young men. It came to the birth in the college and the theological seminary. It was there throbbing with the pulse of life before it appeared among the reverend fathers of the church. It is but an old and familiar story how backward the elders were to help the ardent youth. The example ought not to be repeated now. It was not a board of experienced and aged men, but a company of youth who set in motion the great idea of converting the world. And the missionary spirit has been nursed in our colleges and seminaries ever since. Here the practical decision has been made which has resulted in such consecrated lives as those of Eli Smith, and Van Dyck, and Schauffler, and Goodell, and Spaulding, and Judson,—heroic spirits, and the whole line of witnesses, of whom the world was not worthy!

How is it now? The flame of missionary zeal still burns in the older and younger colleges and seminaries among a host of young women as well as young men. Societies of inquiry are found among them all. We do not question that part of the resolution offered by Prof. Boardman at Springfield two years ago, which reads:

"That we consider it a reason for profound gratitude to God that so much of enthusiastic devotion to the cause of missions has been awakened among the young men and young women of our land."

But when he goes on to say, "and that this Board has been so amply sustained in its demand for funds and laborers," we cannot go with him. The "enthusiastic devotion" does not materialize. There may be various reasons for this as we have intimated, but one is a want of sympathy between the young men and the administration. It cannot be denied. It is too patent for any one to question, that somehow the Board is not "*en rapport*" with the young men and women. Looking up at the galleries of the Tabernacle Church and seeing crowds of them eagerly present—seventy-five from one seminary alone—the question arises, "Why do they not offer themselves to the Board?" We are told they ought to have more pluck; but when a young man has made up his mind to face all the terrors of barbarism, it is a little trying to be told that it requires more pluck to meet his Christian brethren at home. Young men want sympathy, they want freedom and consideration for their immature views. Somehow the effort should be made to make it plain that they will have this sympathy in full measure.

The apparent reason for this feeling of estrangement we will consider farther on. It is the fact with which we have now to do, and the need of a change in this respect. Within the last five years our Congregational seminaries have graduated more young men than ever before in an equal time—some of them nearly twice as many. Where are the candidates for the foreign work? We are told to be thankful that the demand for laborers has been amply sustained. But two or one from a seminary, and none from some of them, is a poor showing. And where are our colleges which share the same enthusiastic devotion? It is said that of all the ordained missionaries sent out by the Board this year scarcely half a dozen were graduates from any college. Again we say, in the current phrase, the enthusiastic devotion does not seem to "materialize." There is some obstacle that keeps back our young men.

While we are glad to receive and appoint some who have not had the advantages of a liberal education, surely we need

others. We need those who, like our early missionaries, have had the highest training in languages and science, and in every department of good learning. There is no position on earth, as we have often been told, affording scope for higher abilities, or laying heavier tribute upon the best resources of scholarship. The translation of the Bible, the training of native preachers, the influence to be exerted on foreign residents, demand the highest and best that our schools of learning can give. Turn over the pages of the Ely volume, so carefully compiled by Dr. Thomas Laurie, and see what has been done by the power of consecrated discipline in so many fields of science and literature. We must have the hearty coöperation of the colleges and seminaries with the best they can give to the service of Christ. And we shall not have this until a warmer sympathy exists between these institutions and the management of the Board.

III. It is also much to be desired that a better method should be pursued in the transaction of business. This desire has been expressed many times before the present controversy, and of late by many brethren whose opinion deserves attention. In almost all the reports and discussions of the Board, there is a mixture of popular appeal, not quite consistent with serious business. This arises in part from the fact, that the Board does not consider itself responsible to the public, and yet wants their approval. Business puts on the tone of popular address. Reports to the Board are given by readers, who turn their backs to those who must act upon them and who can with very great difficulty hear them. Thus the report appears to be prepared for an impression on a general audience, or for circulation among the absent, rather than for the information of those who are immediately responsible.

It may be said that this arises from a laudable desire of doing good. The devotional element is called in to relieve dry statistics. Fervent gratitude and enthusiastic promises for the future are to be the outcome of such representations. We do not call in question the motives which actuate those who for a long series of years have conducted these services, nor the benefit which has resulted from the meetings as a whole. But it is almost inevitable that the calm consideration, the judicial

temper, needed for important business, should sometimes be lost in the idea of popular effect, or amid the plaudits, scarcely subdued, of a waiting throng.

When a promiscuous audience is to be held in patient attention, the "art of putting things" is very much in request, and inconsistencies drop out of sight. There may be no misstatement of facts, no verbal inaccuracy of any sort, and yet the impression may be quite different from that made by precisely the same facts in other hands. The prosperity of the Board in funds and laborers may be made to appear greater or less than it is, by the unconscious feeling of those who marshal the facts; and a desire in itself laudable to make the best of things, or to produce encouragement in the minds of hearers, may easily give a cheerful tone and coloring to what might otherwise be depressing.

To give an instance of what is meant, it is certainly true that the Report of the Home Department gave an impression of prosperity within the last year, which seemed to many more cheering than they dared to indulge. It is not claimed that the facts were misstated, or the figures and computing of averages incorrect; but the representation made from them was to say the least one-sided and incomplete. Such is very apt to be the case, when a report is made for effect on the general public, rather than for precise information. Note this contrast. The Corresponding Secretary read in clear tones the vote of the Board at Cleveland:

"That in the current financial year, the endeavor be to secure at least \$650,000, as its income."

A few minutes later, the report of the Home Department stated that the donations from the churches have only been \$395,000. But when the unusual amount of legacies is added, and the sums taken from trust funds, the aggregate is so large as to meet the current appropriations, and the general impression is made that on the whole we are doing well,—perhaps better than could have been expected; and the appeal for a million in gifts, or a million in somebody's will, is a thought to fill the mind with enthusiastic hope for the future. Yet here is the simple fact that the churches, in their regular contributions, have given less than \$400,000, being an average of less

than \$100 apiece, even when 600 of them are left out altogether. Is the American Board to be sustained on the remains of the dead, or on the free and hearty gifts of the living?

This report of the Prudential Committee seems hardly business-like for so grave and responsible a body. We will not deny that it is a well-meant presentation of the views of the committee in general, and their wish to make the facts useful by putting them in such a way as to indicate prosperity. Men always represent facts to themselves and others more or less according to the tone of their minds, and the ultimate end they have in view. But a business report should be simpler and less impressive. It should neither indulge in inferences, nor attempt to forestall a verdict on itself. The method of conducting the business of the Board leads to the making of reports largely in this line. It was distinctly avowed by one of those to whom the report of the Home Department was entrusted, that the committee felt that they had no right to go behind that report, and that they had "considered the facts which the Prudential Committee have presented *vividly* before us." The trouble is these facts are presented "vividly" rather than simply. And hence the report on the report is as usual but the echo of an echo. This second report is for a promiscuous audience as well as the first, and business methods are still further lost sight of, in an effort to awaken sympathy and enthusiasm.

These objections and difficulties are widely felt, apart from any disposition to find fault with those who have received their methods of conducting these meetings from an earlier time. They are manifest to men of all views, and are the subject of criticism outside of the denomination as well as in it. The following from the *New York Observer* is a specimen of such criticism.

"That a corporation to which such important duties and such large funds are committed, should transact its business in the presence of a large assembly of interested spectators, is an anomaly which is productive of disagreeable and evil results. Debates are prolonged and speeches are made because of the enthusiasm and applause of the audience, while many matters which ought to be discussed by the corporation seem indelicate and improper to be the subjects of debate before a promiscuous assembly.

IV. But we turn to a more pressing and imperative demand, which gives emphasis to all the others, and explains more fully the reason of some of them. It is a demand for a freer and more sympathetic examination of candidates. Some have been rejected, when the reasons were not made clear or satisfactory to all; and it is admitted that others have been alarmed for the result if they should present themselves, and have been kept back from so doing, by reasonable or unreasonable fears. There should be a change in the method of examination for the purpose of removing such impressions. There is a way no doubt by which the youth in our seminaries can be made to feel that their application for appointment under the Board would be met with the warmest sympathy.

They have heard that this examination is entrusted principally to one man, that personal creeds are sent out, and requests made for categorical answers on mooted points. They have heard that a statement is made up from their conversations, and given to the Prudential Committee in place of their own connected statement. Their case is thought to be in the hands of a single advocate, who has looked unfavorably upon some who have had high endorsement, and even upon the case of one of our most esteemed missionaries. But the fault here is, in a considerable degree, due to the system. Too heavy a responsibility is put upon the Home Department, and has been in former days as well as in the present. There is no man who can assume such responsibility without danger. The very man who would be chosen by some as a most affectionate and delightful examiner, would fail to secure the confidence of others. There is no charge of unkind intention. Conscientious scruples may make one a severe examiner, with the very highest motives of love and good will. It is desirable therefore that a change should be made in the method of examination.

The Home Department has enough to do without this burden; and especially as we hope for a larger number of applicants, the method of receiving them should be changed. One man is likely to have certain peculiarities or lay stress on particular things which to the mind of the Church in general are of small importance. Let the Committee of Examination

be composed of wider elements, including some known to be personally and affectionately interested in the candidate. It would be a suitable thing for his pastor to assist in the questioning, or for one of his teachers; and certainly there could be no fitter member of such a committee, than some experienced missionary at home on a visit. With such persons present and taking part, no young man would have just reason to fear the result, in appearing before any number of Examiners or the whole Prudential Committee.

It has been felt that this matter has been conducted too often secretly or by correspondence. It has been felt that the whole burden of responsibility has come upon one man, or that he has assumed the direction of the whole at the desire of others. The strong feeling that a change must be made has manifested itself by the withdrawal of the votes of a third of the members present from one who has been highly esteemed as a faithful servant, and who has no doubt endeavored to discharge his duty. This has not been the result of personal feeling, or want of respect and friendliness. No one can for a moment believe that these votes have been withheld from any such motive as that. But no other way was open to the minority of expressing their disapproval of the system pursued. Sometimes a man is so wedded to a system, that they cannot be separated. An entire change must be made, in order that the graduates of our colleges and seminaries may feel assured of perfect sympathy. That is the way "to let bygones be bygones."

When the proposition was made to the minority to vote the full list of the old officers, it was impossible to promise or command such a vote, for the simple reason that their objection is to a system, and they had no other means of expressing it. Change the system; shift the burden from the Home Department; let some other Examiner or Committee of Examination be tried, and a new feeling of hope will be awakened. Some thought that the minority ought to compromise on the old Board of Officers, but the vote showed that they had no compromise to offer and could make none. Their objections are of such a kind that they cannot endorse the action of the past. The minority wish to see warm and cordial relations between

the seminaries and the Board. The remedy is simple. Change the system of examination. Those who are dissatisfied do not even claim the rescinding of past votes that seem to look towards making the Board an ecclesiastical court. We are sorry for the votes. Sometime the Board will be ashamed of them. But happily they mean little. They simply guard the Board against the "approval" of a certain doctrine. Nobody wishes the Board to approve that doctrine, nor yet the doctrine of Millenarianism, nor of the annihilation of the wicked. It is not the business of the Board to approve any of these mooted points, held in the way of theory or otherwise.

What the minority desire is freedom to think on the part of missionaries as well as others. We do not want thoughtless laborers in the foreign field. We shudder for those who can answer glibly, questions over which the wisest and most devout men hesitate. It is cruelty to a young man to press him to positive conclusions on any but the essential points of evangelical belief, when we know that such a course may lead to insincerity, or even to the shipwreck of Christian faith.

The minority do not wish to go back on the past but rather to turn all faces and all hearts to the future. They hope to see no more votes of approval or disapproval of unsettled matters of doctrine. They want, and feel that they must have, a better system of examination, that shall heal the breach between the Board and those who yearn to go forth as soldiers of the Cross. They believe that this is not their demand only, but that of the churches, and a growing number of all who feel an interest in missions. Freedom and charity are the watchwords of the hour. Christians are not to go out on the mountains or into the wilderness, searching for some one thing in which they may possibly differ; but rather to rejoice in the ninety and nine in which they can certainly agree. They feel that some changes must be made to bring about this result, not necessarily in the precise line proposed, but in some manner that shall be satisfactory to our ardent youth, to our most benevolent churches, and to all true lovers of the cause of missions.

While these are the demands of those who are dissatisfied with the past record of the Board, they regard the meeting at

New York as hopeful, because looking toward the answering of these demands. The signs are cheering that every one of these claims will in some way be satisfied. Especially there are signs of better feeling and kindlier sympathy between those who have opposed one another. In full confidence that these changes will be brought about, men who felt despondent have returned to their homes with the purpose of urging increased contributions, and doing all in their power to promote missionary zeal. When our students have full encouragement and sympathy, when the fire is kindled in their hearts to offer themselves to the work, and the flame brightened by friendly feeling on all hands, then the Church will arouse to new gifts, which shall be fully adequate to all the work required. Let it be understood that the American Board is full of sympathy with the churches and the schools. Let us not distrust the future, nor believe it possible that the hopes now awakened can fail of fulfillment.

We may well lay to heart at the present time, the words of our late venerated President, Mark Hopkins, in his historical discourse, delivered in the year 1860.

“While fifty years have but heightened our respect for the wisdom by which this Board was founded, have they not wrought changes in public sentiment, requiring in it some modification? If so, let it be modified. Let us have no conservatism for its own sake. When change becomes necessary to accomplish the original end of an institution, then change is conservatism. We now stand upon a height, where it becomes us to use every light of Scripture, and reason, and experience, and to be flexible to every indication of the will of God, in regard to the future. Now is the time to cast off hindrances, and lay aside weights, and gird ourselves anew.”

JAMES G. VOSE.

ARTICLE III.—BARYE, THE SCULPTOR.

THE committee formed last Spring in Paris to raise funds for the erection of a statue to Barye, asked the great painter, Bonnat, to write out for publication his impressions of the equally great sculptor. Bonnat, though conscious that he was not a master of the pen, made no excuses but consented. His Article appeared in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for May. As a contribution to the present interest in Barye, I present a translation in the hope that, in spite of the poor medium, Bonnat's fervor may be understood if not imparted, and that the great merits of Barye may be the better appreciated.*

D. CADY EATON.

I only saw Ingres once. He was crossing the court of the *École des Beaux Arts*. I shall never forget his plump little body—badly clothed in a garment too long for it—short, stocky, with a superbly strong and virile head on top of it, which nevertheless reminded one a bit of a turtle's. See him! One of the greatest of all painters.

When a student at the *École*, I was twice corrected by Horace Vernet; a small, active, dried up man, all skin and

* The exhibition of Barye's works in New York is exciting the best kind of interest. If Barye could have seen an American "grizzly" in action how glorious would have been the artistic response!

To seize the immortal spirit resident in matter, be the matter animate or inanimate, to purify it of all dross and to make it in its pure essence so plain that all can see it, is the mission of art.

Barye, as we speak of perfection, was perfect. No man has lived who so drew out of the animal the spirit of the animal and made it so superbly and perfectly evident. In writing of him it is hard to keep oneself within the bounds of understandable language. In viewing his works, examine long and attentively. It will pay artistically to have every anatomical unit explained. Go with a surgeon. Knowledge and appreciation of art come indirectly and are not worth a farthing if they can be reduced to words. That the American, Walters, was among the first to estimate Barye is natural enough; for in France there roam no

bones. One of the corrections is worth noting. He was passing back of us, pointing out to each a particular defect. When he reached me he abruptly said: "What is that, I should like to know? The gates of the Mazas prison?" I was very young and very anxious to learn, full of admiration for a man whose talents are too much decried now-a-days, but who was then in the full blaze of his glory. At day-break the next morning I was on my way to the famous gates of the Mazas prison. I understood at a glance. My drawing was like masonry. I drew too much in squares.

One clear afternoon I followed Delacroix from the Pont-des-Arts all the way to the rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette where he had his studio. He was just leaving the Institut when I first saw him. I recognized him from photographs. Every now and then he stopped, threw back his head and partially closed his eyes. I have since understood that he was studying effects, or analyzing colors. Barye, I never saw, though I have ever cherished for him a veritable worship. Barye was, and is, one of my grand adorations. How often have I been to the Luxembourg only to see his *Jaguar dévorant un Lièvre!* How often have I crossed the garden of the Tuileries bison, formidable bears, or clawing tiger-cats; nor do the streams float alligators. There is no harm in having a little of the savage in one's atmosphere.

Barye's men and women are very commonplace. The action of his human groups is either constrained or exaggerated. Waste no time examining them.

In comparison with Barye's animals those by Cain, his successor, are as lifeless as pumpkins. No visitor to Paris has failed to see the huge, unhappy, frigid monsters of the Trocadero.

Apropos de Cain; a confession! Years ago I visited his studio with Mr. Kemeys, a young American animal sculptor who is filled full with the right spirit and may one of these days be worthy to bear Barye's mantle. Cain received us most politely, showed us the models of his numerous works and listened modestly to our words of praise. One particular thing he passed over. As it seemed admirable I did not understand the omission till it occurred to me that he wished it to attract our attention without indication on his part. So at the end of the show I said with proper effusiveness: "But M. Cain, you have omitted the one which seems to us the most excellent of all your works!" "Oh,—yes—" he answered hesitatingly; "that—that is by Barye." Messrs. Eaton and Kemeys made their exit as rapidly, and with as little confusion, as possible.

D. C. E.

only to see the clutch of the *Lion au Serpent*; that tragic clutch so marvelously analyzed and modeled! Barye was secretive. I have read biographies of him written by men who must have known him well; who held his talent, his genius, in great veneration; and they were justified in their estimate. They give details of his works, of his manner of being and doing and of his character; but not one has revealed his secret; not one points out the source of his genius. He was quiet, taciturn, a silent observer—that I know. He was impassioned by his art. He held it in profound respect. He analyzed, measured, dissected, studied without intermission the bones and all the proportions of his models. This constitutes science; the admirable and prolific power which enabled him to produce so many *chefs-d'œuvre* and which is by no means to be despised. But what I don't know, and would know, is what took place in his soul. Whence drew he his tawny instinct; his divination of cruel and infallible force; his love of strong shoulders which move so marvelously, so nobly, in their eternal truth! At what moment of his life did this great man, who started as a graver's apprentice, find the grand sentiment which constituted his strength and his genius! Where did he first feel the inner vibration, the revelation of that beauty which draws man to God and almost makes of him a new creator; which warms and illumines the soul, which communicates ineffable joys and gives birth to a presentiment of the infinite and the eternity of bliss! O dear, great men who have felt these vibrations and have made others feel them! O Claude whose setting suns so tenderly caress the golden-crested waves. O Michael Angelo, whose giants dream austere and sublimely! O Beate, revealer of the sweets of heaven! O Rembrandt with thy infinite pity for the little, the humble, and the unhappy! How moved am I in writing your names: how devotedly I thank you for the emotions you have given me!

But to return to Barye. In default of those inner revelations which would give us the starting point of his genius; revelations which seem almost always to be wanting in the biographies of great men; let us not lose ourselves in conjectures but be content with what is known. He says of himself

that he entered the studio of Bosio because he was so "keenly tormented by the desire to be a sculptor." He could not have staid long with Bosio; for we soon find him in Gros' studio. What could have attracted him to a painter? Was there between the two an affinity of inspiration? Was it in the society of the painter of the *Bataille d'Eylau* that he conceived the heroic sentiment subsequently displayed in the *Thésée* and the *Centaur*? Or should we not rather look back to the Egyptians and Assyrians for the source of the inspiration of his talents? Their works and the vases of the Etruscans he held in high esteem, contemplating them and studying them till the end of his days.

However profound and lively may be an artist's originality—and these terms are most applicable to Barye—it is difficult even with most acute perspicacity to distinguish absolute from derivative originality. Raphael, for instance, though he studied and copied everything about him; though he drew inspiration from all he saw, from everything he deemed superior to himself, is still the supremely original interpreter of grace and youthfulness. Would Michael Angelo, the giant, have painted the Sistine Chapel, had Signorelli not preceded him? Could the lord of drawing have invented those groups of Titans without the help of a suggestion? Not to go back so far; would our own marvelous school of landscape painting have had its light and its radiance without Constable? The topic is too important for this short study. Moreover it is not what Barye may have derived from others that attracts attention. It is not as a sculptor of the human form that he particularly excites admiration;—however excellent may be his group of the *Thésée* and of the *Centaur*; however admirable may be the mount of *Roger et Angélique*.* What attracts and fascinates us is that which is absolutely his own, that which he exposes as a great and true master, and which will ever remain his unchallenged and incontestable glory. This, his domain, was the animal kingdom. The animal: true, living, excited, tragic, impassioned, trembling, fierce, cruel, ferocious, timid, calm in its power, sure of its suppleness, of

* Two characters from the Orlando Furioso who escaped mounted on the hippogriff.

its speed, of the power of its jaws, and of the certainty of its clutch! Of these things would I have talked with Barye; would have heard from him whence came this love, so true, so profound, so intense.

Those who knew him say that in his features, in the breadth of his jaw, in the expression of his lips and in the form of his mouth, there was something of the animals he wrought. I painted his portrait for my friend, Mr. Walters of Baltimore. I unfortunately had but little to guide me; for I had never seen my subject. I depended upon the suggestions of Mme. Barye and upon photographs. Mme. Barye and her daughters declared that the picture was an excellent likeness, yet I had not put into it a bit of the ferocious expression of which his friends and his pupils have often spoken. He spoke little, I know. He must have been cold and excessively reserved. He had the scornful pride of men of worth who are but partially understood. His passion was concealed within him, hidden away in the depths of his soul. So it is with all great men. The weak show everything on the surface. What a marvelous observer? What sagacity of intellect! What an analyst! What extraordinary instinct! What admirable intuition of the brute creation. If he produced a stag, a serpent, an eagle, or a jaguar, he did it to the most minute characteristic detail. Nothing escaped him. If he modeled a doe, a fawn, he expressed all the delicacies, the timidities, the fine and elegant graces. The slightest timid movement was given with an unparalleled justness and charm.

Seeing them you would feel yourself transported to the vast woods where stand oaks of centuries of growth, and you hear far away the monotonous song of the coucou, or the sharp note of the pinnock. Who of us has not passed solitary hours in the midst of the grand calm of forests? The noise of a falling leaf, or of the restless grass; the hum of the wings of a fly, the slightest breath amid the tree tops, transport you I know not where. While the bright furze, the heather spreading its delicate flowers in the sun, the green leaf which way up cuts its pure outline against the blue sky, give you through the eyes inexpressible joys and rejoicing! And in the midst of this silence a slight noise awakens you from your sweet ecstasy.

You see a tawny point emerging from a fern-bank. It is one of Barye's graceful favorites; shaking its tail, or pointing its timid ears, ready for flight at the faintest warning. While you, you hardly breathe for fear of disturbing its pleasure.

Barye, I am told, loved Barbizon.* There he took his walks in the forest—solitary promenades for repose from the hard life of Paris. There he met his graceful models and caught their spontaneous movements, their most fugitive expressions. But timid and lowly creatures were only a rest, or a pastime, for him. It is not in rendering them that the intensity of his genius shines forth. What this impassioned man needed was the combats of great beasts, of the great carnivora. He longed for infected jungles; woods of thorny mimosa where the large-hipped lion is tracked with its tawny dress illumined with the burning fire-brands of its eyes. His soul craved the vision of elephants crushing tigers, of the gigantic boa shooting itself with lightning flash on the passing antelope and smothering it within its mighty rings. He delighted in a lioness crouching on a rock—sniffing space, her powerful muscles gathered beneath her, ready to spring upon the passing stag; or in herds of great elephants of antediluvian race, plunging their way over plains and mountains beneath a fiery sun and overthrowing everything before them in their heavy march. There, there is the paradise of Barye! There is the world where his imagination loved to dwell! There, his true kingdom, a kingdom forever his own! No one before him had power to seize its scepter! No one before him could render the unconscious force of the lion with its massive shoulders; or the suppleness, and the cold cruelty, of the tiger and the jaguar.

Look at the group of the Tuileries. A lion is passing; a serpent bars his passage; that terrible paw falls! While the serpent, caught as in a vice, coils about himself, lost in agony, and in a supreme effort, though dying, seeks revenge; the mighty beast remains unmoved before his perfidious adversary. He hardly deigns to move his gigantic head. His mane but slightly bristles. He only answers with a low growl to the frantic hissings of his enemy. But the claws are working.

* A little village in the forest of Fontainebleau.

That wonderful clawing tells the story. Admire it! The hairs are apart so that those terrible weapons may penetrate without hindrance; may play in the serpent's flesh. Cutting like nippers they have only to close up, to come together. Then the end! Then the drama will be over! Barye, in spite of this *chef-d'œuvre*, would do still better. Feeling the desire to render form more simply; to expose beauty of proportions more clearly and at the same time to give less prominence to manual dexterity; he executed the *Lion assis* which now adorns one of the entrances to the Louvre. He presents the beast calm and without action. To make the grand divisions more distinct, the hairy coat with its rough finishing is partially discarded. The construction is thus made evident. The articulations are plainly given. There is no hesitation in the design which is full and strong. The grand line which, starting at the muzzle, goes to the tail, is superb. In looking at the bronze you experience a sentiment of force moderated by beauty. The lion is seated on his haunches and looks straight forward.* But in this world of savage life, a world so rich and varied and to which Barye is indebted for so many of his *chefs-d'œuvre*, I give the palm to the tigers and to their family, the panthers and the jaguars. Look at his tiger "*qui marche!*" It is a pure marvel. Often in my youth I wandered to the menagerie and there, attracted and held by the beauty of the great beasts, passed many an hour, close to the cages, lost in the contemplation of those superb felines mechanically measuring with their steps the floor of their too narrow prisons. The heavy paw moves with an admirable suppleness. The shoulder blades rise and fall. All the limbs move with an ease full of grace and harmony. One is fascinated, ensnared, and remains rooted, held fast by a thoughtless contemplation. If a dog should pass near the cage, the tawny beast stops abruptly, lifts his strong head and fixes his glowing eyes. Then, the emotion passed, he resumes his sad march; the glow of his eye goes out; he lies down and yawns showing glistening fangs in his cavernous mouth. Poor prisoners, created for bounding through space and for living beneath an ardent sun in limitless

* A copy of this lion was presented to the city of Baltimore by Mr. Walters and now stands in Mt. Vernon Place.

liberty ; yet doomed to vegetate in cages in the damp mists of Paris, amid the fogs of the North !

The carver's apprentice, too, undoubtedly many a time played truant. He too passed many contemplative hours with his fresh cheeks pressed against the bars of the cages. His heart beat at the revelation of the beautiful as he anticipated the day when he would wrestle with those proud models. He kept his word, and he came off conqueror.

Look at his tiger. Everything is most marvelously rendered ; proportions, suppleness of limbs, ampleness of movement, carriage of the head, size and development of the jaw, roughness of coat, blinking of the eyes. It is complete and admirable. And if from the tiger Barye passes to the panther, puts him in ambush and hurls him on a stag, it is equally admirably. The panther springs, and falls on his victim with all his weight and with infallible precision, while he seizes him by the throat with his terrible teeth and holds his back and his breast in the large grip of his outspread paws. In addition to these fearful weapons, the savage beast uses his weight to stop and paralyze the spring of the timid animal which, conquered by force, thunder-struck, crushed by his executioner, lowers his head, and trembling, bathed in sweat, with the death rattle in his throat, utters one last cry of supreme agony !

Last I come to his *Jaguar dévorant un Lièvre*. I think all agree that this is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of this man who produced so many. It is as beautiful as *l'Esclave* of Michael Angelo in the Louvre. In its jaws the jaguar has seized the hare by the flank. The right paw advances and tears the victim's entrails ; while gently settling down, his belly to the ground with the crawl of a serpent, the jaguar begins his feast in the gloom of his lair. He is already tasting with the joy of a ferocious intensity ; "with a gourmand voluptuousness of blood" as Edmond de Goncourt puts it in his penetrating description. His ears are close to his neck of which the strength is shown by massive muscles. Nervous shiverings run along his spine to the last vertebrae of his tail. His savage eyes converge most terribly and have the fixity of the eyes of a viper. Woe to him who should approach to rob him of his prey ! From

this marvelous bronze thus conceived and executed there arises a most extraordinary impression of ferocity and savageness. It is genius!

Barye is one of the greatest artists of the century; I do not hesitate to say, of all the centuries. If I had to make a comparison I should think of Balzac. Barye possessed the instinct of the animal kingdom and rendered it with a power equal to that which Balzac shows in his impassioned researches into the heart of man which he reveals so strongly. Each has left an indellible mark. They may be equalled; but I doubt it. They can never be surpassed.

BONNAT.

ARTICLE IV.—DANGER OF SILVER COINAGE.

THE history of the Latin Union is strong evidence in favor of the practicability of a bi-metallic currency. It fully justifies the belief that no harm can result from an effort to establish such a currency, provided that all the leading nations enter into a close compact with each other for that purpose. But the real lesson for us is that for this country to continue to coin silver, and to make it a full legal tender, while the mints of other nations are closed to it, is fraught with the gravest perils: because such a course could result only in our ultimately becoming a silver nation.

Many of the politicians of this country contend that there is no such danger before us, and that all the predictions that have been made have been the assertions of false prophets whose opinions are not worthy of consideration. That there have been direful predictions which have not been realized, we must admit. But the failure of these predictions does not prove that there has not been real danger, or that the peril does not still exist, or that it does not become more certain with each succeeding year. It merely shows that those who saw the peril failed to measure accurately the causes operating to bring the evil upon us. The more thoughtful of those who warned the country of the danger of the course we are pursuing, have not believed that the evil effects of that course would be at once felt, but that the danger was more or less remote, though not the less real because not at once apparent. They well know that it must take several years, and possibly many years, for the coinage of silver to reach such an amount as would drive gold out of circulation, and thus overthrow the old basis of values, and create in its stead a new basis of valuation, in which the dollar would have less value, and therefore a diminished purchasing power;—in other words, when all commodities would command a higher price, measured by the money in circulation. It was not forgotten by any of these men, that the currency of a great country cannot be changed

in a day, nor in a year, but that it must take many years to effect a radical change in the metallic money of a great country. It is this fact that has misled so many and brought them to believe that there is no danger because it does not at once make itself felt. It would seem that any man of ordinary understanding ought to know that when the currency of a country amounts to many hundreds of millions of dollars, it must take many years to effect a change in the use of one metal for that of the other. A change may be more rapidly brought about by the issue of paper money. In a change from the use of gold to the general use of silver, it may take a great many years, if the amount coined is limited; still the change may be brought about in a very few years. It is a question of machinery, as to the rapidity with which the silver coins are turned out and put into circulation. A change from a metallic currency to a paper currency may be brought about in a very short time by the issue of government legal-tender paper, and gold and silver both be driven entirely out of circulation. In a change from gold to silver, the process is necessarily less rapid, as the work of getting the metal, and coining it, takes much more time; and if the amount coined each year should be limited to a small proportion of the circulation, the time required would be prolonged. With paper money, it is merely a question of printing presses, and the number of hours each day they are run.

The advocates of silver are not content with limited coinage, though it will in time bring us to a silver standard. They demand free coinage, which would precipitate the evil, and with little delay reduce the currency to the silver valuation. They do not seem to care that they carry confusion into the finances and business of the country. Many of them know that such would be the result of free coinage, but they know that to most people the currency question is a sealed book, and that the most erroneous views are the popular ones, and that by playing upon the ignorance, prejudice, and credulity of others they may hold offices for which they have not the first qualification. To these men it is a game of politics, in which the best interests of the country are but pawns in their hands, to be sacrificed whenever their political necessities seem to require it.

There is nothing in human experience more fully demonstrated, than that when a country creates a new currency of less value than that in use, if it is issued in sufficient amounts, the older and more valuable money will in time disappear from circulation, and the poorer money will take its place. Where men fall into error in regard to this rule—Gresham's Law as it is called—is that they do not give it time to work out its fulfillment. They seem to think that if a thing does not happen in a day, a month, or year, it will not happen at all. They forget that the world was not made in a day; and that natural laws, though always in force, do not always work with great rapidity, but on the contrary it takes time for them to reduce cause into effect.

The poorer money never drives out the more valuable money at once. It does not do so at all until there has been enough of the poor money issued to inflate the currency so as to cause a rise of prices. Then the superior money is less seen in circulation, and it begins to leave the country. The outflow will be in proportion to the amount of the inferior money issued, and if the inferior money is issued in such amounts as to fill the channels of circulation, the good money will not be needed for ordinary business transactions, and therefore it will entirely disappear from circulation.

A subsidiary coinage, though much below full value, will remain at its nominal value so long as the amount coined does not greatly exceed that needed for small change; but if issued in excess of such need, it will become depreciated, and will pass at its face value only in sums for which it is a legal-tender. If the entire currency should be of that character, and coinage be free, or even if the coinage be limited—provided this limitation does not restrict the coinage to such an extent as to prevent the amount put into circulation from becoming the greater part of the currency—it will become depreciated. If coinage is free, or the limitation is so broad as to amount practically to free coinage, coin will sink to the value of the metal of which it is made. And after this coin has become the sole currency of the country, if the coinage be limited, the consequent depreciation will be measured by the excess of the amount coined and put in circulation. The

latter remark is confined to the circulation of the coins in the country where issued, but does not refer to their value if sent to another country. Outside the boundaries of the issuing country, the coin would have the value of the metal in them and only that value. In other words, under free coinage the purchasing power of the money would be that of the value of the metal only. A dollar having seventy cents worth of silver in it, though called a dollar, would buy only seventy cents worth of commodities. Or to put it in another way, commodities which have heretofore sold for seventy cents, would now sell for a dollar of the current money;—an advance in price of upwards of forty per cent. A man working for ten dollars a week in money of full value, we will say, can buy the following named articles, all needed for the comfort of his family: 10 lbs. sugar, 2 lbs. butter, 50 lbs. flour, 1 calico gown, 2 pair shoes, 2 caps for boys, 1 doz. eggs, 3 lbs. lard, 2 lbs. rice, and sundries 90 cents, which consumes his week's wages. With a depreciated currency, such as has been mentioned, the same articles would cost at least \$14 and probably more, for as the prices of commodities advance under a depreciated currency, the percentage of profits increases. It would not be out of the way to assume that the same quantity of commodities which had cost ten dollars, would, under a depreciated currency, such as we are considering, cost from fifteen to sixteen dollars. As wages are the last to advance, it is probable that his family would be deprived of many of the comforts which they had been accustomed to, even if they did not suffer from the want of the ordinary articles of food and clothing.

All persons working for wages, or living on a salary, or on a fixed income of any kind, whether such income is the result of their labor, or interest on investments, would suffer from the depreciation of the money they receive.

It is often asked how this depreciation of money comes about, and how it is that the good money disappears, leaving only the poor money in circulation. The result of our observation has been that this is a question of very general interest. We will therefore endeavor to explain the method by showing how inferior money always drives out superior money, by the operation of what is called "Gresham's Law."

Money is generally spoken of as though it had a personality, and was possessed of an aggressive power of its own, rather than as an instrument in the hands of men, from whom it must receive whatever of power and influence it exerts. Of itself it can do nothing. Locked up in a strong box and kept there, it is as valueless for all the uses to which money can be put, as though it had never been made. Placed in the vaults of banks ready for use, it cannot exert any influence unless the conditions of trade are such as to call it out, and keep it in circulation. When the currency is in excess of the ordinary requirements of trade, such excess does not in any way affect prices, when the business of the country is in a normal condition. Nor does any amount of excess of money, however great it may be, in the least affect prices when the energies of a people have been paralyzed by a commercial crisis, followed by a period of industrial depression. Then, whatever the amount of money—it matters not how redundant the currency—prices will not advance, and any amount of currency will not serve to revive the drooping spirits or to encourage the hopes of a desponding people so as to give renewed activity to business, and to induce people to enter into new enterprises. On the contrary, prices will continue to fall, and the surplus money will flow into the banks, there to remain until prices have reached their true level, and until a change has taken place in the minds of the people. Not till hope, instead of despair, dwells in the human breast, will the idle money find steady employment, and thus be able to exert its proper influence.

From the autumn of 1873 to the middle of the year 1878, this country had a redundant currency, accompanied with falling prices, throughout the whole of that period. It was productive of much demoralization of thought on monetary questions. There were some notable instances of men who had stood well in the world of monetary science, losing their grasp upon the principles of currency, and avowing their belief that the volume of currency had no direct bearing upon the price of commodities. Some remarks made by Mr. Gladstone, in regard to not issuing small notes, in order that there might be a large amount of coin in the hands of the people,

from which the reserves could be replenished in case of a drain of specie from the country, seem to indicate that he had fallen into the same error, or that he was not as well posted in monetary science as he is in many other great questions.

Notwithstanding these notable instances of apostasy, the currency principle still remained a great power in the affairs of men. During that period it was dormant because the conditions were opposed to its active operation. It was inactive, as were in a great measure the energies of the people during that period; and it was because of the inactivity of the people brought about by a commercial crisis, that the redundant currency did not arrest the fall of prices. That was a period of settling up; of finding out how we stood, of sifting and weeding out the weak and unsound, and as events finally demonstrated, a time of recuperation and accumulation also. There had been—through the operation of an inflated and depreciated paper currency—a long financial debauch, by which the financial system had been undermined, and greatly weakened, and which finally ended in a collapse. Our nerves were unstrung, and fear paralyzed our energies. We were holding our forces in reserve, waiting till times should mend, and industry and enterprise should again be rewarded with a fair compensation. In the meantime, goods accumulated in the store-houses, money flowed into the banks, to remain there until such time as renewed activity should create a need for it. Men waited and suffered, because they either knew, or felt, that there could not be any great improvement in business until the money of the country had been put on a better basis, and prices had found their true level, and that it was through prices finding their true level that the money of the country was to be restored to a sound and honest basis. In other words, until resumption of specie payments had come about. All waited for the great and blessed event. The 1st day of January, 1879, had been set as the time when the government and the banks should resume. Everybody waited for that day, and many waited in fear and trembling, while others were impatient for the day to arrive, being assured that with that day would open up a new era of prosperity and happiness for the people of this country. The energy and industry of

the people were held in check, thus depriving money of those natural conditions of business activity, and speculation, which were necessary to put into operation the principles of currency by calling into use the idle money.

To avoid confusion and to make the subject plain to everyone, let us define what is meant by the "currency principle." It is the doctrine that a currency issued in excess of the needs of a country to effect its internal exchanges at ruling prices, leads to a rise of prices of commodities, and that a contraction of the currency of the country below what is needed to effect the internal exchanges at current prices, brings about a fall of prices. It is through the operation of this principle that we arrive at this so-called Gresham's Law, that inferior money drives superior money out of circulation.

It matters not whether such inflation is caused by the issue of a government legal-tender paper, or by irredeemable bank notes, or by coining money of lighter weight, or coining it of an inferior metal, the result is the same. A metal that has been in general use for money, and has been discarded by a number of the leading nations as a leading money metal, becomes an inferior metal for monetary purposes. An excessive issue of any such money will cause a rise of prices, and will drive the more valuable money out of circulation. Were it not so, as Ricardo says, "not a bank note could ever have been permanently kept in circulation, nor would the discovery of the mines of America have added one guinea to the circulation of England. The additional gold would have found a circulation adequate and in which no more could be admitted." This statement needs one qualification: it should be said that after the increased needs for circulation caused by the natural growth of business had been met, no more could be admitted. Surely this must be so, for if there were no money except gold and silver, and the bank note be introduced, it could not be kept in circulation unless its issue was followed by a rise in prices great enough to make the additional currency needed to effect the internal exchanges of the country. If the notes were paid out, they would immediately return to the banks in the form of deposits and payments to the banks. An increase in the production of the precious metals in excess of the

requirements to maintain the currency, would depreciate the whole mass of gold and silver, whether coined or not. If either gold or silver be discarded by the majority of the nations that have used them, the one discarded becomes an inferior metal, and will inflate the currency of the nations that keep their mints open to it, and in time that will be the sole money of those nations. Any thing that becomes a substitute for the precious metals, and economizes their use, tends to produce the same results as would follow an increased production of them. If there were no banks in the country, and all business transactions were made with cash, the amount of money needed would be very great. But if there should be a bank started in every considerable place, the use of the check would greatly diminish the need for money, and the country would then have a much larger amount of currency than would be needed with which to effect the internal exchanges. The surplus money would find its way into the banks thereby enlarging their deposits, and so their ability to make loans. Can any one doubt that the use of the check to such an extent would greatly economize the use of money, and thereby render the amount of currency in circulation much greater than would be needed? That such would be the case no one would question. The country would have a large amount of money which it could not use unless there should be a great increase of business, or else a great rise of prices. There would be a rise of prices, but it would not be great enough to give full employment to all the money. The money being gold and silver, and used by the rest of the world (especially gold), prices could not advance greatly beyond those in other countries, before gold would begin to flow out of the country, and to continue in its outward course, until the country had parted with the surplus and unnecessary part of the currency, leaving to the country just what is needed to effect the exchanges of the country with prices not greatly higher than elsewhere. The country sells a part of its money to other countries for something for which it has more use. The transaction is consummated through a rise of prices, which gives the gold greater value in other lands to which it goes, because it will inevitably find its way to that place where it will

buy the most. To question this is to deny the most fundamental principle of monetary science, and of values, whether of money, or any other commodity. Any thing that takes the place of another, and thereby diminishes the demand for it, must necessarily depreciate it. This is not the less true, because in times of inflation, gold seems to increase in value as it disappears from circulation. Gold does not under these circumstances increase in value, even in the locality where it commands a premium; but, on the contrary, falls in value to the extent that prices rise to cause it to flow elsewhere. It is true that gold and all money in that country have fallen in value, and the rise of prices of commodities is the proof that the money in circulation, whether gold or other kinds, has become depreciated, and the rise of prices is but the expression of this fact, in such a way that people can see, and feel, the effects of inflation, brought about by the economy in the use of money, or by an excessive issue of paper, or by coining an inferior metal. The surplus money must be removed by gold going to other countries, before prices will return to their true level. Such release of gold in one country will add to the circulation of other countries, and therefore to some extent lower its value all over the world. For a while gold will buy as much in the country where its use has been diminished; but in the course of time the rise of prices will affect the purchasing power of it, and gold become depreciated. Then if the amount displaced should be so great as to largely increase the amount of circulation of other countries, it would become of less value in those countries. It would serve to stimulate the industries of those countries, by reason of the increased demand for goods brought about by orders from the country from which gold flows, and thus, through this increased demand, cause a rise of prices in those countries, which in turn would act upon the people in such a way as to lead to an increased demand for all commodities, resulting in a general rise of prices. It will therefore be seen that inflation in one country, means inflation, to some extent, in every other country, therefore a general depreciation of money.

It is not always to be expected that inflation in one country, will produce a marked expansion of the currencies of other

countries. The great mass over which it is distributed necessarily prevents serious disturbance, but the effect will be to somewhat increase the circulation of other commercial nations, and to somewhat advance prices. If the amount is great, it must increase trade, and give greater activity to business, and so to speculation, and in the course of time, to a rise of prices. The conclusion to which we must come is, that the practical demonetization of gold, by the introduction of an inferior currency by one country, is far-reaching in its effects; that it affects the currencies of other countries, and tends to lower the value of all money, and that the country which causes the inflation retains the poor money. That the inferior money always ultimately drives the superior money out of circulation will need no demonstration to many, but there are also very many who do not comprehend it. For many there must be line upon line, precept upon precept, before they will be convinced that there is any such thing as poor money so long as it has the stamp of the government upon it.

We have already said that the good money does not at once disappear upon the introduction of money of less value; that it requires time to drive it out; and that, under some circumstances, it may take many years. Gold will continue in circulation until the inferior money has been issued in such amounts as to add greatly to the circulation of the country, which, together with that already in use, would be greatly in excess of what is needed to effect the internal exchanges. Then after the currency has become redundant, it will require activity in business to render the currency principle operative. We have also said that a redundant currency does not act on prices in periods of commercial depressions. That it is powerless of itself to inaugurate speculation, or even ordinary activity in business, the period to which we have referred abundantly testifies.

For the currency to have any influence on prices, there must be the necessary conditions. Those conditions are business activity and speculation. Speculation is the natural outcome of seasons of prosperity. When activity pervades every department of human industry, and men become sanguine and venturesome, then old enterprises are pushed to the utmost, and

new ones spring into existence. There is a rush and whirl in business, and goods cannot be produced fast enough to satisfy the demand for them. There is work for every man; and factories run into the night producing goods, at advancing prices. It is no longer dull times, with everybody waiting for others to do something. Hope has again been born into the world, and men put forth all their energies, each striving to get his full share of the gain to be had from this gladsome condition of things.

At this point the currency principle again begins to be operative. Now it is that money is powerful and seems instinct with life. It becomes a mighty instrument in the hands of bold and enterprising men. It stands behind them holding up their arms, and sustaining them, as they reach out, as though to possess the earth. Each new operation pushes up prices, thus creating the need for more money with which to effect the exchanges of the country—for the higher the prices of commodities, the greater the need for money. The heretofore surplus of money now finds ample field for its influence. As each advance of prices creates a need for more money, the new supply in turn holds the advance, and makes another possible. With each advance of prices, there is an expansion of the currency; and the increase of currency leads to another rise of prices, to be followed by still another expansion of the currency;—the rise of prices making the expansion necessary, if prices are to be maintained, and the expansion of the currency making another rise of prices possible and altogether probable, and in the case of an irredeemable paper currency, to be followed by an almost illimitable expansion of the currency. Long before this condition of things has been reached, prices are so high that gold will buy much more elsewhere, and it leaves the country, which hereafter must depend upon its irredeemable paper for currency. The process which we have mentioned continues until the excess of currency is taken up and continued in circulation. And as there is a limit to which such currency can be issued, and as the country is shut out from the world's supply, it cannot draw money from other countries to meet its needs, there comes a stringency in the money market, with high rates of interest, which eats into and steals from

the capital engaged in holding up prices. A struggle of greater or less duration ensues, and in the meantime high interest, and other expenses, diminish the capital engaged in every kind of enterprise, while the money market cannot give further relief, because the high price of commodities has already taken up all of the loanable funds. The banks not only cannot make further advances, but they must curtail their discounts. The deposits are drawn down, thus, depriving the banks of the means of continuing their accommodations, and compelling them to call in loans already made. In the meantime, the demand for accommodation increases and becomes urgent, while the stringency of the money market becomes unbearable. One concern after another topples and falls, and the country again enters upon a commercial crisis, to be followed by a period of revulsion and prostration, which in turn leaves the country once more with a redundant currency, and at the same time with falling prices. The numerous failures greatly diminish the call for loans, the stagnation of business causes lower prices, a great amount of currency is released, which flowing into the banks makes an easy money market, and there is again seen a redundant currency, and low prices, for a considerable length of time.

Under no kind of money can we hope to escape business troubles, and occasionally a commercial crisis. Under irredeemable paper, constantly increasing in amount, the disaster when it comes is overwhelming, and bankruptcy general. Under a metallic currency of full value a crisis is not so severe, and failures are of less magnitude. Under an irredeemable paper currency, there is no limit to the advance of prices, so long as the currency is worth anything at all. Under a gold currency, prices cannot advance so as to involve the country in general bankruptcy. When prices have advanced so that gold will buy more elsewhere, making allowance for cost of transportation and other ordinary expenses, the exchanges will be against the country, and gold will be sent abroad to rectify the exchanges. This exportation of gold checks further advance of prices, and in many cases a commercial crisis is avoided, and only a temporary depression follows, which soon passes away, and business goes on as usual. The outflow of gold is notice to

every one that there has been overtrading, and at the same time, it operates to restrain further speculation, and the country returns to a natural and sound condition of things, without having passed through a prolonged period of business depression. An irredeemable paper currency does not furnish such a barometer, nor does it restrain speculation, so long as the currency continues to increase from additional issues. But when, from any cause, no more can be issued, and the circulation reaches a point where it is rigid, and there is no further possible expansion, business presses against this bar of limitation, is met as by a wall of iron against which it cannot prevail, and the result is a great commercial crisis. The crisis is much greater than it would be if gold was in circulation; for, with gold in circulation, the country could draw from other lands an addition to its own currency. Even if from the depression gold should flow into the country, it could not be used for currency, but must keep its place as a commodity and take capital to carry it, until it arrives in such quantities as to become too heavy to be carried. Then gold and paper approach each other in value, and if a portion of the paper be withdrawn gold goes into circulation, and specie payment takes place. Sometimes the growth of business is such that the gold is needed without a contraction of the paper, and in such cases the gold operates to expand the currency.

The movements of commerce and trade are not steadily in one direction. A cycle is made up of a number of smaller cycles of less range, and of greater or less duration. There are many causes which operate against a continuous course of trade. Bad crops and political disturbances are the greatest of these causes. After a prolonged period of dull times, there generally follows a period of great and general prosperity. The demand for commodities is strong and steady, and profits are fair if not liberal. Then follows a period of less activity and smaller profits, though in the meantime the country is gaining in wealth. Such reactions are desirable inasmuch as they are the healthy methods of correcting a tendency to overtrading and speculation, and extend the time before another commercial crisis. The smaller cycles are but parts of the great cycle, and, taken together, form one of the great periods of

commercial operations. Before a great cycle is completed, there is a general expansion of credits and as a natural consequence higher prices, which condition of things prevails until the natural increase of business from the growth and development of the country, together with the advance of prices, calls into use all of the currency, and gives full employment to the circulation, until there seemingly is an insufficient supply of currency. If business is to continue at the current range of prices, there must be more money. If no more money is to be had, speculation must diminish and prices take a lower range. If the currency is of irredeemable paper, more will be issued, and speculation will take a wider range, and prices advance to a still higher figure, only to come to the same condition that has just been mentioned. If the currency is of gold, exchanges will call for gold for exportation, and prices will gradually fall to their true level, and there will be renewed activity in business. It will be found that the high prices have called into use all of the money, and at the same time there has been a rise in the rate of interest. Bankers are no longer dictated to by the borrowers, as to the rate of interest which they shall receive. The banker is now an autocrat, whose yes or no means something every time the words are uttered. Prices are above their true level; that is, commodities sell for more in that country than in other countries, after making allowance for cost of transportation and other necessary charges, and the money of the great commercial nations, gold, will not buy as much in the country where prices have thus risen. Merchants seeing that they can import at a profit, place their orders with foreign houses for large amounts of merchandise. In the very nature of the case, these orders increase both in number and amounts, thereby greatly enlarging the amount of imports which must be paid for. On the other hand, the high prices at home diminish the exports, and the country finds itself with a greatly decreased demand for its own productions. Then again, the increased importations operate to diminish still further the demand for home goods, and to throw still greater numbers out of employment. When this point has been reached, we find Gresham's Law in full operation, and we soon realize that some of our money will leave us, and that some has already gone, and

that more will follow. And it is the best money that goes, and the poorer money that remains. Finally the outflow of gold reaches such magnitude as to act on the currency in such a way as to cause a great stringency in the money market, and a collapse follows, and the cycle is completed by a period of business depression, and falling prices, which generally lasts until prices reach their true level, and even go below the true basis of values. Then gold begins to come into the country again, and after a while business revives, and the country enters upon another cycle.

The usual course is, first, business activity with rising prices, a general and profound confidence in a magnificent future, with still higher prices, followed by a general enlargement of business of all kinds, then a moderate reaction in some of the leading manufactures, such as iron and cotton, to be followed by renewed activity and expansion. This process continues, and there is an absorption of circulating capital into fixed forms, such as railroads, enlargements of factories, and building of new ones. New houses spring up almost everywhere. New companies are formed, and when there is an irredeemable paper currency, joint-stock companies spring into existence by the score, and by the hundreds. One can put his money into almost anything from an iron mine to a milk route. There is a general expansion of credits in all forms; large and increasing importations to meet the demands of luxurious living are added to the already heavy imports as the result of high prices, which in time acts on the manufacturer by absorbing his market, thus compelling him to curtail his production because his market is filled with foreign goods. Then follows an enforced unproductiveness of capital, and an enforced idleness of labor, or else the manufacturer continues to produce goods for which he cannot find a market; in this way locking up not only his own capital, but compelling him to use his credit to the utmost, by borrowing of others the capital necessary to continue the struggle. When this condition of things has been reached, there generally is an adverse condition of the foreign exchanges, accompanied by a drain of specie, and if the financial machinery of the country be not sound and strong, a panic ensues, and is followed by a period of business depression, and falling prices, which continues until the drain of the specie is checked, and probably

until specie begins to flow into the country again. It is not to be expected that prices will stop falling when they have reached a point where specie will buy as much here as in other countries. Under such circumstances prices are usually somewhat below a specie basis, and it is not till they have so fallen that the turning point is reached, and specie begins to return, and in time prices arrive at their true level.

It might seem that when prices have fallen so that gold will buy as much in one country as in another, that the movements of it would cease, and each country hold what it had ; but such is not the case. The movements of commerce are far-reaching, and cannot be arrested at once. They continue to produce results long after the figures begin to appear on the wrong side of the ledger. Fortunate is the man who so conducts his business that he may limit his losses. A country cannot do so.

When a country is a debtor one, that is, when it owes money abroad in the form of bonded debts, bonds and shares in railroads, etc., and when its people spend large amounts in foreign travel, an outflow of specie may occur even when its exports of merchandise greatly exceed its imports. This might be so also, while it was increasing its indebtedness abroad. And the buying back of a portion of its own securities might proceed so far as to cause a very serious outflow of gold, and thus greatly add to such complications as already exists.

It will be seen that a period of business activity and speculation generally results in some advance of prices, and to an adverse condition of the exchanges, followed by an exportation of gold, which soon corrects the evil, unless there is an inferior currency issued ; and that a period of business depression forces prices below a specie level, and in consequence, specie flows into the country even when not needed for circulation, and even when by reason of an inferior currency it cannot be used for that purpose. It is for the time being of no consequence what the currency of the country may be, specie will continue to flow in, and in all probability to such an extent, that the inferior money will have the same purchasing power as specie. Then if a portion of the inferior money is withdrawn from circulation, the superior money (gold) will go into the channels of circulation, and the currency be restored to a sound and honest condition.

The almost complete cessation of the outflow of gold in 1878, was in accordance with the doctrine that trade runs in cycles. There had been a long period of business depression, and a great decline of prices. Specie payments could not have taken place at all, had there not been a great fall of prices. If resumption meant anything, it meant lower prices. A fall was the necessary precursor of resumption, otherwise it could not have taken place. It was through the fall of prices that gold was obtained to pay for the bonds which the government sold, to get ready for January 1, 1879. A great fall of prices was necessary to arrest the outflow of gold, so that we might retain a portion of the production of our mines. It was from this source, together with the stock in the country, that we received the gold necessary for resumption. The great fall of prices, resulting in the reversal of our trade with other countries, brought us only \$5,163,094 of gold in excess of that which went abroad. Previously to 1878, the fall of prices had not been great enough to prevent the exportation of a part of the production of our own mines.

With the rise of prices which followed the suspension of specie payments the excess of imports of merchandise greatly increased. The excess of imports during the years 1868 to 1873, inclusive, were in round numbers \$1,086,000,000. The net export of specie for the same years was \$673,000,000. It is not difficult to trace the connection between the suspension of specie payments and high prices with the enormous importation of merchandise, and the great amount of specie exported. The suspension led to a great rise of prices, which in its turn, led to enormous importations, and a great drain of the precious metals, which culminated in the commercial crisis of 1873, at which time commenced a period of falling prices, that was to run through several years, and which was not to end until prices reached their true level. With the decline of prices, the excess of imports diminished, and finally disappeared altogether. As prices fell the exports began to exceed the imports. The excess of exports were in

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| 1876, | - | - | - | \$ 79,643,481 |
| 1877, | - | - | - | 151,152,094 |
| 1878, | - | - | - | 257,814,384 |
| 1879, | - | - | - | 264,661,666 |

The excess of exports over imports for the years as above, was \$753,341,475, and notwithstanding this great amount, there was no importation of specie, but on the contrary we exported about \$60,000,000 of specie, in excess of that imported. The following table of the excess of exports over imports is interesting, and showing that with the decline of prices the excess of exports of specie diminished, and finally ceased. The net export of the metals were in

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|-------|---|---|---|--------------|
| 1872, | - | - | - | \$66,183,845 |
| 1873, | - | - | - | 63,127,687 |
| 1874, | - | - | - | 88,175,497 |
| 1875, | - | - | - | 71,231,425 |
| 1876, | - | - | - | 40,567,621 |
| 1877, | - | - | - | 15,887,928 |
| 1878, | - | - | - | 8,918,811 |

In 1876, we did not export more than about one-half of the gold and silver produced by our mines, and in 1877 about one-fifth, and in 1878, we retained nearly the whole amount produced. Prices had now reached about their natural level, and consequently the excess of exports of merchandise was great, and the demand for gold for exportation ceased. Paper and gold were approaching each other in purchasing power, and the country could resume specie payments if it took advantage of this condition of things. Fortunately the country did take advantage of the opportunity, and resumed specie payments, and the country has enjoyed a period of moderate prices, and great prosperity. The net exports of gold from 1873 to 1878, inclusive, were \$123,400,456. The production of the mines amounted to \$240,991,674, leaving to the country out of its own production, \$117,591,218, as an additional accumulation with which to resume specie payments. The excess of exports of merchandise from 1876 to 1882, inclusive, amounted to \$1,206,570,788, and the net imports of gold were \$179,748,592, while the production of our mines amounted to \$162,106,218, thus adding under specie payments \$341,854,810 to the gold of the country, a large part of which went into the circulation. Had resumption not come about, no part of this great amount of gold could have gone into the circulation and remained there.

We are a debtor nation, owing a large amount abroad for interest, and spending much in foreign travel we also pay quite an amount for freight on foreign vessels. We do not know just how much these items amount to each year, but for the purpose of illustration, we will assume that the interest on our debts and securities held abroad, together with interest and profits on foreign capital invested in this country, amount to

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|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---------------------|
| | | | | | \$75,000,000 |
| Paid in foreign travel, | - | . | - | - | 75,000,000 |
| Paid for foreign freight, | - | - | - | - | 15,000,000 |
| Sundries, | - | - | - | - | 10,000,000 |
| | | | | | <hr/> \$175,000,000 |

Amount of gold brought into the country by immigrants and by capitalists for investment, \$40,000,000; leaving \$135,000,000 in the nature of an annual fixed charge against the country, which must be paid, whether we buy anything abroad or not. We start each year with a very large amount maturing against us, though we do not buy anything of other nations. This great amount must be paid for, either in merchandise or gold, unless foreigners buy largely of our securities, and thus increase the amount of our indebtedness abroad, and so add to the annual fixed charges against the country. The exports of merchandise must greatly exceed the imports, or there will be a great amount of gold exported.

Under any circumstances the exports should exceed the imports for a term of years. If the exports do not greatly exceed the imports, we may reasonably conclude that we are increasing our indebtedness abroad, or that there must be a large exportation of gold; and if the amount of gold exported exceeds the production of our mines, it must draw from the currency of the country thereby contracting it. The excess of exports over imports, for the years 1876 to 1882, averaged upwards of \$170,000,000 a year. The excess of imports over exports, for seven months of this year, are \$49,186,391; and the net export of gold, for the same months, is \$41,901,220. These figures are significant as showing the change that has taken place in a few years. From an annual excess of exports of more than 170,000,000, trade has from some cause or other changed, so that our imports, for seven months only, exceed our exports by upwards of \$49,000,000.

The excess of imports of gold, for the seven years, averaged upward of \$25,000,000 per annum. The excess of exports of gold, for the seven months of this year, amounts to the great sum of \$41,000,000. Why has there been this great change in our trade with other lands? He would be bold, indeed, who should assert that the coinage of silver has had nothing to do with it. Whatever may be the cause, it matters not; the fact remains, that a great change has taken place in our commercial relations with other nations; and as a result of these changes gold is leaving the country in large amounts. That there may be a change in our foreign trade, which will to some extent diminish the outflow of gold, is to be expected; but if we continue to coin silver, and add to the circulation \$30,000,000 a year, we should not be surprised if gold continued to seek those countries which value it the most.

If we coin silver in large amounts, and thus fill the channels of circulation with an inferior currency—for inferior it is, so long as other nations refuse to use it, except as a subsidiary coinage—gold will again leave us, and it is for us to say to what extent. The responsibility rests upon us as a people. We now can have the best money in the world, or we can give it up, and try to be satisfied with money much inferior. We alone can decide the question. We can say whether gold shall leave us in large amounts, or whether it shall disappear entirely from circulation. It depends upon the amount of silver we coin. We may limit coinage at a point where it will not seriously affect gold. Then again, we may coin silver to such an extent as to deprive ourselves of all our gold, not only that which is already coined, but the entire production of our mines also. Free coinage of silver would bring it about in a very short time. Thus far the danger in continuing to coin silver has not been apparent to the casual observer, because it has not reached a point where it is dominant in the circulation, and where "Gresham's law" has become an active principle in the currency. There have been two influences at work to modify the evils of silver coinage. Without these two influences operating in favor of silver, it would in all probability have become, ere this, a more serious question. Surely, the unwisdom of it would have become more apparent to every

one. The growth and development of the country undoubtedly carried with it the need of more currency, or at least made it necessary that it should not be diminished. Then again, the surrender of a large amount of national bank notes created a great gap in the currency. Both of these new demands for currency have been met by silver certificates, without greatly increasing the amount of the currency; and as a natural consequence of these two demands acting at the same time, the silver thus far coined has not excessively increased the volume of the currency, therefore, it has not resulted in an inflation of the currency to such an extent as to make very active the principle of currency, and so the danger of silver coinage has been hidden from view. The gap in the currency, caused by the surrender of the national bank notes, was intentionally and deliberately brought about by the silver men in Congress, so as to make possible the coinage of silver in such a way that the danger might not be felt, and therefore not generally seen. The antagonism to the national banks in Congress had this end in view, and only this end, that coinage of silver might be carried to such an extent as to commit the country to the continued coinage of it. The issue of silver certificates was intended to disguise the evil, by removing the heavy silver coin from circulation, and so keeping it from public view, that people might not see the inconvenience of it, and might not realize the amount coined.

The surrender of the remaining bank notes, and the payment of the legal-tender notes, would still further extend the amount to which silver might be coined without inflating the currency, though in case this course should be pursued, part, and that too large a part of the currency, would be inferior money. There would be two kinds of metallic money, gold and silver, the first of full value, which would pass anywhere in the wide world at its face value, the other a light-weight coin, worth about two-thirds of its nominal value, and which would have no circulation outside the boundaries of this country; but would here circulate as money, because—and only because—the sum total of both does not exceed the amount of money needed to transact the business of the country, on the existing basis of values for commodities. Yet we should find that while the two moneys appeared to

circulate side by side, it would be the silver that was the most seen. In fact, such is already the case. Silver being of less value than gold, people will part with it first, and retain the gold as long as possible. Gold will be kept in the reserves, and private drawers, and will not in any event be paid out, except in the absence of silver. While by retiring all of the paper money in the country, the field for silver would be much enlarged, and the serious effect from its coinage delayed for many years, we should still have the danger before us, and we should still be steadily traveling the road to silver mono-metalism.

After having filled the vacuum created by retiring the greenbacks, and the bank notes, there would be no new use for silver, except such increased need as there might be for more currency, by reason of the growth of business of the country. This might admit of the continued coinage of silver in small amounts each year, without destroying the present basis of values. But a large monthly coinage, or free coinage of silver, would be an addition to the currency not needed; it would therefore cause inflation, and depreciate the currency, and bring about a rise of prices, which would result in the exchanges being against the country, making necessary the exportation of gold. If the coinage of silver should be continued until it filled the channels of circulation, the currency would be inflated, and prices would advance until gold had entirely disappeared from circulation. It would no longer be part of the currency of the country, and would take its place as merchandise, and be bought and sold in the market the same as any commodity. A gold dollar would command a premium proportionate to the difference in the nominal value of the silver coins, the current money, and their real value as determined by the worth of the metal in the coins. And in case of speculation in gold, the premium might become much greater, thus adding to the cost of foreign exchange, which would tell still more against the country.

We now have a currency in which gold is an important part and which we may retain if we decide to do so. But we can easily get rid of it. It is for us to say whether we will remain in the group of great nations, mutually helpful to each other, or whether we shall isolate ourselves or place ourselves in the

group of inferior nations. All we have to do to place ourselves at a great disadvantage with other nations is to continue the coinage of silver thus creating an inferior currency which shall drive gold out of circulation. What have we to gain by such a course? It is as easy for us to have a gold currency as it is to have silver—why, then, prefer the latter? Yet if we coin silver in such amounts as to supply the need for currency we shall lose our gold and become a silver nation.

The law under which gold and silver were coined in 1794 and 1795 fixed the proportions between gold and silver at 15 of silver to one of gold. Under that law gold was undervalued and disappeared from circulation. In 1834, the law was changed so that thereafter the ratio should be 16 to 1. Under this law silver was underrated. "Silver went out of circulation and became the better metal to export, while for the same reason gold became the better remittance this way. The only silver which could circulate here was that which was worn or clipped until it was not worth more than silver rated at in our coinage."

At the present time, owing to various circumstances, silver is an inferior metal for monetary purposes. To continue to coin it in large quantities cannot be a wise measure; and all history shows that to coin to such an extent as to supply the need for currency must result in the standard of the country being lowered to that of silver.

GEO. A. BUTLER.

ARTICLE V.—THE FREEDOM OF GOD.

I HAVE used the term "lexolatry" in a recent Article* to describe a form of unconscious fatalism that pervades modern thought. The word may stand as indicating a tendency to exalt unduly the aspect of regularity in nature. The philosophical inference is commonly called law, or stated as the reign of law. This inference has been extended to cover all phenomena. I have even come across the phrases, "laws of the volitions," and "laws of the Divine nature." Applied to the order and processes of the world, this inference "substitutes, within the ground which it covers, the idea of a natural and necessary process for that of an arbitrary and volitional" one. It "regards the universal laws or forms which are impressed on things as co-eternal with the Deity." It regards as "incapable of being united in thought . . . the idea of a self-existing mind" and the actual course of nature under law. The "flow of cause and effect is spontaneous and impersonal. It is philosophical to infer that it is equally so at the beginning." If one shall read the first page of any book in philosophy or science written within twenty-five years he will be in no further need of illustrations of this tendency. Concerning this modern use and worship of law I observe as follows:

1. As to the term itself it is commonly misused. I do not refer, in saying this, to the many loose and inexact employments of the word. There is some meaning intended certainly by writers who employ this term exactly but in a borrowed sense. A law of nature, or generally a "law," is a fixed, invariable mode of action or being. Law in the generic sense is the impressed outline or framework of regular methods or established existences.

The Latin has *lex*, *lego*, and *statuo*, *status* (*institutus*). The Greek has *νόμος*, *νόμος* and *θεσμός*, *θέσις*. The Hebrew has *דָּת* *dath* and *תּוֹרָה* *torä*. The German has *gesetz*. The old English and its coördinates have the word derived from roots

* *New Englander and Yale Review*, Feb. No., p. 188. "An Omitted chapter of Robert Elsmere."

meaning to *lay*. Every word and root involved, so far as I have been able to examine, has an active sense. The sense that is primary is that of laying a rule of action or a command upon a being capable to obey. The application of the term to the rule or command itself is a metonymy. If the command remains as determining a repeated and regular obedience, the idea of orderly consistency will arise and a *system of government* will emerge. But law retains its relation to the author. In its original sense it would always seem to require an administrator as well as an author. Its relations are purely personal. Law takes to itself no power of constraint. It cannot pass beyond the choice or intent of the one who lays it down either to be regarded as "co-eternal" with Him, or as ever becoming self-executing. In the Hebrew philosophy certainly this primary and correct use seems to be maintained. The world of matter as well as the world of souls is laid under command by the personal sovereign and He is always the executor of his laws. They are nowhere regarded as a system of self-operating modes, or of lines laid down in fixed relations so as to predetermine the movement of certain impersonal forces by their nature and fixed relations. This is the borrowed and modern idea and it has no warrant in the philological derivation of the word law.

2. The use of the word, the drift of thought beneath the use, are atheistic. The word itself with its surrounding vocabulary has been substituted for the personal terms which describe God. This is a lapse in language from strength to weakness. It is irreligious as well as inexact. Law in its true sense is the intermediate term between God and man. The command of God must reveal God, not conceal Him. But law in the modern conception is not even a command. It is an entity in itself. Or it is a mode of the activity of entities that are not commonly called God, or thought of as personal, or as having a personal authority. It is customary now for men to say that "things occur under law," "develop," "evolve," result from the action of "forces." The extreme of this, in precisely the same line, is Haeckel's origination of life in a "fortuitous concourse of atoms." How far removed is modern

phraseology from the theism of Christ: "*God* so clothes the grass." "*Your Heavenly Father* feedeth them." "Not one sparrow falleth without *Your Father*."

This, however, as I have intimated, is not merely a question of phraseology. These terms in use among us indicate a substantial atheism of varying grades. It is theism, so it seems to me, only when the regular modes in the universe are regarded as the immediate expression of God's reasonable consistency and the forces working along these lines as God's immediate energy. This affirmation excludes from theism the conception of some deity who is regarded as merely *behind* law, as if these lines had at some time been laid down in advance, as predetermined boundaries of nature. In the midst of such lines a Personal God might be superfluous. But when it is asserted that God is the first cause, is it not often understood that He is not the Second Cause? When we say that law implies a law-giver, do we usually mean anything more than that there *was* a law-giver? The order of the world is a necessary *result* of original commands, not an eternal obedience to *Him* who gives commandment. That is, laws are commonly thought of, out of present relation to the law-giver, as things in themselves. The language used leaves no doubt that it represents the conception that the exigent and immanent causes in nature, and regularities in modes, are other than God Himself. If we pass down the scale of thought, this atheism is avouched. The scheme of regularities is proclaimed as self-sustaining. We are incompetent, according to Mr. Spencer, to say whether the Somewhat below or behind it is personal or impersonal or superpersonal.

3. In origin and in outcome this is fatalistic philosophy. It is not saved from the charge merely by affirming that the First Cause is a Personal God. The thing laid is separated from the One who laid it. Being laid it is laid once for all. The lines of it are called law. The power of it is called force. The establishment in the aggregate is called Nature. The prevailing consciousness in relation to this scheme is that of fixedness. If any person is supposed, his relation to it is that of an Ordainer, or at best of an Overseer who acts on it, if at all, from without. In order to act *in* it, He must be conceived as

breaking in. The whole modern discussion of miracles has assumed a sum total of things laid down, along, or within which all force must operate thus and not otherwise, and the question has been: "Can the Person alter this, or act in it, or on it? and if so, how?" The defender of miracles has frequently been placed under the necessity of proving exceptions, by first admitting the existence of this sum total of law, as the complete description of the universe. But the fatalism in the conception is not eliminated by proving power extraneous to the system. The assumption itself is fatalistic. It would be as truly so if a person were its author as if it were a self-existing and self-operating machine. Some have seemed to suppose that atheism and fatalism are avoided by explaining who laid these lines down. But this does not affect the question. They *are* laid down in this philosophy. The machine is constituted. Barring possible miracles, the machine has all the aspect of being self-operating and inexorable.

4. The tendency which I am trying to describe has arisen partly from omissions in observing, or from ignoring when observed, much of the phenomena of the world. How much of Nature there is which cannot and need not be classified, to which the mathematical processes are not profitably applicable does not seem to have been noticed. But certainly there is a realm of unclassified residues. They are more than fringes of the lines. They are more than species of the genera. Nature has in it evidence of individuation and that fact is the antithesis of law so called. The usual disposition of this fact in modern science is to provide a convenient lumping process in which a myriad different objects go in under a class-name on grounds of some common resemblance. These resemblances are the basis of scientific induction, and the nexus of resemblance as a line running through various beings is called a law. When classification has been effected, in ways more or less numerous, science stops. At this point it has learned and named certain series of resemblances. As if this was all that may profitably be known of the phenomena in question, it bases its sole philosophy of them upon this science. And it may be granted that for purpose of prediction, which is the chief value of scientific research, this search for straight lines

is not only legitimate but sufficient. But as an interpretation of cause, or as an insight into a proper philosophy or a proper theology it leaves out more than it discovers. For every classification might truthfully be accompanied by a list of qualities equal in number to the objects themselves—much larger probably—that differentiate and individuate the existences of the universe. For the purposes of classification such lists would be useless. On the contrary they would prove the narrow limits of induction itself. They would show that our modes of science are competent to give us knowledge of only the most general sort. But their bearing upon the philosophy of the universe is most startling in its significance. These countless facts that are not classified and never will be, but which give identity to every being created, have each, and must have, a separate cause. They pass outside the “lines laid down.” Only by a most unscientific lumping can they be brought under a *law*. To catalogue them or group them would soon eviscerate to the mind the meaning of the term law as used, and drive us back to more general grouping for relief. We do not attempt it because this variety is so vast as to present at the very outset the aspect of infinity. All that has been done or ever will be done is to trace through this intricacy a certain gross frame work of “lines laid down.” This is true of phenomena, it is true of processes, it is true of properties, it is true of mental realities. It remains that each leaf on the tree has its individual mark. The law of gravitation limits the flight of the humming bird, but no one will ever be able to predict the flight of a humming bird. For purposes of science merely it would not be profitable to try. But that only leaves lacking law enough to explain his flight. So far as it remains to be explained by qualities that are unclassified, it remains also to be proved that the humming bird is a creature under law. He could not be so proved except by such an extension of the meaning of the word as would destroy, the idea itself and make induction in this region absolutely unprofitable. But this unclassified region is and always will be the bulk and majority of the universe. The world which man finds is mathematical only in its streaks. Its fiber and filling have no such aspect.

This affirmation is not answered to any competent consciousness by endowing the so-called laws with causative power. The power cannot be proved to consciousness. We have no analogy for it. If laws are lines laid down they cannot grow fringes. If they did not of themselves require a reason as their source, that which lies between them would. And if that which lies between is what we find it to be, even if the laws could account for it, it would only prove that the effect was greater than, and different from, the cause. That which lies between is not merely the *extension* of lines, it is *variation* from lines.

But there is a more important fact yet, which so far as I know has never had a sufficient account given of it. The lines of law so called mutually interrupt; or, what is in practice the same thing, the causes or forces supposed to be working in one mode nullify and overcome those working in a different mode. The same force balances against itself. Laws cut each other off. By one law bodies cohere, by another they are cleft, by the same law they fall and are to-morrow lifted. On examination of the universe it seems at the first very easy to select certain great modes of operation, uniform and unvarying, running through the universe, or necessary in all mind. But farther inspection compels us to condition this conception. Other modes cross these and then we begin to say: "Except where they are suspended by other laws." But these other "laws" also are deflected, cut off, twisted around parallel lines, joined to this principle and then to that, suspended through large areas, reinforced this way and diminished that way. Very soon calculation becomes complicated. We pass by the intersecting lines. We eliminate for the purposes of clearness the coloring of tributaries. We clear our diagram of the universe from so many cross lines and retreat to special departments. In this way alone can induction be saved from breaking under its own burdens. The calculation of the next eclipse under the clearest conditions nevertheless covers a hundred pages with our figures. But were we to come upon the same result in inspecting a fresco of Michel Angelo we should see in it something more than mathematics, even in the construction of the diagram. But has it ever occurred to any one to develop the

philosophy of interruptions in law? Has any one explained how a system of lines laid down should present the aspect of an infinite labyrinth?

5. There is an aspect of regularity in the universe. Does it arise from the existence of a framework or outline antecedently run out and now and henceforth fixed? Or if not what is to be made of that which men have discovered which are called laws?

There are qualities of things doubtless that are essential. If a world is to be made—if a grain of sand, they will have an appreciable identity. There are certain properties or inherent possibilities in matter that make it matter and not something other. The universe is not self contradictory. Objects are not themselves and something else at the same time. Concerning this fact we have inferred that God has impressed properties upon things and substances. It is necessary to sane intelligence that we regard these properties as coeval and coexistent with the essence to which they belong. Any change in them without some corresponding change in our consciousness would be equal to proving insanity or fundamental caprice in the author of the universe. But these essential elements or qualities are not properly to be regarded as laws. They are, at most, only limits. They are modes of being of the entity. Out of these modes the entity ceases. Their immutableness is necessary to a cosmos. The modes therefore chiefly determine what the being *cannot* be. They do not determine its positive capacities. But this necessary adherence of entities with their essential properties results in an aspect of stability. It provides by the nature of things for intelligible order in the universe as related to apprehending intelligence. It is not an unwarranted leap of faith to declare that this impress is coeval with the universe. We do not know the mode of union between essences and their necessary attributes. We are therefore incompetent to affirm that other series of existence might not be created with different relations. But our reason pronounces the discovered relations to be rational and this rises to the inference that the necessary and fundamental nature of the universe is a product of intelligence. When we rely upon this therefore we rely so far upon the Reason of God.

These necessary properties and relations are the ground of the universe, the material on which and out of which the system proceeds. But no one is competent to say that these properties and relations are necessary in the sense of exhausting the divine possibilities. It might be maintained that these are they which God freely chose to institute. At the basis therefore it is entirely philosophical to say that God is free from any necessity. Our inability to apprehend or conceive a possibly different system may arise solely from the fact that our reason was made only to apprehend the actual system. It is entirely possible that God was not bound by anything in His nature to make a system, and one only that should conform with reason as it is in us. We have no means of knowing that he is thus limited. Theists would do well to be careful how they affirm our type of reason as the measure of God's Reason. The freedom of God may extend to making more than one sort of intelligence—more than one order of necessities in his universe. If Mr. Spencer meant no more than this when he suggested that God might be much *more* than a person, his suggestion is worthy of consideration.

But whatever we may say of the divine freedom back of the actual nature of things as revealed to us, it seems certain that the modes of using this fixed material are also rational.

What are rational modes? This question strikes at the root. Theism depends upon the answer to it. Theism must not grant that God is irrational. Such concession would destroy the thesis. An irrational God is no God. But theism must affirm that God is the author of the universe. It must therefore show that the universe is a rational product. But yet farther, Theism must show that God is personal and therefore free, or free and therefore personal. A God that is not free, who is not personal, is no God. The universe being the evidence, when put upon the question, in proving God reasonable must prove Him also to be personal and free.

In doing this we may show *a priori* that it is the nature of reason to be free, and then we may inspect the universe to discover if the marks of freedom appear. The entire process will if successful result in the construction of a theme that will be purely anthropomorphic. For our only knowledge of the

elements of reason and its products is gained in inspecting and using our own. *What are rational modes?* They are *our own* modes. Man and man alone within our natural experience is rational. Our only clue to any philosophy of the cosmos is gained by running out into it along the lines of analogy furnished by our own minds. This method is ancient as thought itself. It is the sole method found in the Bible. It is never repudiated by any sane being save in terms that cover some fiction which on inspection proves to have no content. Spencer's "unknowable energy," which is the vanishing point of the acknowledgment of the anthropomorphic method, retains a word of experience, to wit: the word "energy" to apply to the substratum of existence. We must pass at once into this mode without apology to learn what reason is and from this we must pass out without a break to learn whether the cosmos is a work of Reason. It was in this way men discovered the straight lines that are called laws. It is found that we ourselves in the exercise of reason call to our aid mathematical conceptions. On these the architect drafts a plan, frames his lumber, and builds a house. The house when finished has a plan, has lines of law that were first in the maker's mind or reason. When the house is done we trace back the lines and interpret the consistent thought of the rational builder in his product.

If now I should stop at this point I should have included all the facts which are commonly included by thinkers when they affirm that the universe is a system under law, and all that is stated by some theists when they declare that a rational God must have laid the laws down. The mathematics, the consistencies, the regularities have been stated, *and no more*. A child born in that house and living there all his life might have all this pointed out to him, without any allusion to the builder, and come at length to think the mathematical principles embodied in the house are the cause of the house. Or he might learn that there *was* a builder but that he has now no relation to the house. It holds itself together. It repairs itself.

Would either of these illustrations answer for a real theism?

But every one knows that the builder is under no constraint to build *that* house, in *that* way, on *that* spot. It is in reason to keep within lines. It is not in reason to work on lines alone. The builder chooses one of many sites. He exercises instant freedom of choices—not *irrational*, but not pre-intended. He repairs the mistakes of his workmen, or he lets them go as he *chooses*. He sets over the glass broken by the boys. He adds another room for some sick one. To finish a day sooner or later matters little—he has *time*. He can care for many results by *being there* without needing to forsee them. When the house is done is it on *lines laid down*? Yes; and it is also *between* them. The house is unlike any other. It has identity. It shows the free choices of the builder. It is a reasonable house, it is the product of reason with *freedom*.

What are rational modes? They are modes that always conjoin the determinate and the indeterminate, the plan and the impulse, the type—"law" and the free variation, the permanent property, and the original choice. Reason lays down lines and then fills them in from moment to moment. Thus the universe is the flow of action over the silence of being—free motion of will amid the verities of eternity. In the only form in which reason is known to us it presents these two aspects. Our consciousness of these facts leads to two affirmations in psychology, neither of which can be denied nor refuted,—first, that man is rational, and second that man is free? Free probably *because* rational. Man's products prove this. Does not the universe prove as much of its author?

No one can evade the feeling while examining the world that it contains reason in the form of "law" so-called. Uniformity! Reliability! These are easy and ready formulæ of the impression. Cause and effect is a still wider generalization. The properties of matter remain the same. Matter, force and motion, time and space have immutable relations, or seem to have. Men are impressed with the inexorable and consistent character of God. They found this consistency in reason. No one ever denies this aspect of the world.

But how has it come to pass that the other impression has been ignored? The world is full of it. The marks of instant personal choice such as man exercises in his products are

written all over the face of the universe. The phenomenon is much more obtrusive than law. It lies nearer to the surface of things. It repeats itself a million times oftener. Unlike law it does not have to be sought out

In answering the question let me call attention to a remarkable circumstance. It is this. The *freedom* of God, the marks of that freedom in the universe, have been recognized chiefly in religion, and by people in religious conditions. It is only where science has been largely secularized, that is, *removed* from contemplation of God and the soul, to a study of phenomena as such, that this consciousness has been shadowed or destroyed. The Bible and the other bibles of the great religions of the world are *all* intensely anthropomorphic, and full of the sense of a near free arbitrary Deity. All religious poetry is characterized by the same marks. All prayer assumes God's freedom. In a state of sin man develops his mathematical sense, his physical sense, but he does not develop his spiritual consciousness to an apprehension of God. This is the essence and force of sin,—it cuts the soul off from communion with God. Now the sense and feeling of *freedom* is the image of God in man. It is man's highest possession. It is kin feeling with God. Is it not true that much of modern thought has seethed up through very much moral corruption and spiritual perversion? Is that tendency which I named "lexolatry" anything but the turning of the heart and mind of man from the Maker to an abstraction which is as truly man-made as the calf that Aaron set up? Philosophy will swing back to the *truth*, at the center which Christ proposed when he said "*God so clothes the grass*" and "*My Father worketh hitherto*" (perpetually?)

6. To recall human attention to the *freedom* aspect of things and so to the freedom of God, will solve for us some very practical problems.

It will save us from more vain attempts to defend miracles. Horace Bushnell formulated a conception of *two* systems, one within or beneath the other, and the one, which he called supernatural having capacity to "come down upon" the other and enter it in unusual modes. But it does not appear in his book ("Nature and the Supernatural,") as the Duke of Argyle

observes, what the limits of these separate domains are, or how these unusual actions differ in kind and cause from the making of a blade of grass. And it will not do to look at the regular courses of things as being any farther removed from God than the irregular ones, or as having any different relations to his will. The assumption of a closed system, or a system of any sort, which must be "come down upon," or broken open, to make Divine action rational or possible, is a bungling and most unnecessary one. What difficulty is there in the conception of a free God "working hitherto?" Much, if there is really a system of "lines laid down" which he cannot or will not break. But what if the lines are only the "working hitherto" of his own consistent reason? We can then have any activity that is not contrary to God's reason. The occurrence of any event past or present will be simply a question of evidence. "*The onus of credibility will be shifted.*" Given an antecedent system which must be breached in order to God's entrance into it and you must first prove the breach before the miracle becomes credible. That task Christianity ought never to have assumed.

Theism itself, moreover, is relieved by recognizing God's real freedom. It is difficult to prove God as a being practically outside of the system which has been created and exturbated beyond him. In such a scheme Deism can scarcely be saved. The attempt to prove God from a system of law has usually done no more than to prove a *Mechanician*. A personal God can probably be proved only by a universe that exhibits marks of free choice.

The old controversy about prayer and law is eliminated. We might without any irreverence ask God to break open a system of "lines laid down," or interrupt an impersonal continuity, even though He started it Himself. If we succeeded, all answer to prayer might be of the nature of a repentance on God's part. As a matter of fact millions of men pray in view of some supposed system of this kind. Prayer scarcely becomes with such a personal relation with God. It must pass around the framework of the plan to reach Him. The answer must be smuggled back through the lines. But what if the world is held, and moved, and ruled in the immediate choice and power of God, in all and in its minutest part. True prayer could not ask God simply because He is free to infringe

his own holy consistency. Yet between persons there is possibility of a mutual understanding. Surely there is room for answering every *real* prayer if *He* is free to do "*His will*" "in the armies of Heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth."

The fringes of this subject fall every whither and I cannot pick them all up.

WILLIAM C. STILES.

**ARTICLE VI.—SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CONSIDERATION
OF THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE.**

IN the Act of the Congress of the United States under which the invitations have been extended and accepted for the Conference of the American republics, now in session in Washington, certain definite objects and purposes were outlined by the Secretary of State of the United States, as worthy of consideration.

Among these objects and purposes were "Measures that shall tend to preserve the peace and promote the prosperity of the several American States."

These were necessarily left general in their terms, and subject to such definite suggestions as might be made from any quarter, provided that they were well considered and made in good faith, with a serious purpose to promote the general objects aimed at. Such suggestions were also specially requested from the Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade throughout the country, by the Secretary of State of the United States who has been elected President of the Conference.

In view of these requests which have been made, we will take it upon ourselves to offer the following suggestions:

1. As the first of the measures which it would be well for the Conference to recommend, we would propose the adoption of the Treaty of Geneva, commonly known as the Treaty of the Red Cross, by such of these States as have not hitherto adopted it. This we can urge as something which has already been demonstrated to be an effective safeguard against the ferocities, excesses, and miseries of war, and even against war itself, among thirty-eight of the most powerful nations of the earth. It has also proved itself to be a means of promoting international good will and of mitigating those national and international calamities that sometimes befall nations in times of peace.

This treaty has already become a means of establishing and increasing international concord on the most solid and enduring basis of mutual helpfulness. Its prime object is the relief of

sick and wounded soldiers in time of war based upon the fact that the medical staff of armies is and always must be unable to meet properly the immense and sudden needs of armies in the field, on the march and immediately after battles. International voluntary relief duly organized under the protection of commanders and the humane provisions of this Treaty, and working in subordination, and in concert with the medical staff, has most wisely and fully met these needs. This Treaty has helped to discourage war altogether, as the very best way of escaping all need of such relief. The actual work of international relief, both in war and peace, has proved to be a very potent factor in promoting the spirit of enduring and pervasive international good will.

The experience of the United States during the Civil War, and our sufferings as a nation at that time by internal rebellion and disorder, may well add some weight to any wise and well-considered proposal we may make to discourage those internal rebellions, faction-fights, and those frequently recurring revolutions that have so long wasted the energies of these people, hindered our trade with them, diminished their value as customers, retarded their development, and weakened their power as contributors to the common stock of human development. It will give us an opportunity to prove that the old slave holding spirit, with the aggressive wars to which it led, is not a force in our modern policy of impartial freedom, and to urge that settled and beneficent order within and without can be and ought to be maintained on the basis of civil and religious liberty, regulated by pre-existing law—and that this is the very substance and foundation of all true republican institutions.*

2. We would also propose that there be formulated and recommended a united and solemn declaration, by all the nations represented in the Conference, of what is known in the United States as the "Monroe doctrine" in the interest of peace—that the attempt by any European State on whatever pretext to establish monarchical institutions on the American Continent will be viewed with united disfavor by all.

* For a more detailed statement of the practical and beneficent working of the Treaty of Geneva the reader is referred to an Article in the *New Englander and Yale Review*, of Nov., 1886, p. 905.

The ill-advised and disastrous attempt made by Maximilian under the influence of Napoleon III. to establish monarchical institutions in Mexico during the Civil War in the United States, and the constant attempts by the monarchies of Europe to establish themselves and their authority wherever they can do so, whether on the soil of Africa or Asia, or the Islands of the Sea, clearly show an existing necessity for a united and solemn declaration of the American sentiment and determination on this subject.

The action of the British government everywhere to-day is towards a policy of perpetual encroachment, as it has been for three hundred years. Whether in Venezuela, by creeping up to the mouth of the Orinoco River and claiming the right to establish themselves as the masters of the immense territory drained by that river, or by extending its dominion over Egypt and the Soudan, over Eastern Africa and beyond the borders of the Orange Free State, or in the immense regions beyond Farther India, it is everywhere the same. Germany also has been playing the same rôle in the Samoan Islands, and in the Caroline Islands, and is prosecuting to-day schemes of aggrandizement in Africa. Indeed, from every side come facts and warnings that "eternal vigilance" is still "the price of liberty," and of republican institutions.

3. We would further propose that the Conference should recommend the policy of international arbitration, to be first tried in all cases likely to lead to war. The Conference might recommend specific forms and modes of procedure for carrying this policy into practical operation, thus paving the way for the ultimate creation of a permanent international tribunal of arbitration and a Supreme Court of International Claims.

The establishment of arbitration would directly and effectively tend to promote peace and the general welfare. If it were adopted, any American nation that declared war against any other would instantly feel not only the weight of an adverse public opinion in all the other States, but the binding force of treaty obligations as well. And in the growing repugnance among enlightened nations to war as an arbiter of disputes, a well grounded hope might be entertained that wars would become less frequent and finally cease altogether. Had

a treaty such as is here proposed been in existence before the late war between Chili and Peru, that disastrous conflict that has left both the combatants in a worse condition than before might easily have been avoided.

No nations are so well situated as the American republics to take this first great step towards becoming truly Christian in their intercourse with one another. They are now all at peace, and there is no cause of irritation existing that would imperil such a proposition. Then the military preparations—the great navies and the standing armies that are crushing the life out of European nations—might to a great extent be dispensed with. Such a proposal coming from the most powerful nation represented in the Conference—one that was formerly itself too much disposed to threaten aggressive and predatory war for the purpose of carrying out the spirit and design of the slave faction—could hardly fail of being well received. It would be a signal proof of the good faith with which the present Conference has been projected; it would so distinctly assure the weakest nation that it has nothing to fear from the aggressive force of the strongest, when difficulties arise in trade relations or otherwise, that it is easy to see how it would become a most potent factor in building up reciprocal trade among them.

The definite forms and code of procedure provided beforehand would more easily lead to a permanent tribunal. A Supreme Court of American International Claims is shadowed forth only as a possibility, to which approaches might be made as far as the common sentiment of the Conference might make it seem practicable. Its very proposal and consideration might lead to more decisive action in some future Conference, which is sure to follow if good results shall come from this.

4. Another object proposed to the Conference is “the adoption of a uniform system of weights and measures and of laws to protect Patent Rights and Copy Rights and Trade Marks of the citizens of each country in the others and for the extradition of criminals.”

This series of measures seems, to a large portion of the people of the United States, to be a natural and necessary part of the international law between nations having the same general objects and aims, and based upon the same fundamental repub-

lican principles of equality of the rights and privileges of their citizens before the law, and who are seeking to develop themselves in civilization in accordance with their common social and political tendencies. But they can only be made a part of that law by the positive obligations of treaties.

The extradition of criminals by a common system of international obligations would seem to need no argument to commend it to the good sense of all. Between these nations there is little danger of confounding political crimes with crimes simply destructive of all human welfare.

A system of common weights and measures, also, once adopted would be such an immediate and practical advantage in the ordinary operations of trade that the relief from a great burden would be felt instantly and by all. The present varying customs and traditions of these nations in these matters of detail may make the change somewhat difficult in the beginning, but once entered upon resolutely as a change made to promote the interest of all, these difficulties will soon vanish.

The measures to protect Patent-Rights, Copy-Rights, and Trade-Marks are more than any others distinctly such as will be useful in leading to the industrial and educational development of the people of the several States. In no way can the advantages of the cultivation of mechanical ingenuity be so impressed upon great masses of people as by the practical use and demonstration of the advantages of improved devices in the production and distribution of things desirable. The educational utility of devices for using steam as a motor has been everywhere immense.

These measures also lie at the foundation of such a system of production and trade as has for its aim cheapness, by developing and ennobling the character of working men, and thus setting them to devising ways and means of enslaving nature and liberating their fellow-men; and not by means that necessarily involve the industrial degradation and enslavement of a class. Such a system is sometimes represented as being not merely useless but a vicious, obstructive, vexatious detriment, founded on old and discarded notions of the advantages of isolation and a burdened trade. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The habit of many European merchants and manufacturers—which is not now uncommon—of imitating the trade-marks of

the manufacturers of the United States, attests at once the victories we have already gained in the struggles towards cheapness by American methods, and the necessity of the legal protection of consumers from the frauds of those who counterfeit trade-marks that have been made valuable by the manufacture of honest goods and by long continued upright trade; there are those who are getting for inferior products the transient illegitimate gains of deception by the virtual theft of the good name of the makers of superior products.

At any rate the protection of trade-marks—the punishment of the fraud of stealing trade by pretending that goods are what they are not, through the cheap devices of imitating a trade-mark—will place all in the necessary condition of reaping what they sow. We ought not to permit any one to have the advantage of harvests that fairly belong to others who have really created them. If European goods are better than American goods let them have all the advantage of that superiority. Protect them in it. If American goods are better, let us have the advantage of honest dealing and superior goods. If trade-marks are protected by penal laws, producers will be induced to deal fairly, and consumers will escape imposition and fraud.

The system of granting Patent-Rights and Copy-Rights has proved itself so productive of practical advantage to all by securing the exclusive benefit to individuals of the sales of their own devices and literary works, during a fixed and moderate time, that no real doubt can be entertained that still greater advantages would result from their extension on a common system over all the countries represented in this Conference.

5. A further matter proposed for consideration is “the establishment of regular and frequent communication between the ports of the several American States and the ports of each other.”

In this connection we would suggest specifically that the Conference shall recognize and recommend the successful example of all other nations which have in modern times established intimate and extensive commercial relations with each other, on the basis that the international interests of

whole peoples ought to bear international burdens that are too great to be borne by individuals, and too important to all to be neglected and abandoned to chance or left to the artful schemes of international business rivals, wielding the resources of great nations to advance exclusively their own interests.

Such governmental action will apply to all modes of communication—by steamships and sailing vessels as well as by railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and the post-office service. These are not matters to be left to the enterprise of individuals; they require too extended time—time exceeding the life of any individual—too great outlay in the beginning; they are too permanent in the advantages they are sure to bring to whole nations, to be risked on the continuance of the life or enterprise or resources of any one man or set of men. No outlay of international resources is more wisely made than in overcoming all impediments to regular and frequent communication, whether domestic or foreign. It is the soul of trade, its indispensable prerequisite; it rapidly diffuses among all nations needed information in regard to each other's requirements and resources. By the instrumentalities and modes of trade, we more readily learn each other's language, tastes, customs, habits, laws, and institutions, and all the surroundings of each other's varying life. Trade then becomes easy, and intercourse profitable; and, at last, all groundless estrangements, profitless enmities and prejudices, and unnatural isolation, gradually fade away.

Great Britain first of all recognized the immense advantage of utilizing its whole combined national resources in furtherance of the trade of its manufacturers, and merchants, and ship-owners, and has profited most of all by its adoption. That government has poured out subsidies to stimulate the trade of the people since 1848, to an amount in the aggregate exceeding two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. It has expended in this way from three millions to six millions a year, and as a return her ship-owners now receive on her carrying trade with this country alone, at least seventy-five millions a year. Its profits on the merchandise trade established abroad have been immense and incomputable. In the last fifteen years France has paid more than seventy millions in subsidies to estab-

lish her foreign trade. In 1870, her steam tonnage was 154,415 tons; in 1883, it had risen to 667,474 tons. Its foreign trade is second only to that of Great Britain. Germany pays a large amount in subsidies. Brazil pays \$1,500,000 a year. Italy, Austria, Spain, even China and Japan, have all adopted the same policy. Mexico pays \$150,000 a year for mail communication with this country.

But the United States, with more to gain than any other nation for its whole population, by the adoption of this plan of extending and developing its trade with other people, has chosen to remain substantially isolated, and to allow the benefits of a trade she has but to put out her hand to secure, to go through difficult channels to business rivals in distant and almost inaccessible countries. We thus are stupidly year after year throwing away the magnificent advantages of our geographical situation and the energies of a great people by stifling their capacity to create wealth and secure the advantages of an equitable and fair foreign trade.

The United States, indeed, has reversed all this policy and in 1881 actually taxed its foreign mail service and made a profit out of it to the amount of \$1,500,000. This would seem to have been assessed for the purpose of extinguishing our foreign trade.

The policy of concentrating all the energies of the nation in binding the country together by canals and railroads, telegraphs, and telephones established and encouraged by grants of land and loans of the government credit, in order to render impossible a second war of secession has its plausible, even its highly important side. But this seeming reversal of all rules of common sense, all ordinary business sagacity, in the treatment of our foreign trade would be easily understood if it were known to be dictated by our foreign rivals, or it were perpetually recommended for our adoption by their subsidized partisans and their venal press. At any rate, the time has now arrived for a bold, decisive step in the right direction—a step towards regaining our lost and wasted opportunities by methods long tested by the experience of other nations, and invariably rewarded by abundant success—a step for which we are prepared by the condition of the national finances no less than by the need of new markets for our superabundant productions.

While we are offering and paying a high premium to liquidate a national debt bearing low interest, we present the astonishing spectacle of an intelligent government deliberately sacrificing the interest of the whole population to the whims of theorists and the sophisms of interested parties declaiming against subsidies.

We quite agree with the commissioners sent by the government of the United States to collect facts, take testimony, and make recommendations to the government in relation to this matter, that negotiations ought to be opened at once for the establishment ultimately by means of subsidies of at least four additional lines of weekly mail steamships as follows, to wit:

1. One along the ports of the Pacific coast.
2. One from New Orleans to the eastern ports of Mexico and Central America.
3. One from New York by the West India Islands to the northeastern ports of South America.
4. One alternately from Boston and New York to Rio and the southeastern ports of South America.

6. Still another object proposed for the consideration of the Conference is "the establishment of a uniform system of Customs-Regulations in each of the independent American States to govern the mode of importation and exportation of merchandise, and port dues, and charges, a uniform method of determining the classification and valuation of such merchandise in the ports of each country, and a uniform system of invoices, and the subject of the sanitation of ships and quarantine."

This series of subjects is among the most directly practical and important of all the matters likely to come before the Conference. The practical difficulties and annoyances that have grown up in the commercial intercourse of these nations hitherto, and which are to some extent unregulated and haphazard, are such as once brought seriously to notice in the deliberations of the Conference will be at once recognized as capable of removal in the interest of all.

The specific abuses, annoyances, and hindrances to trade in detail, in the existing order of affairs, may well be left to those who habitually suffer from them to suggest wholesome and proper remedies. But some general principles might profitably

be kept in mind in devising specific regulations. Certainly no collector or other customs officer ought to judge in any case of alleged violation of law brought or suggested by himself, much less ought he to have any private pecuniary interest in the judgment or the forfeiture.

All fines and forfeitures growing out of merely technical variations from the established forms of invoices, and all simply unintentional violation of established rules and regulations, ought to be abolished; particularly such as have hitherto been a source of private revenue to persons charged with the enforcement of such rules.

The abuses that have grown out of a violation of such fundamental principles are so essentially corrupting and destructive of the general welfare that no argument is needed to enforce their importance.

The specific abuses that have grown up around what are called "Port charges" in some ports of South and Central America are such as to destroy all hope of any trade mutually satisfactory to those engaged in it and they call loudly for abatement. They are often destructive in the aggregate; but they are not even fixed in amount, and they seem frequently to depend upon the present and pressing needs of the private individuals or the municipal corporations charged with enforcing them; so that they sometimes change a profitable venture into an absolute and vexatious loss—a loss the more annoying because it is made up of numerous irregular and vexatious small items constituting an unexpected large and ruinous aggregate that discourages trade.

The climatic and other sanitary conditions commonly existing in tropical and subtropical countries make the sanitation of ships and quarantine laws matters of high importance in their international and commercial relations. They may well be left to specialists in that department. But the enforcement in ports and on shore of the simplest well approved laws in regard to cleanliness and public hygiene—often neglected and their importance woefully underestimated—would do much to reduce the danger from the spread of disease from ships coming from infected ports. Without nests already prepared on shore in which to hatch and mature germs of infection, they

lose a large part of their deadly power. So that a perpetual quarantine maintained against filth in sea-ports by their own authorities—to the last degree important to the resident population—must supplement whatever international regulations may be adopted in regard to the sanitation of ships and quarantine.

Again the beneficent operation of inter-state commerce among the people of the great North American Union, carried on with few or no legal limitations, suggests the possibility of an extension beyond the limits of the United States of the principles involved among people having kindred institutions in similar conditions and cherishing the same social and governmental aims. To the extent that the mutual interests of all can be promoted by intercourse freed from regulations that are simply useless, expensive, and annoying; by intercourse made general and more easy by mutual concessions, a good understanding, and authorized forms of procedure, it seems practicable and desirable to undertake measures looking towards forming a Customs-Union between these States, and the entering on a free list of such articles of trade as may be agreed on as mutually advantageous.

There is nothing in the policy of the laws of each country protecting its own people from unwholesome commercial domination, and trade simply prejudicial or destructive to the general interests however it may promote special and private interests, that will forbid the cherishing of a wider application of the principles of an unhindered trade mutually beneficial. The main object of this Conference is to seek out those points of mutual advantage in trade which do not bring with them disadvantages that overbalance the benefits to be expected from them.

Many such points under proper conditions and with some limitations can undoubtedly be discovered, and a practically unhindered and mutually profitable trade may be arranged for by treaty. The fundamental utility and necessity of developing trade by State assistance and State interference, by bounties and tariff regulations, will be fully recognized and be provided for by an extension to all the countries represented in the Conference, of the system of commercial intercourse now happily

existing among the people of the United States of North America.

The conclusions to which this conference may come as to the measures to be recommended for adoption by all the Governments represented are likely to be of the highest importance both in themselves and in the indirect influence they may exert. Indeed they may mark a distinct epoch in the history of all international relations. They may profoundly affect international law and can hardly fail to produce important changes in international trade and to spread more widely the influence of Republican institutions and a desire to adopt them. To its work, when done, we may call the attention of those interested, and point out some of those features of it that seem most likely to have lasting effects and a wide influence.

JOSEPH SHELDON.

UNIVERSITY TOPICS.

PROFESSOR EDWARD J. PHELPS'S ARTICLE IN THE
DECEMBER NUMBER OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
ON SENSATIONALISM IN LITERATURE.

IN the December number of *Scribner's Magazine*, there may be found an Article from the pen of Hon. Edward J. Phelps, Professor of Law in Yale University—and lately Minister of the United States at the Court of St. James—in which he gives expression to some opinions which probably all thoughtful Americans have long shared with him. The title of the Article to which we refer is "The Age of Words," and it embodies a strong and manly protest against the way in which what are known as sensational newspapers are conducted. We could wish that the Article might be read by every person in the United States who has a just sense of public decency. We will quote a single paragraph. Professor Phelps, while justly conceding that "we are fortunate in the possession of some newspapers which well discharge their proper office, and are conducted with dignity, decorum, ability, and usefulness," goes on to speak of the fact that there is another class of newspapers which "depend on misrepresentation of facts, upon cheap gibes, and appeals to the meanest prejudices;" and which defiantly proceed on the supposition that there is to be no longer any such thing as "human privacy." He says :

"There is no man so obscure, so unassuming, so utterly withdrawn from the public eye and from all challenge of popular attention, who has the right to a concealment of any act or fact or word or thought of his own private life, if it will make an item, or, especially, if it be one from which, by any *misrepresentation or gloss, a sensational story can be made and sold*. The reporter is omniscient and omnipresent. If we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, he is there before us, insatiable, rapacious, remorseless. His theory is that every circumstance and incident in every man's and woman's life is the property of the public, if it can be made to minister to the appetite for scandal or idle gossip, or the pleasure of the base in

the humiliation or discredit of those above them. With him, sorrow commands no charity, misfortune no consideration, age no reverence, woman no deference, death no solemnity, the grave no refuge. Nothing is so pathetic or so pitiful as to appeal to him for forbearance. Humanity has no rights that he is bound to respect. The only question is, *will the story sell, if sufficiently distorted, exaggerated, and dressed up?*" (The italics are our own.)

In the state of things here described, there is however one source of comfort. The excesses which are so manifest to all have a tendency to bring about a reaction in the public mind. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no man of gentlemanly instincts now allows himself to be influenced in the least in his opinion about the character of any person or institution—heretofore considered respectable—by the unverified representations that are made in newspapers of this description.

Had not this Article by Professor Phelps been written some weeks ago, he might have had an opportunity of illustrating what he has said by referring to some of the apparently deliberate misrepresentations which have been recently set afloat, about the University in which he is himself a distinguished and honored instructor. If the subject about which these misrepresentations have been made was not itself of so serious a character, the artful manner in which insinuations have been thrown out with regard to the sanitary condition of the University buildings—with the accompanying suppressions and exaggerations of truth—would have afforded this master of the English language an excellent opportunity for ridicule. While this could not have made his Article more telling, it might have served to enliven still further a serious discussion of one of the great evils of the times which all good citizens regard with apprehension.

With regard to the particular sensational stories to which we refer, we will accordingly take it upon ourselves to state that the National Board of Health at Washington—after the present admirable system of public sewers was introduced into New Haven—officially stated that the statistics proved this town to be the healthiest seaport of its size in the world. The latest report of the Connecticut State Board of Health shows that as compared with the fifteen towns of the State which have over ten thousand inhabitants, only two surpass New Haven in the testimony which they give to the exceptional healthfulness of the

city. The small percentage of superiority in the case of these two is, besides, almost inappreciable. It is also noteworthy that people who come to New Haven from other parts of the country almost invariably speak with delight of the invigorating sea-breezes which at certain hours blow through the town every day, especially in summer and autumn. The University "campus" is, moreover, situated in the healthiest ward of the town, and the one which is the most easily and is in fact the most perfectly drained of all. The system of sewerage adopted in the University buildings was selected by one of the most eminent sanitary engineers in the country, and the work of introduction was done under his supervision. Not long ago the plumbing of these buildings, and the whole system of drainage on the "campus," was at the request of the University authorities examined by a special commission, at the head of which was Prof. C. F. Chandler, who had been for ten years President of the Board of Health of New York City and Chairman of the Sanitary Committee of the New York State Board of Health. This commission reported that the construction of the sewers is complete and satisfactory, and that "the materials and workmanship are unexceptionable." They furthermore stated that they "found nothing in any of the buildings which was in an unsanitary condition." The Secretary of the Connecticut State Board of Health, and also the Health Officer of New Haven, state that the health of the population of New Haven during all this last autumn has been even better than the average for the preceding five years. The analysis of the city water shows that it is far more pure and free from all organic matter than the city water furnished by most of the other towns in any part of the United States.

The facts on which the sensational stories that have lately been circulated were founded, are these. At the commencement of the academical year, fifteen hundred young men came to New Haven from all parts of the United States—nearly every State in the Union being represented among them. It is to be remembered that, at the time of their coming, rains were exceptionally frequent in the whole eastern portion of the United States. The weather was everywhere just of the kind to develop any seeds of disease which the students might have brought with them. Most young men are very careless of their health, and oftentimes seem even to take a pride in disregarding all ordinary hygienic precautions. Very soon after the opening of the term,

several cases of fever occurred which were pronounced to be of a typhoid character. But the Health Officer of the town, after careful examination, says of these cases, that in no one of them can it be claimed with any positiveness that the disease was contracted here. Some of the persons who were ill were ill when they came back to New Haven, to such an extent that they scarcely attended any recitations from the first. Others admitted themselves that they had been exceedingly imprudent. Only four of the "nine cases" which have been spoken of were in any of the University buildings, and no two of these were in the same building. The others were scattered about the town in different localities. It is to be noticed, also, that there have been no new cases since those which first attracted attention.

Here we might close what we proposed to say. But perhaps it may be well to add a single word. The explanation of the story whose foundation we have described—as well as the explanation of the whole class of stories about extraordinary things happening in New Haven, of which this one with regard to the health of the students is only a sample, and which it should be understood are continually recurring in some new form—is not far to seek. It is given by Professor Phelps in his Article. While, as he says, there are undoubtedly many newspapers of a high character, there are others which are ever on the alert to publish any story, no matter how untrue or exaggerated, if it will sell their paper. Such a method of conducting business is regarded as a mark of "enterprise." A sensational story about a large University will pay the person who "works" it—as it is termed in the language of reporters—a large sum of money. Not only regular reporters, therefore, but sometimes other persons who simply hear unfounded rumors, are under a large money inducement to volunteer some startling paragraph which will attract the attention of the public. Unless the story is so sensational as to accomplish this object it is worthless for their purposes. This fact explains the reason why it is so common a thing to find accounts, in such newspapers, of extraordinary remarks which are said to have been made by college officers to their classes, and even sometimes of disgraceful things which are reported to have happened among the students themselves. These accounts may be usually considered to be the exaggerations of things perfectly harmless in themselves. Especially is it true that any story is deemed valuable which will excite the fears or apprehensions of

the tens of thousands of families which are directly interested in the health of the students who are gathered in any of the larger Universities. Such stories about a small college of course will not pay. At this moment, to the personal knowledge of the writer, there is a serious case of typhoid fever in one of the other New England colleges, but probably no reporter will be tempted to exaggerate it for it would not recompense him pecuniarily. But any sensational story about Harvard or Yale will secure him a large sum of money. Not long ago there was a sensational story about one of our larger institutions of education that attracted continental attention, and it was afterwards ascertained that the original slander, and a subsequent reply, were both written by the same person—a student who had been dismissed.

Stories of this kind are so regularly set afloat every year that it can be no matter of surprise to any thoughtful person, if the authorities of such institutions as Yale and Harvard take no notice of them. It requires too much time to follow them, and nothing would better please the newspapers which live on reports of such a character than to have a reply of any kind made, for this would help to give further life to the story.

We have already said that there is a tendency in all sensationalism to cure itself. There being no defense against attacks of this kind, private individuals, as well as public institutions, have long since learned to expect them as a part of the established order of things; and to submit to them without any thought of seeking redress. There is a proverb that a lie will travel a league while truth is putting on its boots. Fortunately relief has come from the fact that no person of respectability now believes any exaggerated reports of any kind. Especially is it true of such reports about colleges, so frequently to be found in the class of newspapers referred to, that it is wise not to give credence to anything—good, bad, or indifferent—that is of a sensational character. It is needless to add that journals that refrain from lending any help to the circulation of stories of the nature alluded to, are sure of the esteem of all whose esteem is of any value.

WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY.

Since the foregoing pages were put in type, an additional illustration has been furnished of what Professor Phelps has so admirably said of the unreliability of the sensational stories which are constantly

being given to the public. It has been widely announced by the press that there has been "a new victim of typhoid fever among the students at Yale." This announcement is, also, specially worthy of notice as another example of what we have elsewhere suggested with regard to the wisdom of not giving hasty credence to reports of any kind which go out about the colleges of the country. This story is a sample of the exaggerations which, in some form, are published almost every month about the University at New Haven.

The facts on which the story to which we refer is founded, as we are reliably informed, are these. A student who had been, for some months, under professional medical treatment for a disease "of a purely local character," to use the language of the attending physician, "and one without the slightest trace of any complication of a typhoid character"—went home about two weeks ago, with his parents. A day or two since the tidings came that he had died at his father's house. His New Haven physician who was with him at the time of his death, and the three physicians of his native town who were in consultation, all state that his death was "in no way consequent on any continued fever," and they repeat the statement that there was "no trace of any difficulty of a typhoid character."

Our readers can see at once that the announcement of the simple facts with regard to the death of this estimable young man, though it would doubtless have called out the heartfelt sympathy of every parent who read it—as it does that of every member of the University—would have caused no special alarm.

W. L. K.

Several important reviews of new publications must be reserved for the January number.

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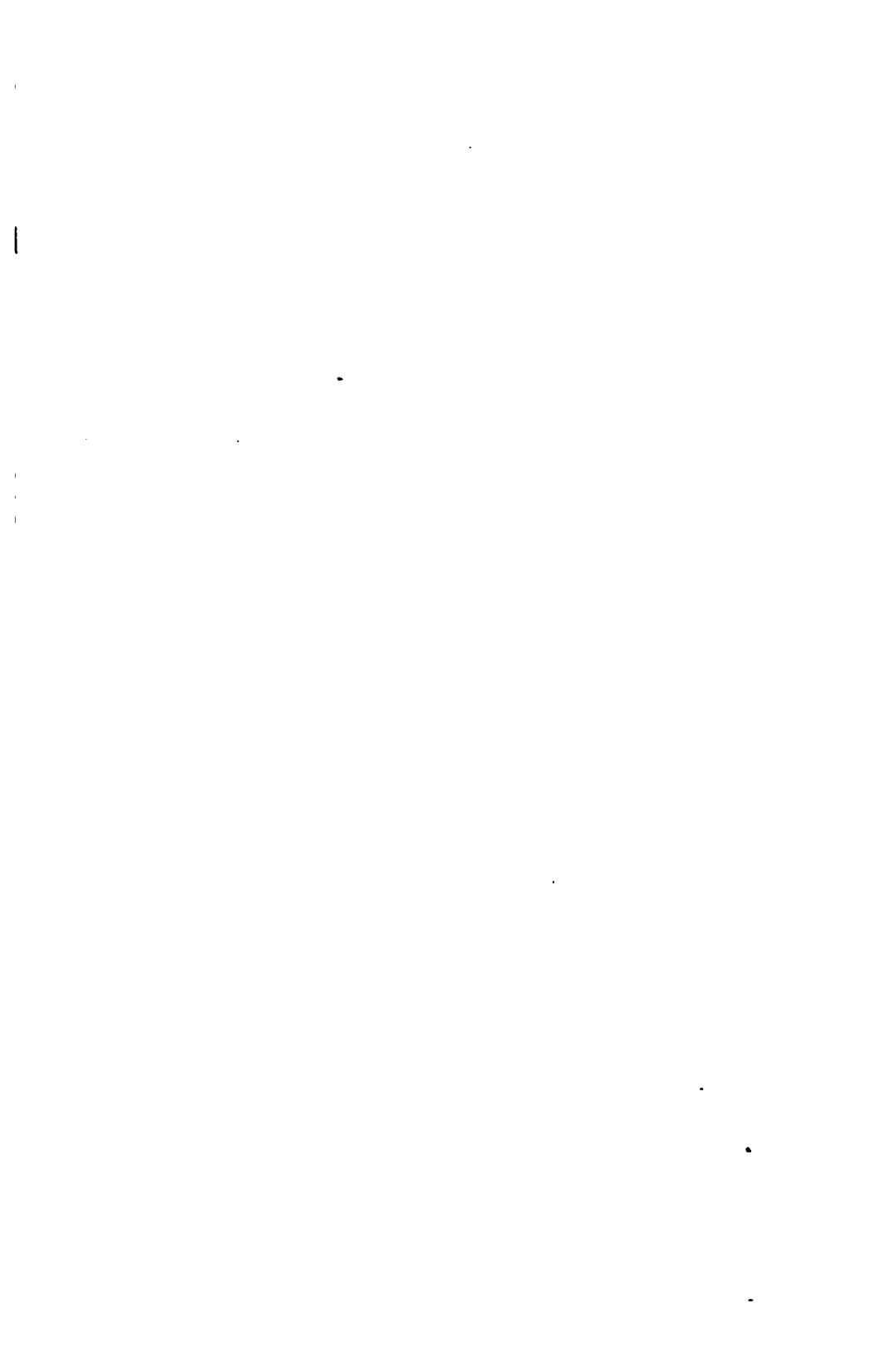
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